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LORD HALIFAX'S *Remarkable* GHOST STORIES

Vivid Series to Begin in Next Week's Issue

The Right Hon. Viscount Halifax, Lord Privy Seal of the present British Government, and formerly Viceroy of India, was left a curious legacy by the late Lord Halifax, his father.

It is a collection of reported experiences with ghosts, of startling dreams, of vivid premonitions that came true, and other unearthly happenings which had no possible or feasible everyday explanation.

COMMENCING with our next week's issue, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish these astonishing stories as a matter of interest and entertainment.

Each story is complete in itself and is vouched for by a famous personality.

On the death of his father Lord Halifax made the series of ghost stories available, and they have created a sensation in England, where the Halifax family is one of the best-known members of the English aristocracy.

Lord Halifax is a diplomat of outstanding ability, and it was because of this that he was recently selected by the British Government to meet Hitler for an informal talk on European affairs.

Lord Halifax's father knew all the titled nobility and had visited many of the old castles reputed to be haunted by a spectral visitor, and it was from these acquaintances he collected the stories.

Despite heavy official duties Lord Halifax personally attended to the preparation of his father's ghost stories for publication.

The stories carry an interesting introduction which explains the work done by Lord Halifax's father in collecting the stories, and his attitude to the strange and supernatural.

Foreword by Lord Halifax

AS long as I can remember, my father's Ghost Book was one of the most distinctive associations of Hickleton, our home.

He kept it always with great care himself, from time to time making additions to it in his own handwriting and bringing it out on special occasions, such as Christmas, to read some of the particular favorites aloud before we all went to bed.

Many is the time that after such an evening we children would hurry upstairs, feeling that the distance between the library and our nurseries, dimly lit by oil lamps and full of shadows, was a danger area where we would not willingly go alone, and where it was unsafe to dawdle.

Such treatment of young nerves, even in those days, would not have been everybody's prescription.

I well recollect my mother protesting—though I believe almost invariably to no effect—against "the children being frightened too much."

My father, however, used to justify the method as calculated to stimulate the imagination, and the victims themselves, fascinated and spellbound by a sense of delicious terror, never failed to ask for more.

I have often wondered what really underlay the attraction that ghost stories and the like held for my father, leading them to fill so not inconsiderable a place in the background of all our life with him as children.

They appealed strongly to his natural sense of mystery and romance, which so largely dictated his scale of values in the appraisement of persons and things.

Apart from the moralities, few charges in his eyes were more damaging to persons than that they should be judged devoid of imagination, and the actual framework of everyday life had value according as it corresponded to something more profound than itself, to be felt rather than seen, and to be apprehended only by some faculty more subtle than that of reason.

I cannot doubt that the true secret of the appeal made to his thought by the mysterious, or so-called uncanny, was the glimpse that such narratives or events might seem to afford of the hidden realities of the unseen world.

The story which he wrote himself and which appears in the series under the title of "Colonel P.'s Ghost Story," begins as follows: "Where are the dead—those who have loved us and whom we have loved; and those to whom we may have done some irreparable injury?

"Are they gone from us forever, or do they return? Are they still among us, possessed of that undefined, mysterious, and awful existence which the ancient world attributed to the ghosts of the departed?

"Between this world and that other which escapes our senses, we can neither explain the connecting link, nor admit an impassable barrier."

Thus mystery, romance, adventure, other-worldliness, all played their part in the writing of the stories.

Since they are now thought worthy of presentation to a wider public, I hope that they may be the means of making known another aspect of the many-sided personality of their collector, and reproduce for their readers some of the interest that they held for him.

—Halifax.

Watch for this fascinating series beginning next week.

LORD HALIFAX, British Cabinet Minister, who prepared his father's ghost stories for publication.

Wales Has the Longest Place Name in the World

Tongue Twister No. 1

If ever you travel in Wales you may hear a sleepy porter call out: "Change here for Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll-Tysiliocogococh.

Then you will know how the longest place name in the world sounds to your ears.

THE letters—54 of them and a hyphen—strung along on the sign on the roof of a railway station are a bona fide word, and the word is the name of a community that has been on the map for centuries.

While Wales is easily first with tongue twisters of the variety mentioned, Australia has some long place-names—mostly aboriginal.

The longest names the aborigines have left as legacies in South Australia do not belong to towns, but to a creek and a salt lake. The creek is named (but it hardly comes trippingly off the tongue) Alcupcaddikilcoodana, and is situated about 40 miles west of Warrina (which once bore the name Warrinawarrinaperinninnina).

The salt lake is Lake Caddibarrawirracanna.

Not so bad, but against Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerych, etc., it's almost insignificant.

How would you like to live at Mowyongwurdiyousing?

That was the neat little eighteen-letter name conferred on a pastoral province at Port Phillip, Vic., on the Little River, by the blacks in 1840.

Victoria's longest aboriginal place-name died thus, and another old name, even longer, but only partly native, came to a similar fate. This was Wardy-yallock-chain-of-ponds, which means "a creek coming out of a swamp."

However, you can have a sixteen-letter name in your address provided you are willing to do without a train service.

For instance there is Murra Murra Ngbong, a flourishing little parish in north-east Victoria, while Woologoitamareng also enters the argument.

On the other hand, your mail could be addressed to Gooram Gooram Gong, which is just a parish in the Western Division of Victoria, or to Carraragarmungee, which includes highly-productive river flats on the Mitta Mitta River in the north-east, and can be spelt 20 different ways—all of them correct.

Another musical mouthful is Naringaningalook, which sounds remarkably like the call of a bird. It boasts 16 letters, but fewer than 20 people get letters at the local post office.

Queensland claims Keeroomgooloo as one of its longest place-names.

New South Wales comes forward with Wingacarabee, Eunonyareenah, and Gobbagumbla, euphonious and shortened from longer aboriginal names.

But why stop at place-names?

The British Prime Minister, Gladstone, in a debate on the disestablishment of the church coined the word "Antidisestablishmentarianism."

Even your own kitchen window-box can give you a surprise. The botanic name of your cactus is echinofossulocactuszacatecasensis.

Let's Talk Of *Interesting* People

Retired from Office

MISSED during this year from the official ranks of the shipping world will be genial Mr. D. L. Dowdell, who announced his retirement at the end of 1937 after being general manager of the Orient Line in Australia for 18 years. Mr. Dowdell, who is a native of Hobart, Tasmania, entered the service of the Orient Co. in Melbourne in 1890.

Secretary to Aero Club

THE first West Australian woman lawyer has been appointed secretary to the newly-formed Aero Club of South Africa, sponsored by the Abe Bailey Civil Aviation Fund. She is Enid Russell, who spent the past three years in London, during which time she was secretary to the West Australian delegation discussing the secession issue. As such she sat through a long session of the House of Lords. She did not make her first flight until after she took on this job. The club is a central body with headquarters at Germiston, near Johannesburg, which links the flying clubs of the Union.

—Dickinson-Monteath.

Going to Antarctic

MR. A. W. CORNISH, brilliant young scientist on Melbourne staff of the Meteorological Department, is representing Australia in the Royal Research ship Discovery II during her expedition to the Antarctic.

His main duties will be to observe the scientific work of the Discovery II and report back to the Australian Government.

He also hopes he will be able to make upper air observations and attempt to relate conditions observed in the Antarctic with those of Australian latitudes. His work may have some bearing on the theory that long-range forecasting for Australia and South America may be possible from a study of Antarctic conditions.

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OUR REALLY WONDERFUL SURPRISES *For This Year!*

The Australian Women's Weekly will celebrate Australia's 150th birthday year in a unique way.

Right through the year it will give readers a series of wonderful surprises.

As a beginning, six marvellous all-star features will appear in next week's paper. This is what you will find:

1—FREE NOVEL:

"The Count of Monte-Cristo," by Alexandre Dumas, is a classic which we are proud to present as an enlarged free novel to our readers.

It's a book every member of the family will enjoy.

There have been many translations of this famous book, and the version which comes to you as a free novel has been modernised to tell the story in a concise and up-to-date manner.

Many people have not read "Monte-Cristo" because it is an extremely long book—sometimes published in two sections.

The story as presented in an enlarged book-length free novel will be an acceptable and satisfying version in keeping with the times.

2—BRILLIANT NEW SERIAL:

"An Infamous Army," by Georgette Heyer. All the color and romance of history is brought out, as only Georgette Heyer knows how, in this story of the Napleonic wars.

Vivid, vital, and dramatic, it is her best story since "Talisman Ring," which was serialised some time ago in The Australian Women's Weekly.

3—UNCANNY LIGHT ON GHOSTS AND SUPER-NATURAL HAPPENINGS:

A dramatic, modern series of articles, by Lord Halifax, English Cabinet Minister. The extraordinary incidents told in these articles are fully authenticated. Full details of the series and a foreword by Lord Halifax appear on Page 2.

4—"PULPIT IN A GRILL ROOM," a romantic thriller by "The Prince of Story Tellers," E. Phillips Oppenheim.

It is the first of a new series. Each story is complete in itself, and is full of action-packed entertainment.

5—SPLENDID NEW MOTHERCRAFT SERVICE BY MARY TRUBY KING.

Through this service, mothers will be able to secure individual advice on their personal problems. It is a free service undertaken by Mary Truby King, who will personally reply to every mother writing in for advice. Details will be fully explained next week.

6—WHAT SCIENCE HAS LEARNED ABOUT THE DIONNE QUINS, WORLD WONDER BABIES.

To be told in a vivid new series of weekly articles which every parent, every teacher, every doctor, will find of absorbing interest.

The articles summarise the findings of two hundred leading psychologists and child specialists who have been making detailed studies of the development of the famous Dionne sisters. Look for the first article next week.

One of John Galsworthy's best short stories, "Santa Lucia," will also appear, and Rex Beach provides a powerfully written story, "The Fourth Offence."

THE above list of surprises is only a curtain-raiser to what will follow in later issues. Each week will have its own surprise. We can't tell you all the details here, for that would spoil the delightful element of expectation with which you look forward to each issue of the paper.

But right to the end of the year you will get a feast of literary and pictorial entertainment on a scale unequalled by any other paper. It will be a fitting way of commemorating Australia's 150th birthday year.

"MY TREATMENT *Hasn't Had a* FAIR TRIAL" —SISTER KENNY

SISTER KENNY

Her Challenge to Doctors On Infantile Paralysis

Sister Kenny, in a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, claims that her treatment for infantile paralysis "has not had a fair trial."

Her statements below are a challenge to the doctors who criticised her methods in the Royal Commission's report last week.

The history and progress of the Sister Kenny treatment is fully dealt with by The Australian Women's Weekly medical writer on page 38.

By SISTER KENNY in an interview

"THOUGH surprised and distressed by the adverse finding of the Royal Commission in Queensland, I am not dismayed.

"It would take more than that to put me out of my stride. I am used to injustice.

"I still have absolute faith in my treatment, which is more than I have in orthodox treatment.

"I say that damage has been done by orthodox methods in their immobilism in the abducted position.

"I attended a special meeting of the Commission in Brisbane to point out the deformity it caused.

"One medical man at the meeting stood up and said: 'I have to regretfully admit that I have been the cause of some of these deformities, and so must my colleagues, if they tell the truth, owing to this particular method which we used.'

"It was to correct this drastic deformity that I petitioned the Government of Queensland to appoint an orthopaedic surgeon to the clinic.

"I was the first to observe the cause of this deformity, but there have been no operative measures in Australia to correct it, although I am pleased to say that operative measures have been taken in other countries since the tragedy has been pointed out to them.

"The Commission was quick to damn my treatment and to mention waste of money, but they made no inquiries as regards the economic value of the work.

"Perhaps they were not aware that in Brisbane alone 38 sufferers were restored sufficiently to take positions and to keep them, thus being transformed from financial liabilities to financial assets to the State.

Loyalty of Patients

"THEY say my treatment differs from orthodox treatment only quantitatively.

"It is a gross misstatement of facts to say my treatment is not a change of method.

"I have a letter from Dr. Mills, who is assisting in the supervision of work in England, in which he refers to the treatment as being a radical change.

"However, it is true that orthopaedic treatment in Australia has improved since the publication of my book.

"They admit children suffering from spastic paralysis did improve very much, but added that a trained masseuse could obtain similar results.

"Considering that all these cases had been treated by masseuse and doctor, and that hundreds of pounds had been spent in this way by the parents of some patients, this statement cannot be true without casting a slur on masseuse and doctor.

"The reference made to the loyalty of my patients was unnecessary. To those sufferers I was absolutely the last hope, and their loyalty is understandable. I regard it as a tribute to my work that they have not found it necessary to lose faith in me.

"The report also refers to my personality. Perhaps they think I mesmerise my patients, but I could not very well do that to people I have never seen, and all the personality in the world could not persuade a nerve to contract and restore tissue.

"Fair Trial"

"I MAINTAIN that my treatment has not had a fair trial. One of the forty-seven patients they examined has been paralysed for fifty years.

"The Commission had opportunity to observe my work at my suggestion in 1936 when a recent case of infantile paralysis came to the clinic at Brisbane from a northern town. The patient was a baby paralysed in one leg and the spine.

"I applied to an orthopaedic member of the Commission for admittance of the baby to the Children's Hospital. He flatly refused, although I explained it would give an opportunity of observing my work.

"When I read the report I decided to leave Victoria. I had been here eleven days and nothing had been done. There was a scarcity of trainees and obstacle after obstacle had been put in my path.

"I have decided to stay and found a clinic to be established immediately at the Children's Convalescent Hospital at Hampton.

"When they heard I wanted to leave, the Victorian Government offered to place every facility at my disposal, and I have already had numerous applications from masseurs and nurses who want to be trainees.

"How long do I intend to stay? Until some doctor absorbs the idea, is satisfied of its usefulness and prepared to see to its minute carrying out. It may be in a short period, it may be weeks.

"Already medical men here have told me orthopaedic treatment has improved since the publication of my book, and there are many applications for observations of my work.

"Eventually I must go back to England, but first I will see every patient in my clinics and again petition the Queensland Government to appoint an orthopaedic surgeon to correct deformities, which have been proved to be caused by orthodox treatment.

"It would be unprofessional to give names and addresses of some patients I have helped, but if some of them come forward and talk about their cases themselves that is another matter."

Continued on Page 38

GET RID OF YOUR CORNS Painlessly With Zam-Buk

WHY let those obstinate corns continue to pain and cripple you? Just follow this easy Zam-Buk treatment and you will soon go about your daily work with happy, care-free feet.

Night and morning give your feet a thorough soaking in hot water. Then, after drying, rub Zam-Buk well in, especially round the edges and on the tops of the corns. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed and immediately start

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In a few days you will find that you can ease your corns out from their roots without any pain, and you will again know the joy of easy comfortable feet.

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1/6 or 3/6 a box. *All Chemists & Stores*

"I had a painful corn on my toe and was glad to take my shoe off for relief when I got home from work. Soaking my foot in hot water and rubbing in Zam-Buk enabled the corn to be removed."—Mr. M. Wall.

"Having such trouble with my feet I had to stop in and rest them. Zam-Buk gave wonderful relief, and friends were astonished to see me about again."—Mrs. G. Hutchings.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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BOY KING WHO *Will Marry a* COMMONER

Nurse Tells of Childhood of King Farouk of Egypt

KING FAROUK, English-trained King of Egypt, practises with boxing gloves. He has taken a strong stand against the Egyptian Parliament on constitutional matters.

King Farouk, handsome, boyish monarch of Egypt, is at present dealing with the two most important events in his life.

He is personally supervising plans for his marriage on January 20 to beautiful Farida Zulfikar, 17-year-old daughter of an Egyptian judge, and at the same time is battling with his Parliament on constitutional matters that threaten to bring a crisis in Egyptian affairs.

Here is an intimate personal sketch of the boy king told by Ina R. Naylor, who was formerly nurse to the Egyptian Royal family.

BY INA R. NAYLOR

KING FAROUK OF EGYPT has been one of the outstanding figures in the world news of the week.

But although much space has been devoted to the 18-year-old King, following his romantic engagement and the crisis in Egyptian affairs, very little has been said about him. The reason for that is that very little is known about him.

Very little is known about him because, in the peculiar circumstances of an Eastern royalty, he grew up in the strict seclusion of the royal palace.

It was my privilege to stay thirteen years in the service of his father, King Fuad, to watch this delicate boy grow up to be the strong, healthy youth he is to-day.

Quite the most striking fact to show you what his early life was like is this: that until he went to England for the first time six months before his father died he had never spent an hour alone in the company of a boy. All his life his only playmates had been his four sisters.

I HAVE heard it said that the bride he has chosen (Mlle. Zulfikar) was one of his childhood playmates. That is not so. He never met her until he set out for England again in June, 1936. Their romance has developed since then.

One very human trait in his character, which will be of immense value to his bride when her life is joined with his, is his devotion to his sisters. He has had no other playmates or companions, not even near relations like cousins.

He has never had a need for them. His devotion for his sisters has saved him from the loneliness of a boy who has spent his life in a palace alone. It has kept him high-spirited, courteous, and kindly.

Let me tell one personal instance of Prince Farouk's consideration. When he was nine his portrait was painted by de Laszlo. The famous painter asked him to sign his book of autographs. The prince requested that I should sign it, too.

It was explained diplomatically that the book contained only royal signatures and that mine would be out of place. But Farouk was insistent.

"If Mrs. Naylor mustn't write her autograph, then I will not write mine."

That is why de Laszlo had a "commoner's" autograph in his book. Underneath my signature is written: "Present at all sittings for Prince Farouk's portrait: Autographed by special request of H.R.H."

Practical Joke

HIS relationship with his father was a delightful feature of life in the palace.

When Farouk was made Chief Boy Scout of Egypt an official brought to him a plan of the details of the ceremony. Carefully he was shown where he should stand to take the oath.

"Right in front here, Prince Farouk, facing the 900 Boy Scouts," said the official.

"That is not possible," said Farouk. "I will not stand with my back to the King."

Only then did the officials realise the mistake in their arrangements. Farouk stood together with the 900 Boy Scouts facing the King when he took the oath.

The prince was a born practical joker, and never let April 1 pass without enlivening routine.

In an unwise moment I had given him a camera, which, instead of taking photographs, suddenly released a three-yard green snake at the sitter. The first victim he chose was his father.

Entering the room, I was just in time to hear him say, "Stand still, papa, while I take your photograph."

I was too late to prevent King Fuad getting the full force of the green snake instead of the harmless click he expected, but to my relief the King enjoyed the joke quite as much as the practical joker.

On these occasions Queen Nazli, too, entered enthusiastically into the fun, and did all in her power to fill with interest the few hours Farouk had free from his studies.

BUT Farouk has also a serious side to his character. Quite voluntarily he took a keen interest in the people of his country.

Out of his pocket money of £5 each month he gave £2 to a poor family and £2 to help poor schoolboys to pay for their books and equipment.

He had done this for many months before even his parents knew, and he continued his gifts regularly until he left for England.

He was the very essence of kindness and loyalty to friends and servants. While riding one day he lost a diamond tiepin, and some months later one of the stable employees was arrested when trying to sell it. Farouk pleaded in vain that the man should be pardoned. His father decided that an example must be made of him.

Never again did Farouk wear any jewel when riding. He said it was wrong to run the risk of putting temptation in the way of poor people.

TO BE new Queen of the Nile. Farida Zulfikar, who will wed King Farouk on January 20.

You be the JUDGE

IN THE CASE OF OLD DUTCH

USE Old Dutch for cleaning porcelain, pots and pans, wooden floors, benches and tables, crockery and metalware. Notice how **quickly and easily** it cleans and how **smooth** it leaves each surface. A little Old Dutch does a **great deal** of cleaning; it is kind to tender hands; won't clog drains and removes odours. You will decide, after this trial, that Old Dutch is indeed **"The Modern Cleanser."** Compare Old Dutch with ordinary harsh cleansers, sandsoaps or pastes. Make these interesting little tests, evolved by scientists, then judge for yourself.

CONSIDER THE EVIDENCE!

Old Dutch, made with Selsmotite, doesn't scratch. Sprinkle some on the back of a plate, then rub with a coin. You'll hear no harsh, grinding sound because Old Dutch contains no grit. Test any ordinary cleanser and note the difference.

Take two pieces of glass free from scratches. Place a little Old Dutch between them and rub together. Examine the glass carefully. There won't be a mark on the smooth surfaces. Make the test with an ordinary cleanser and see what it does to the glass—the same as it will do to windows, bath tubs and everything you use it on.

Now prove Old Dutch's economy. Pencil the date on the tin when you start to use it. Look at the calendar when it's empty. You will see how much longer Old Dutch lasts and how much more cleaning it does per penny of cost.

WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

What can it be, but that Old Dutch is **the only cleanser you need?** Take this tip—buy **TWO** tins of Old Dutch, one for the kitchen and one for the bathroom. It will save you time and needless steps each day.

HOW TO GET THIS SILVERWARE

Send 2 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels and 3/- Postal Note for EACH unit listed. You may order one unit or as many as you wish. They are all guaranteed A.1. Silverplate or Stainless Steel. Offer does not apply in S.A. or Queensland.

1. 4 TEASPOONS (value 15/- per dozen).
2. 2 DESSERT SPOONS (value 33/6 per dozen).
3. DESSERT KNIFE and FORK (value 5/9 per pair).
4. 2 SOUP SPOONS (value 33/6 per dozen).
5. TABLE KNIFE and FORK (value 6/6 per pair).
6. 2 TABLE SPOONS (value 29/6 per dozen).
7. 1 pair FISH EATERS (value 5/9 per pair).
8. 3 FRUIT SPOONS, Gold-lined bowls (value 22/- per dozen).
9. 3 FRUIT FORKS to match Fruit Spoons (value 22/- per dozen).
10. 1 SERVING SPOON, Gold-lined bowl (value 8/-).

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New Home Magazine to be included in "Daily Telegraph"

NEXT Monday will be a big day for "Daily Telegraph" readers. It will mark the appearance of the new "Daily Telegraph Home Magazine," a twenty-four page supplement, which will be included FREE in every Monday's "Telegraph."

On page 36 appears a full page advertisement giving particulars of this wonderful new "Telegraph" service to readers.

Australia's finest artists and writers are contributing to the new "Daily Telegraph Home Magazine." Newsy articles, fiction, films and the theatres, pages of home and beauty interest, humor—and other fine features which are being kept as a surprise, make up this fine twenty-four page magazine.

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QUINS to YOU

Complete Short Story by Olga Moore

Exciting disclosures of a smart young politician who was provoked into cleaning up his home town.

I jerked her to her feet. She gave me a strange glance. "The Mayor, I guess!" she said in a tired voice.

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

Silver City.

DEAR BILL: A crowd of the boys were celebrating at class reunion. But does that excuse my working on a road gang the next morning in my dinner jacket? Does it even excuse my running for mayor?

Still, worse men have been mayors, and why don't you move out here and vote for me? Worse men have voted, though I can't think who. I'm running on a platform of fewer speeches, more money, and briefer bathing-suits.

Which brings us again to the somewhat puzzling subject of why I'm running for mayor. I hardly know, myself, unless it's an act of God.

I found myself heaving rocks out of the roadbed one scorching dusty morning while perspiration gurgled down my shirt-front and a gang of Irish section-hands made very personal remarks. They commented especially about my shirt. But I like the Irish. I had a football coach once who was Irish.

I merely grinned at them, a sunny grin, and offered to fight. I bowed and said it would make me very happy to bash in all their silly skulls. I complimented the foreman on his features and volunteered to remove them. Butch Mehaffey is his name, and he's the mightiest Mick of all. Great boy, too. Has the distinction of being the only man in Silver City the present police chief has ever arrested. It makes Butch a sort of minor saint. Brennan is noted for arresting honest men while crooks go free. In fact, I hear the crooks get a bonus. Sweet city we have!

Well, my tactics cleared the air and we were all buddies and old pals before you could say "Public Works Administration."

Still, it was no picnic. My eyes smarted, my head ached, and blisters burgeoned on my palms. I groaned and thought of the night before. The world would be saved a lot of trouble if boys just wouldn't be boys.

While I was brooding on this great truth, a steam shovel cocked its saurian head at me—and spat. A deluge of dirt struck me amidship and sank me with all on board. When I finally dug myself out, muttering brightly of murder, I looked straight into the eyes of a girl. A devilish pretty girl, too, hang it all!

SHE was sitting in a smart little roadster, looking at me with eyes of wide and startled grey. A kitten watching a mousehole and finding a St. Bernard couldn't have been more astonished. She looked like a nice girl, though she was wearing one of those knitted-suit sort of things designed to please the eye and bring out the worst in man.

"Goodness!" she cried.

I bowed from the waist and some dirt ran down my neck.

"Your explanation," I said, "is very kind. But as Mae West put it, 'Goodness has nothing to do with it, dearie!' I suspect a certain fine Irish hand, and when I get hold of him I'm going to clean him up."

"If you aren't careful," she murmured, "you'll get your pretty suit dirty. There's a little smudge on your face now——"

"You don't," I suggested hopefully, "have a Turkish towel and a bucket of suds about you?"

"It would be better," she said, "if I were a Turkish bath. Or a cloudburst."

"Oh, don't apologise!" I managed to get some of the silly studs out of my shirt. "We can't all be cloudbursts, you know. If you're in a hurry"—I bowed politely—"don't let me keep you!"

I started taking off my shirt. This action caused a small landslide of dirt and pebbles down my back. The girl didn't take the hint. She merely looked at me out of those wide fascinated eyes.

"I just can't figure it out," she murmured.

"Stick around," I grinned, "and all will be revealed. These rocks itch like the devil."

She flushed indignantly but held her ground. "Why," she demanded, "are you wearing a dinner jacket to work on a road gang?"

"I thought they might serve oysters. May I have the next dance?"

"No. Dust storms give me hay fever, kind of. Is it a publicity gag? Or were you drunk? Or maybe you're an aphasia victim?"

I groaned and sat down to remove my shoes. "Nothing so whimsical. I'm just the type who takes dares and calls bets. Some fellows I'm beginning to dislike very much bet me fifty dollars I couldn't do this. They said the rest of the gang would beat me to a pulp. And they're crazy about me. Ask anybody—ask Butch."

Butch grinned at me fondly. "He's mad!" he assured the girl with quiet pride.

"You see? I'm going over big. And now, if you——"

"Don't tell me what comes next!" she begged. She had a cute grin, impudent and dimpled. "Let me guess! If I'm going any place, I'd better go to it. And if I have any business to mind, I'd better mind it. Well, I am minding it! Will you support J. G. Gorham for re-election as mayor?"

"Why should I? He's perfectly able to support himself. Besides, he's a skunk and a fraud. He robs workingmen and protects crooks. Ask anybody. Ask Butch."

"Sure!" said Butch.

The young lady grew dangerously quiet. "So he's a skunk and a fraud?"

"Absolutely. Look at his appointees. Look at Toady Myers, the city attorney. A shyster of purest ray serene. Look at Bill Brennan, the police chief—there's a sweet mess for you! Gets his cut from every dive in town. I wouldn't be surprised if he owns some of them. It stands to reason Gorham fishes a few plums out of the municipal pie and says, 'Oh, what a smart boy am I!' What's J. G. Gorham in your life, anyway?"

"Nothing!" said the young lady ominously. "Just my father's best friend, that's all. I'm the governor's daughter. And if Mr. Gorham's a crook, we're all crooks."

A loud silence fell that could be heard for miles. I mechanically took off the other shoe. I have an impression my face got red. But I stuck to my guns. No chit in a knitted suit, no matter how alluring, is going to blast me loose from my ideas.

"I'm sorry, miss—I'm an uncouth lout. But, honestly, I do think your father's on the wrong side of the fence. And not in a million years would I vote for that crowd he's trailing with—Gorham and Brennan and Finnerty. They're crooked and greedy and stupid—and they don't know the first thing about economics."

Butch nudged me in the ribs. "No hittin' in the clinches, buddy. The kid can't help her old man being mixed up with the gang. She probably don't like him, anyway."

I glanced again at the knitted suit. I saw he spoke with some reason.

"Miss Allen, I'm awfully sorry! When these hairy-handed hyenas aimed that steam shovel at me—well, I'm never my best in dirt piles!"

"How odd!" She lifted her brows and drove away.

I looked after her with some regret.

Hardly had the indignant snorting of her car died away when Scoop Bruner of the "Tribune" hove in sight. I regarded him with a cold and bilter eye. Not only is he a newspaperman, but he's a fraternity brother and one of the "boys" who brought me low. He looked pleased at my state of filth, but I could see he was chagrined the Irish hadn't killed me more. He had staked too much on my dinner jacket. Just to rub the point in, I whacked Butch on the shoulder and borrowed a match. Butch let fly a fond but terrifying grin.

POLITICAL ARTS

I saw Scoop wince. He was figuring his share of fifty dollars.

"Well, well," he said cheerily, "if it isn't primal man emerging from the mire! Young economist seeks truth in gravel pits! You're doing great, boy! Only—should you insult governors' daughters? Judy Allen nearly ran into me a while ago. I could tell from her driving she had something on her mind, and when we got our gears and wheels sorted out she gave me an earful. About you. You know that girl's a genius at description! A nice restrained touch."

"She's certainly not restrained in her campaigning. What's this Gorham like?"

"Oh, Gorham's a nice old guy. Maybe a little graft here and there. But, after all, mayors must live. He'll be re-elected. Got a big following."

"Where does he get it? Machine stuff?"

"No. He's got personality. Holds his liquor and knows when to use his knife. He's just one of the gang, no matter what gang. He plays poker in the back room with Finnerty's crowd and sings in the choir for Mrs. Essingdon's crowd. He can perch on the top rail at the stockyards and judge a steer's weight, and he can play the drum in the Shrine parade. He looks nice at banquets in a boiled shirt. He makes all women feel they're just eighteen. He makes all men feel they're great original thinkers. And when he kisses a baby—well, everybody has tremulous beatific smiles except the baby. Judy Allen's a great help to him, too. She asks housewives for their recipes. She always remembers breathlessly that she ate some of Aunt Annie Dow's doughnuts at the church supper and they were too scrumptious. Oh, Judy's a smart kid! Too bad she doesn't like you."

"Why? I'm not running for office. Though sometimes I'd like to, when I think of mealy-mouthed canadidates like Gorham——"

"Why don't you run against him?"

I grinned at the picture. "Maybe I will. After all, I'm irresistible to babies."

Please turn to Page 18

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PICKING FLOWERS

By... DUDLEY HOYS

Illustrated by FISCHER

A gripping story of a woman's pluck and the message she read in the flowers.

Tom Moreland saw his wife with the gun in her hand. Larry lay sprawled at their feet.

JUDGE MORELAND walked from the verandah of his white stone house, stretched out his arms and smiled. Yes, it was good to be alive on a day like this.

He gazed around him at the trim and well-kept garden — the clump of larch trees, the sweep of meadowland—the river, and in the distance the town of Parsdale.

Nice place, Parsdale, progressive and go ahead. He remembered it when he sat in the County Court as judge. Moreland raised his eyes to the back of the town where grim and austere as if shutting out the light were the State prisons.

The "hanging judge" the lags had called him—they found him hard, very hard indeed, but only to the incorrigible. Well, after all, what was the good of kid-glove treatment in a young community? There were certain people who had to be shown, and the judge never allowed sentiment to interfere with his duty.

But on this glorious morning, with the sun dappling the garden walk with cool-patterned shadows, duty was far, far from his mind.

Duty had been put aside when he and Martha, his wife, had come to Leander, this lovely cottage of theirs on the outskirts of the town.

He had resigned his judgeship; the citizens had loaded him with gifts, even the Governor had sent him a telegram thanking him for his work.

His old comrades recalled he was a better rifle-shot than a judge in the old days of the district, when pioneering was the big task to every man's hand.

At the reception the old hands talked of his wife, too, and told tales of her courage and her quick brain.

"Yes," cackled old Jack Abernethy, bosom friend of the judge, "you might have the legal brain all right, Tom Moreland, but when it comes to judgment your wife shoots quicker. While you're arguing about the legal aspects of the matter Martha gets the job done." Yes, Martha was like that.

Tom Moreland, lost in his early-morning thoughts, passed through the garden picking flowers as he went. He loved this early-morning task, gathering the buds with the dew on them. Golly, there were buttercups and dandelions down by the clump of timbers! He saw them nodding in the early breeze. There was always competition between him and Martha over the dandelions. He must get there first and obscured by the trees pick a leisurely armful to take back to the house. How she would like that!

The grass was lush under his feet, and the scent of the tree buds almost intoxicating as he bent down to collect the flowers.

SUDDENLY he felt a jab in the small of his back —the smooth barrel of a rifle planted decisively in his back.

"Morning Judge," said a crackling voice. "I kinder guessed you'd be taking a bit of exercise this lovely morning. But don't move or I'll shoot."

"Who are you?" said Moreland, with his hands above his head.

"Turn round and no funny business," said the other man. "Now take a look at me. See if you can recognise me."

"Ansters!" stuttered the old man, "Larry Ansters."

"I'm glad you recognise me," said the man. "I don't suppose many people have forgotten Larry Ansters. I cut a pretty wide swathe through this town when I broke out! All the State police searched for a month before I was caught. And I'd have never been caught only for a cowardly mate."

"You committed a cowardly murder. You got away with it—manslaughter wasn't it," said Moreland.

Larry glared fiercely at him. "Yes! Manslaughter it was, and you sent me to the pen for seven years, but I got away—I swore I would come back to get you, and here I am——"

Tom Moreland looked into the hate-distorted face of Larry.

It was funny the way these people always swore to come back and get even with him. It was talk mostly —but Larry had made good his boast.

Looking at the man in his ugly prison garb and his murderous-looking gun, old Tom Moreland got something of a thrill. Here at least was life in reality—one did get a trifle bored doing nothing all day. A delicious feeling of well-being ran through him.

Here was an evil-doer who had to be dealt with — put behind the bars again — if he could manage it.

"How did you escape?" said Moreland, sparring for time, searching about for the next move.

"I just walked out," said Larry. "It's easy when you've been doing that sort of thing as long as I have." Moreland smiled. The prisoners always talked like that.

"I went out with a working party and escaped in the mist. They don't know I'm gone yet. They won't know till late this afternoon that I've fixed things properly. I have—you can leave it to Larry."

"But," broke in Moreland, "the whole thing is so darned ridiculous. There will be a hue and cry and you will be taken in no time. There's no chance of your making a getaway. Every road will be watched and you'll have half the military of the State on your trail."

Larry drew back, his lips in a sneer. "Always was a fat old preacher, weren't you?

"Always preaching hell and damnation from the bench to us poor suffering wretches in the dock. Well, things are different now. You are going to aid and abet in the escape of a dangerous criminal—How will you like that?

Please turn to Page 22

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SHADES OF GLORY

He was a war hero who grew tired of wearing a laurel wreath and just wanted to be himself

A Complete Short Story

By RITA WEIMAN

All of a sudden a sigh like a cry broke from him. His arms closed on her and his face pressed down to hers.

ALL of you who lived through the shattering years of 1917 and 1918 and have not had that memory dimmed by the holocaust of 1929 will recall the name of Major Timothy Hoagland. Like a star it shone through the clouds of war. Mothers teaching their little boys the meaning of the word "Courage"; fathers searching for an example of unswerving loyalty; ministers lifting their voices in plea for self-effacement; purveyors of Liberty Bonds to serve the country's great Cause; instructors at training camps lecturing to young men about to be crowded into darkened ships; officers striving to uphold the morale of these men as they were about to plunge over the top; women making bandages; statesmen making speeches; throughout the land the name of Major Hoagland—later Colonel—became a household word.

They told proudly of Hoagland and a small detachment of men losing their way near the enemy lines. They described, as though they had been present, the enemy's demand for surrender dropped from a plane to the accompaniment of a bomb that wiped out almost half the small company. Major Hoagland's fighting reply: "Not while I have a breath or a bullet!" became as famous as Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death." Every child in the street knew how this brave soldier, with the enemy to the north, sent three of his men east, south and west to try to get back to headquarters; how, with no food and men dying like flies, he held his ground, never closing his eyes in sleep, never taking a minute from his vigilance, until at the end of a week aid came. One of his lieutenants had reached headquarters. The other two were never heard from.

WHEN reinforcements arrived Hoagland dropped where he stood, babbling an apology. He was as full of holes as a sieve.

Months later, when he was able to hobble out of the hospital, they invalided him home, and nobody could have been more surprised than Tim to find himself alive, let alone a hero.

I know, because Tim and I were like brothers. We came from the same upstate town. Neither of us had ever been away from the place until the war took us away. Long before fighting side by side made us buddies in the trenches, we were buddies in the neighborhood of Main Street. Not only the two of us, but our parents had grown up together.

Believe it or not, Tim was a shy lad, over-tall, over-lanky, narrow-shouldered and slightly stooped because of his height. As a little fellow, his hair was carrot, but with the help of plentiful soakings and constant application of bear's grease, Tim managed to tone it down to a moist mahogany. From the time he was a kid until he enlisted he had to wear thick spectacles. They gave him a slightly abstracted expression, but the eyes behind them were the kindest a man ever looked into.

Tim was an omniverous reader, a profound student, a fine friend. He loved youngsters, and they seemed to have a sort of blind confidence in him, so it seemed natural for him to become a teacher. They gave him the post of history instructor in our High School. The boys and girls used to stay after hours to talk to him. He had a gift for transforming the dry dates and chronicles of a text book into vivid historical pictures. He had imagination, to which he gave full play when instructing the young. Yet away from the schoolroom, he was a man of little conversation.

This doesn't sound like much of a description of a war hero. But it's a true photograph of Major Timothy Hoagland, in spite of all the newspaper accounts to the contrary.

Tim actually expressed doubt of his fitness when we both volunteered for service in 1917. He doubted he was the stuff soldiers are made of.

"Now you, Bert," he smiled. "You're all brawn and muscle. Your body will always be dominant. You'll plunge in the thick of it the way you went headlong into a flat fight when we were kids. I'm not thinking of my physical shortcomings. They can be overcome. But, hang it, I'm a theorist. I'm likely to try to work out the whole darned thing like a geometrical problem. I'm likely to stop and figure out the most strategic approach, and get shot where I stand without any glory to anybody. Just another useless carcase on the battlefield."

WELL, those who went over with Tim, who saw him advance rapidly from First Lieutenant to Captain, from Captain to Major, those who followed his quiet, cool-headed orders, and realised how seldom his strategic reasoning failed, never guessed his doubts of himself.

So, on an August day when, with blistering feet and the dirty sweat soaked through our uniforms, we found ourselves in a dark pocket of woods, not one man in Tim Hoagland's battalion realised that we were lost, that Tim did not even know the name of the forest into which he had led us.

We had been billeted in a French village whose name (for reasons which you will understand later) cannot be revealed.

Tim and I—his First Lieutenant — bunked together in a little stone farmhouse that looked as if it had dropped off one of those picture postcards tourists send home. Except for the fact that postcards don't feature the manure heap in the courtyard, and French farmhouses do. The animals slept in the barn at the back, the family in the front.

But it was all the same building. We soldiers were assigned the main rooms. The family consisting of Pere and Mere Carneau (not their actual name, of course, but it will do), Felice, aged seventeen, and Mariette, aged twelve, occupied the attic. Three sons were at the front. Two others had been killed.

Felice was a bronze-haired, warm-tinted beauty. I've never seen such a pair of deep brown eyes. A mother's and sweetheart's eyes in one, if you get what I mean. Tender and sympathetic because of all the misery she had seen and suffered—passionate and laughing when some quip or compliment made her forget she had known a woman's sorrow and remember that she was a girl made for man's adoration.

All of us knew she was in love with Tim. All of us, that is, except Tim. She teased the other men in the pidgin English she had picked up. She served and scolded, let them teach her fox-trots and tangos. In their arms she learned to glide instead of hop. She made no bones about liking to have them hold her. But it was Tim she chose to spend the lush summer evenings with, of all things instructing him in French. What consonants to drop, which vowels to accent.

IF ever there was a waste of hot moonlight! If ever blood that might any minute be shed should have surged to meet the rich red lips above the cleft little chin! And Tim spent hours at the edge of a clover-decked meadow studying French. We'd hear his voice stumbling over some particularly difficult pronunciation, and Felice's softly correcting him. We'd marvel at his absorption in maps and plans or in a game of chess with Pere Carneau when anybody who cared could see Felice's warm, intense eyes embracing him as though her arms were around his neck. She practised no guile. She played no game. She knew that soon marching orders would come and this man who had catapulted into her life must go out of it.

Only when the moment arrived, she did an extraordinary thing—for a French peasant girl, that is. She came into the room where Tim and I bunked and pressed a tiny silver crucifix into his hand, begging him to wear it always. Then she looked him straight in the eye and said:

"I have teach you French, m'sieu, but you have teach me love."

Tim looked startled. He looked as if he thought she must have singled out the wrong man.

Please turn to Page 14

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The Fashion Parade by Petrov

DRESSES . . . with Matching Jackets

CHIC little coats, short and trim, are one of fashion's bright notions for this autumn.

Although designed to match the frocks they are to be worn with, these coats exhibit many vagaries. They may be waist, hip or finger-tip length. They may be in the same color as the frock. They may offer a smart contrast or they may help to complete a color scheme by combining two or more colors of the frock.

You can be dashing with trimmings such as buttons, pockets and collar, but lines must be neat and there must be no frills.

• ABOVE: Sky-blue and white in heavy linen. Collar of frock is buttoned over the tuxedo jacket which has buttoned pockets to match the collar. This style will be popular for early autumn.

• LEFT: A rust-red wool crepe cut on princess lines with gored skirt has a tight-fitting jacket finished with heart-shaped pockets. The scalloped hem idea of the dress repeats itself in the scalloped finish to the coat.

• TOP LEFT: A frock of deepest fir-green crepe is collared, buttoned and belted with beige. The same collar and buttons do duty for the short box jacket in violet crepe. A striking color combination but essentially smart for the chic sophisticate who likes to wear something different.

INDIVIDUAL patterns of any garment sketched by our artists, Petrov and Rene, in this or any other issue may be obtained on application to our Pattern Department. Write or call for a self-measurement form. The price of an individual pattern is 3/6. For address see pattern page.

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CROWNING ACHIEVEMENTS . . .

How to Choose the Right Hat

By ALISON SETTLE.

Famous English Fashion Expert. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT is not easy to find good hats. I think it is because most people think of a hat as something made.

A hat should rightly be cut on the head, and built on your head in accordance with the proportions of your face.

For that is the story of hat-making, to get the hat to accord with the proportions of the face. That is the whole art of hat-making.

You may have a delicious or excellent idea for the look of a hat; it will only be a success if it happens to go with the face on which it is worn.

You have seen fantastic comics of hats in shop windows because the window-dresser has tried to cram what is really a beautiful model on to the head of the wax or plaster mannequin.

The figure cannot alter the shape and size of its head and the hat is as it was bought. Equally fantastic will be the loveliest model when put without an artist's eye on to the purchaser's face.

The purchaser cannot pare her forehead or her chin; the hat, keeping to the lines of the designer, can be cut to enhance good points and conceal others.

Brim and Crown

FIRST and foremost, when getting a new hat, study the proportions of its brim to its crown before you even try it on. Then study it on the head for its proportions in relation to your own.

The long-faced woman is so often brought high-crowned or narrow hats to try on that at a glance you could say she should never attempt, and the fat-faced woman is equally made to wear low-crowned and flat-brimmed effects.

Above all, there must be no air spaces in the crown of a hat. The crown, whatever its shape, must fit perfectly.

Then there are the forehead problems. The big foreheaded woman thinks she is the only woman with a problem.

And certainly hers is a problem, yet in the hands of the hat-maker with real talent it entirely disappears and that hat-maker will tell you that the woman with the low forehead is more difficult to suit.

The high forehead must not be made to look like a bare knee by a hat going right off the face with no line of its own, no surrounding interest; softening interest would be too much to say, for that type of woman can wear a tailored hat perfectly.

If the saleswoman looks with the slightest air of despair at your forehead, walk right out and look for another shop. It is her business to have studied the more difficult as well as the easier faces.

Look Different

ONE of the things that make hats look so different when they are worn to what they seemed in the shop is the size of mirrors.

If you try on a hat in a smallish mirror, even if it is, as it of course properly must be—that goes without saying—a triple mirror, then you see the hat in relation to your face and your hair.

You do not see it in relation to the clothes you will wear with it or the total proportions of your figure. It may not be the world's grandest figure, but face the facts as all the others who see you in your hat have to do.

You must stand up and look at yourself in a triple mirror when you buy a hat. To see yourself sitting down is quite another thing.

Hats are more discussed by women and more bought than any other wear. Whenever a woman is tired of life, of her own looks or her husband's behaviour she goes off and buys a hat. Your hat-maker should be treated with the same care and consideration as your hairdresser—when, that is, you have at last found one who doesn't shove on your head something she (or he) has bought, but builds proportion round your face.

● *MODEL in black felt designed for early autumn wear. The turned-up brim is cut and shaped to form a trimming.*

● *ABOVE: "Don't dress for dinner" is met with daring effect in New York this season by wearing an enormous hat of black hatter's plush faced with dull gold antelope. The muff-bag matches.*

● *LEFT: White felt hat sharply upturned off the face and trimmed with white pique and scarlet ribbon. Suzanne Farmer, Paris.*

● *ANOTHER MODEL in black felt for autumn, in which the interesting features are the very high folded crown and swinging front brim.*

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

DRAPERY *and* SHIRRING

. . . *For Day And Night*

• HERE ARE FOUR EXAMPLES of bodice and blouse drapery. The two figures on the left show shirred and draped sections. The two on the right are two blouses shirred and draped all over. In soft fabrics this cleverly-arranged fullness is unusual and flattering.

• CONTRASTING drapery is used in various ways to define and glorify the bustline on formal afternoon frocks. Notice the clever manner in which the drapery is used, and the neat crossover ideas. Another feature is the very low V-neckline which is becoming increasingly popular.

• EVENING FROCKS show clever drapery, too, on both bodice and skirt. The two examples on the left, shown here, illustrate the amazingly subtle effect of cleverly-manipulated draping in obtaining the classic line. The day frocks also show draped skirts in design to match the top or neck drapery.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail from London

PETTICOATS in gaily-colored taffeta to match any touch of color on a dark frock; gloves trimmed with fur similar to the trimming of coat, hat, and frock; flower buttons on coats like the printed flowers on silk linings; ospreys in hats dyed to tone with the furs worn with them—just a few examples of how Paris meets the craze for matching.

* * *

SEQUINS and diamente are glittering beneath the bright lights of every Champs Elysees cafe. Sequin capes for evening wear, scarves flecked with brilliants, diamente belts and bracelets for daytime frocks, and diamond clips on hats, suits, and dinner gowns are all intensely popular. Brilliantly-jewelled heels are returning to favor, and the very latest evening shoes have brightly-colored sequin designs on the toes.

* * *

THE vogue for antique jewellery extends. Huge, old-fashioned mourning-rings and lockets, or pearl-studded black enamel or jet, are considered extremely chic with black ensembles for the afternoon. Rings with seed-pearl borders or centres are sometimes more than an inch long and half an inch wide, and it is quite impossible to wear gloves with them.

* * *

LIPS become deeper and deeper red, because the new restaurant hats cast shadows over the face and tend to take the color out of ordinary make-up. At the restaurants in the Bois and along the Champs Elysees even young girls are wearing wine-colored lipstick and colossal quantities of eye-shadow.

IN masculine eyes, couturiers say, tulle is always glamorous. Smart young Paris is testing out the theory, and with nearly every evening gown carries a yard or two of the misty stuff (in matching color, of course) to be worn as a scarf, a sash, or just thrown over the head or trailing over the arm.

* * *

THE all-round pleated skirt for the two-piece Garconne type of dress, or one-piece shirtwaist.

The front flare with pleats in dresses and suits.

Back flares in coats for high style.

Scotch plaid tweeds and corduroy, often together.

Rich mixture tweeds in suits, often nubby.

Gabardine for mannish jackets and dresses, the latter trimmed with suede.

Plenty of jerseys, especially black jersey and natural cashmere jersey.

Striped alpaca for the lightweight frock along with the chiffon woollen dress.

* * *

EVERY smart young woman here possesses at least one black velvet Tyrolean bodice which she wears with skirts and blouses or with light-colored frocks.

Fitting tightly to the normal waistline, they are laced up the front and cut square at the neck, and they have tight armholes which accentuate the crispness of puff or leg-o'-mutton sleeves.

They are often hand-embroidered with gay flower designs or in more elaborate examples with gold, silver or red sequins.

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THE CITADEL

By... A. J. CRONIN

Final Chapters of our brilliant Medical Serial

Illustrated by FISCHER

Andrew saw a crowd of people and Christine. "Your wife got hurted," said Struthers. "Oh! Heaven! She ran right out of the shop in front of the bus."

(1)

AFTER an early phase of acute nervousness, Mary's anxiety gradually faded. She submitted to the operation with increasing confidence and at the end she could smile at Andrew, completely relaxed. Back again in her room she said:

"You were right. It was nothing. I don't feel as if you'd done anything at all."

"No?" He lifted an eyebrow; then laughed. "That's how it should be—no fuss, no sense of anything terrible happening to you—I wish every operation could go that way! But we've immobilised that lung of yours all the same. It'll have a rest now. And when it starts oreathing again—believe me!—it will be healed."

Her glance rested upon him, then wandered round the pleasant room, through the window to the view of the valley beyond.

"I'm going to like it here, after all. He doesn't try to be nice—Mr. Stillman, I mean—but somehow you feel he is nice. Do you think I could have my tea?"

IT was nearly seven o'clock when he left Bellevue. He had remained longer than he had anticipated, talking to Stillman on the lower verandah, enjoying the cool air and the quiet conversation of the other man. As he drove off he was pervaded by an extraordinary sense of placidity, of tranquillity. He derived that benefit from Stillman whose personality, with its repose, its indifference to the trivialities of life, reacted favorably upon his own impetuous disposition. Moreover, he was now easy in his mind about Mary.

He contrasted his previous hurried action, her summary despatch, into an out-of date hospital, with all that he had done for her this afternoon. It had caused him inconvenience, a great deal of troublesome arrangement. It was quite unorthodox. Though he had not discussed the question of payment with Stillman, he realised that Con was in no position to meet the Bellevue fees and that, in consequence, the settlement of the bill would fall upon himself. But all this became as nothing beside the glowing sense of real achievement which pervaded him.

For the first time in many months he felt that he had done something which, to his own belief, was worthy. It pervaded him warmly, a cherished thought, the beginning of his vindication.

He drove slowly, enjoying the quiet of the evening. Nurse Sharp once again sat in the back seat of the car but she had nothing to say and he, with his own thoughts, was almost unconscious of her. When they drew into London, however, he asked where he should drop her and, on her reply, drew up at Notting Hill Tube Station. He was glad to be rid of her. She was a good nurse but her nature was repressed and unhappy. She had never liked him. He decided to post her month's salary to her the next day. Then he would not see her again.

Strangely, his mood had altered as he came along Paddington Street. It always affected him to pass the Vidiers' shop. Out of the corner of his eye he saw it—Renovations Ltd. One of the assistants was pulling down the shutters. The simple action was so symbolic it sent a shiver through him. Subdued, he reached Chesborough Terrace and ran the car into his garage. He went into his house with a curious sadness pressing upon him.

Christine met him joyfully in the hall. Whatever his mood might be, hers was vivid with success. Her eyes were shining with her news.

"Sold!" she declared gaily. "Knocked down, lock, stock, and basement. They waited and waited for you, darling—they've only just gone. Doctor and Mrs. Lowry, I mean. He got so agitated," she laughed, "because you weren't here for the surgery that he set to and did it himself. Then I gave them supper. Then we made more conversation. I could almost see Mrs. Lowry deciding that you'd had a motor smash. Then I began to worry! But now you are here, dear! And it's all right. You've to meet him at Mr. Turner's office to-morrow at eleven to sign the contract. And—oh! yes—he's given Mr. Turner a deposit."

HE followed her into the front room, where the supper had been cleared from the table. He was pleased, naturally, that the practice should be sold, yet he could not, at present, summon any great show of elation.

"It is good, isn't it," Christine went on, "that it should all be settled up so quickly. I don't think he expects a very long introduction. Oh! I've been thinking so much before you came in. If only we could have a little holiday at Val Andre again, before we start work—it was so lovely there, wasn't it, darling—and we had such a wonderful time—" She broke off, gazing at him. "Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"Oh, nothing," he smiled, sitting down. "I'm a little tired, I think. Probably because I missed my dinner——"

"What!" she exclaimed, aghast. "I made certain you'd had it at Bellevue, before you left." Her glance swept round. "And I've cleared everything away, and let Mrs. Bennett out to the pictures."

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does. No wonder you didn't jump when I told you about the practice. Now you just sit there one minute and I'll bring up a tray. Is there anything you'd especially like? I could heat up some soup—or make you some scrambled egg—or what?"

He considered.

"The egg, I think, Chris! Oh! but don't bother. Well, if you like, then—and perhaps a bit of cheese afterwards."

She was back in no time with a tray on which stood a plate of scrambled eggs, a glass of celery heart, bread, biscuits, butter and the cheese-dish. She placed the tray upon the table. As he pulled in his chair she brought out a bottle of ale from the sideboard cupboard.

WHILE he ate she watched him solicitously. She smiled.

"You know, dear, I've often thought—if we'd lived in Cefan Row, say a kitchen and one bedroom, we'd have fitted in perfectly. High life doesn't agree with us. Now I'm going to be a working-man's wife again I'm awfully happy."

He went on with his scrambled egg. The food was certainly making him feel better.

"You know, darling," she continued, placing her hands beneath her chin in her characteristic way, "I've thought such a lot these last few days. Before that my mind was stiff, somehow, all closed up. But since we're together—oh, since we're ourselves again everything has seemed so clear. It's only when you've got to fight for things that they really become worth while. When they just drop into your lap there's no satisfaction in them. Don't you remember those days at Aberalaw—they've been living, simply living in my mind all day—when we had to go through all those rough times together? Well! now I feel that the same thing is starting for us all over again. It's our kind of life, darling. It's us! And oh! I'm so happy about it."

He glanced towards her.

"You're really happy, Chris?"

She kissed him lightly.

"Never happier in my life than I am at this moment."

There was a pause. He buttered a biscuit and lifted the lid of the dish to help himself to cheese. But there was anti-climax in the action which revealed, not his favorite Libtauer, but no more than a barren end of cheddar, which Mrs. Bennett used for cooking. The instant she saw it Christine gave a self-reproachful cry.

"And I meant to call at Frau Schmidt's to-day!"

"Oh! it's all right, Chris."

"But it isn't all right." She whipped the dish away before he could help himself. "Here am I mooning like a sentimental schoolgirl, giving you no dinner at all—when you come in tired—starving you. Fine sort of working-man's wife I'd be!" She jumped up, her eye on the clock. "I've just time to rush across for it now before she closes."

"Don't bother, Chris——"

"Please, darling." She silenced him gaily. "I want to do it. I want to—because you love Frau Schmidt's cheese and I—I love you."

She was out of the room before he could protest again. He heard her quick step in the hall, the light closing of the outer door. His eyes still were faintly smiling—it was so like her to do this. He buttered another biscuit waiting for the arrival of the famous Libtauer, waiting for her return.

The house was very still: Florrie sleeping downstairs, he reflected, and Mrs. Bennett at the cinema. He was glad Mrs. Bennett was coming with them on their new venture. Stillman had been great this afternoon. Mary would be all right now, right as rain. Marvellous how the rain had cleared off this afternoon—beautiful it had been coming home through the country, so fresh and quiet. Thank Heaven. Christine would soon have her garden again. He and Denny and Hope might get themselves lynched by the five doctors in Muddletown. But Chris would always have her garden!

He began absently to eat one of the buttered biscuits. He'd lose his appetite if she didn't hurry up. She must be talking to Frau Schmidt. Good old Frau; sending him his first cases. If he'd only gone on decently instead of—oh, well, that was finished with now, thank Heaven. They were together again, Christine and he, happier than ever they had been. Wonderful to hear her say that a minute ago. He lit a cigarette.

SUDDENLY the doorbell rang violently. He glanced up, laid down his cigarette, went into the hall. But not before the bell had been wrenched again. He opened the front door.

Immediately he was conscious of the commotion outside, a crowd of people on the pavement, faces and heads interwoven with the darkness. But before he could resolve the mingling pattern, the policeman who had rung the bell loomed up before him. It was Struthers, his old Pife friend, the pointsman. What seemed strange about Struthers was the staring whiteness of his eyes.

"Doctor," he breathed with difficulty, like a man who has been running. "Your wife's got hurted. She ran, Oh! Heaven! She ran right out the shop in front of the bus."

A great hand of ice enclosed him. Before he could speak the commotion was upon him. Suddenly, dreadfully, the hall was filled with people, Frau Schmidt weeping, a bus conductor, another policeman, strangers, all pressing in, forcing him back into the consulting-room. And then, through the crowd, carried by two men, the figure of his Christine.

Her head drooped backwards upon the thin white arch of her neck. Still entwined by its string in the fingers of her left hand was the little parcel from Frau Schmidt. They laid her upon the high couch of his consulting-room. She was quite dead.

Ordeal For Andrew

Please turn to Page 42

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An Editorial

JANUARY 15, 1938

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

IN the New Year Honors, we find Lord Nuffield made a Viscount, and Gracie Fields a Commander of the British Empire.

Absurd, is it, that ancient orders of chivalry should be conferred on a bicycle mechanic who made money, and a mill-girl who became an entertainer?

No, it is not.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets." To-day the highest honors in the Empire go to people who use their success for the benefit of the community and demand respect for far more solid reasons than the mere fact that they are descended from noblemen.

Is it not admirable that William Morris, the bicycle mechanic, having attained wealth and power, should use both for the splendid purpose of benefiting the sick and needy of the Empire — particularly the helpless children in hospital?

Viscount Nuffield, it may be said, can well afford to give money to the poor and ill.

True. But he has given more than money. He has given time and personal care, the inspiration and encouragement that come from contact with a good and vigorous personality.

Viscount Nuffield is no limelighter, and no casual donor of cash which means nothing to him. He is a truly chivalrous doer of good deeds, and, as such, a worthy member of British knighthood.

Miss Gracie Fields, with her lively personality and her broad Lancashire accent, has earned distinction not merely by her original contributions to the cause of public entertainment.

She has earned that distinction far more by her unselfish devotion of her abilities and energies to the help of sick children. She, like Viscount Nuffield, has given not only money, but time, energy and personal interest to those who need these things.

In such service lies true aristocracy. Few will gainsay that these two have richly earned the honorable titles bestowed upon them.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Give Us More Melbas

LOVERS of music and of Australia will applaud the plan launched in Victoria for the establishment of a musical scholarship to perpetuate the memory of Dame Nellie Melba.

Nothing could be more appropriate, since Melba's chief interest, outside her own career, was the encouragement of budding talent.

As evidence of the value of artistic achievement as publicity for a country, consider the case of the American who arrived in Australia recently, firmly convinced that Melbourne had been named after Melba.

The Fleet's In

WHEN nine warships from America, New Zealand, France, Italy, and Britain gather in Sydney for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations, 4000 girls will be wanted to dance with the visiting sailors.

From immemorial experience, there should be no difficulty in mustering all the partners required, and more.

Yet if we suddenly wanted partners for four thousand young business men from abroad, would we get them?

There's something about sailors, all right.

Maybe it's because before you have time to tire of them they sail away.

The Old Dart

WEST AUSTRALIA'S Licensing Bench has banned darts in hotels, arousing strong protests from thousands of devotees.

Darts is as popular in the West as in England, though the rest of Australia shows a definite lack of interest in the ancient pastime.

This may be a blessing in disguise to the darts widows of Perth and Fremantle, as the ban is almost sure to drive darts into the drawing-rooms. And instead of a quick drink at the corner hotel, husbands will be asking one another home for a sherry and a stab at the board.

Crowning Glory

IN a Melbourne Court last week a hairdresser admitted that the profits in his profession considerably exceed 100 per cent.

Hence the term "GOLDEN" curls.

Dead Thrones

AT Doorn in Holland, home of Wilhelm Hohenzollern since the debacle of 1918, they held the other day the merriest dinner party of all those exile years.

At the feast, the betrothal was announced of the Kaiser's grandson, Louis Ferdinand, to Princess Kyra of Russia.

So marriage is to unite two families that twenty-one years ago ruled two vast Empires, and to-day reign over nothing but a company of ghosts.

LYRIC OF LIFE

RESOLUTION

In night's warm dimness, memories are stirred,
They crowd upon me waiting, lonely, here,
Those unforgotten times, the other nights
In other Summers poignantly most dear.

These Summer nights were meant for friendliness,
Not for the lonely dreams, the thwarted tears,
Not for remembering, but once again
To find new heart to laugh along the years.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Has Marriage Decayed

A SPOKESMAN of the National Council of Women declares that the increase in divorce these days is caused by lack of toleration and the decline of real home life.

But are we really less tolerant of our partners than our mothers and fathers were? Or is it just that, owing to the stigma that then attached to divorce, they had to grin and bear it . . . or at any rate bear it?

As for home life, that certainly has changed, and become, shall we say, less intense. But shouldn't that make it all the easier to live together?

IT IS POSSIBLE now to get a sun-tan even in winter. With the help of a spray (as shown in the picture), and a sun-tan solution, it is possible to speed up the work of Old Sol. Curiously enough, the base of the solution is milk.

Two Careers at Once

MISS PATRICIA WELLINGTON, of Essendon, Vic., was determined to change her name and status.

She became, in one day, Doctor Wellington, graduate of Melbourne University, and Doctor Hutson, wife of Dr. Medwyn Hutson, of Moonee Ponds.

Symbolic that, the commencement of a career and a matrimonial adventure on the one day. Many women contend that marriage nowadays is not a full-time job—not throughout its entire course. Except during the years when the family is growing up, marriage, they say, demands little more time, thought, and work from the woman than from the man.

Gone With the Pictures

IT must be nice to work for the President of the United States of America. A girl could easily find prestige and glamor in a job of that sort.

But there's a greater dream than that—a job in the films.

So the President's buxom negro maid, Elizabeth McDuffie, is to leave White House for the Klieg lights of Hollywood. She will play the part of Mammy in Margaret Mitchell's great story.

Just another home career "Gone with the Wind."

Women Live Longer Than Men

From Mary St. Claire, our Special Representative in England.

While men to-day are living eight years or more longer than they did thirty years ago, women, in the longevity race, win easily.

And the reason is said to be that men must work and worry—giving rise to nervous strain that shortens their life.

THE Registrar-General, in a report just issued, shows that of people who were over 85 at the middle of last year, 75 per cent. were women.

The figures are of interest as a world guide to the ages which man can hope to attain.

Women seem to have the best chance of survival at practically all stages of life. Only between the ages of 15 and 20 is the death-rate in favor of the male.

Men, the report shows, go under more easily to nearly all the diseases of heart, lungs and the digestive organs. In addition they are more liable to accidents, and there are more than twice as many suicides of men than women.

The disparity between the life chances of men and women once the midstream of life has been passed is very striking.

At 35 a normal man may expect 33 more years, but a woman 36 years.

Women Sheltered

THE expectation of life afterwards, according to the report, is:

	Men	Women
At 50	21.6 years	24.18 years
At 60	14.4 years	16.5 years
At 80	4.74 years	4.46 years
At 90	2.63 years	2.96 years

Women live longer than men for many reasons an official of a leading insurance company told The Australian Women's Weekly.

"In my 30 years of actual experience I have always found that fact reflected in the practice of insurance companies in differentiating between the rates for annuitants.

"It is possible that, in poorer classes, where women often bring up large families and have to work hard till late in life, the difference in the expectation of life between men and women is less marked.

"But if you take the section of the population that is comfortably off, once a woman gets into the fifties safely she can expect a straight run to a good old age.

"Women are more sheltered; and many women live quietly and happily on small incomes.

"A man has the wear and tear of business up to, say, 65, with all the risks of constant travel and of his occupation.

"He has to carry the financial responsibilities and those may mean anxiety greatly affecting his health.

"Women, as a rule, don't worry about life insurance. Men have to. They insure their lives in order to provide for the wives who survive them."

Plain Speaking

DR. EWING, of Manchester University, at present visiting Australia, tells us that men's voices are plainer than women's.

On the telephone the average man's voice is several degrees more accurate than the voice of the average woman.

In ordinary speech mere man also scores more points for distinctness and clarity.

But isn't there an adventitious aid given to men's voices over the telephone, something in the mechanical apparatus of the telephone which gives it a timbre and quality which the women are not able to obtain?

As a general rule it is agreed that women are usually more careful of lingual lapses than men.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

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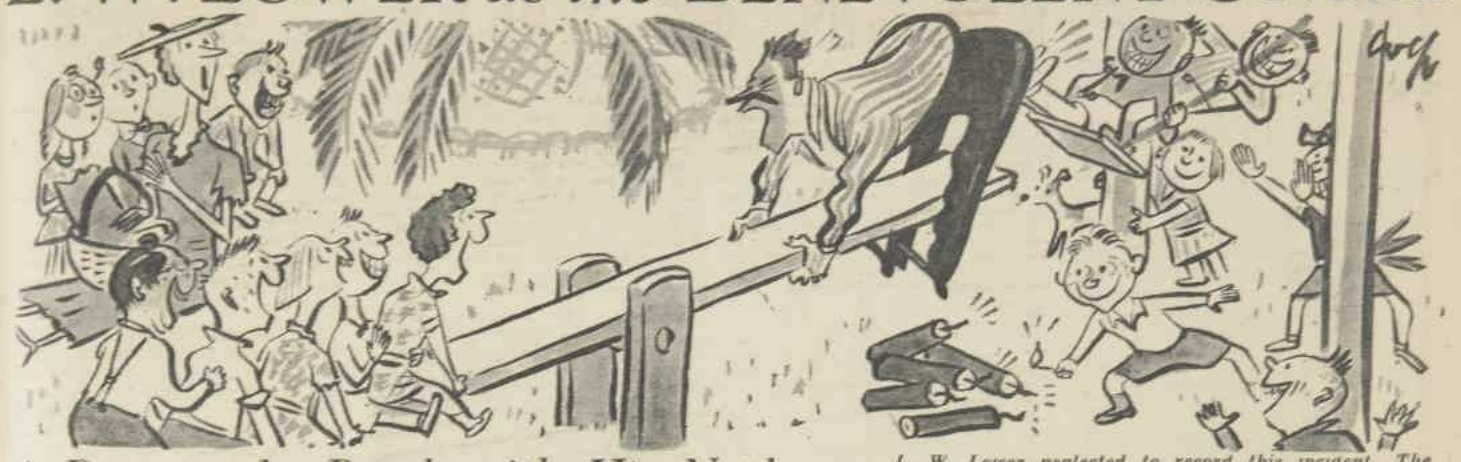
L. W. LOWER *as the* BENEVOLENT UNCLE



L. W. Lower neglected to record this incident. The recollection is too painful.

A Day on the Beach with His Nephews and Nieces . . . The Little Darlings

The children's school holidays are on—the dear little mites.

I took some of my little nephews and nieces out for the day, like the kind uncle that I am—the little beasts.

— By —
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

WE went to the beach. But, of course, it wasn't as easy as that.

There was the business of getting them on to the tram without wrecking the tram or having the conductor trampled underfoot. Then there was the ordeal of getting them off the tram. While I was lifting down the smaller ones, the larger ones were gambolling about the road, trying to get run over. Unfortunately, none of them succeeded.

When the tram had gone, Alfred, aged eight, found that he'd left his rubber duck behind. It seems that he prized this duck highly, and he blubbered all day about it. I tried to console him with ice-cream and occasional left hooks to the ear, but I didn't stop him.

We got all the buckets, and spades, and towels, and sandwiches, and ginger beer, and bananas, and things down on to the beach and they all tore off their little dressing-gowns and kimonos and things and tore into the surf.

"Now, don't go too far out!" I said to them. "Just stay in the shallow part and paddle."

Two of them immediately dashed into twenty-five fathoms of water and had to be dragged out and spread on the beach to recover.

After a while, by waving ice-cream cones at them, I got them all safely back on the beach.

Little Jacky was bawling, but I couldn't find out why. Just for practice, I suppose.

The others all seemed fairly happy trying to push sand down each other's throats.

Agatha, the smallest, got a brilliant idea. She got a handful of wet sand and plugged me in the eye with it at close range. The idea seemed to catch on. They all joined in amid merry peals of childish laughter.

I managed to catch one of them and donged him thoroughly.

A lady sitting nearby said, "What a shame! Some men are brutes! I wish there was a policeman about. I'd give him in charge."

Then she made a fatal mistake. She said, "Come here, darling, and talk to me."

Darling stopped sniffling and sidled over to her. When he got close enough he scooped up a double handful of sand and let her have it. I was so pleased. It was one of the highlights of the day.

All in Fun

IT was about at this time that a very burly bather about seven feet high and four feet across came along with young Alfred under his arm.

"Is this your brat!" he said, gritting his teeth.

"No," I replied. "Why? Has he lost his mother?"

"The little darling just poured a bucket of water over my face, and then jumped on my sunburnt back. I'd like to meet the lady or gentleman who owns him! Anyway, I'm going to dump him up at the other end of the beach where he'll be out of the way. I'd like to strangle the little pet."

"That's a good idea," I replied.

At that moment I got a smack on the face with an empty lemonade bottle. It was young Ernest having his fun.

Just then a very fat woman with a red face came up and said: "People who can't control their children shouldn't have any! I can't imagine what their home life must be like. Look at my hat!"

You could see that it had been a hat at some time, but it had a stick in it for a mast and a paper sail and had evidently struck some pretty heavy seas.

"It looks like a very exclusive model," I said. "I've never seen one like that before. What a pity you got it wet."

The fat lady threw the hat at me and said she was going to find the beach inspector and that I'd hear more about it.

I thought it was about time we went home, so without horse or stockwhip I rounded up those kids.

I think I went pretty close to a record. I mustered them, counted them, dried them, collected the buckets and spades, put their sandals on, and marched them to the tram, all in a quarter of an hour.

The tram conductor went a bit pale when he saw us. He was evidently a family man himself. However, he got off very lightly, except for an exceptionally good shot by young Victor with a sea-shell which caught him just over the eye.

It seemed hours before we got home. When I did get home, there were all the aunties sucking tea and gnawing cakes.

"Did you have a good time?" they asked me.

I said, "SHUT UP!"

They all looked in an astonished, scandalised manner at each other, and as I was going out of the room one said: "Aren't they pigs? My husband's just the same. Spends all day enjoying himself and then when he comes home you can't get a civil word out of him."

I was in the bathroom having a wash when there was an outcry from without the portals.

It seems I had brought home one child too many.

So having read that men have been known to live for days without food and as I had plenty of water, I decided to stay in the bathroom.

That's where I am now. Water life!

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On All Travel Subjects

"ME, Felice?" he muttered with bewilderment, with complete disbelief. "You mean you actually love me?"

"Is it so strange then?" she asked softly. "I love you because you are grand. Too grand a soldier to waste your time on a girl. I will never see you again—so you will forgive me that I tell you."

Tim did not answer. Not for a second, anyway. He just took her two hands, held them against the breast of his jacket where he had thrust the crucifix. Then all of a sudden a sigh like a cry broke from him. His arms closed on her and his face pressed down to hers. I slunk out of the room. Neither one of them knew I had gone. It made no difference, anyway.

Only once did Tim mention Felice to me. When the dark forest shut in on us and he realised I knew, as he did, that we were like mice in a trap, unable to find a way out, he warned me not to give a sign to his men, who, poor devils, welcomed escape from the sweltering heat, dry dust, and danger of the open road.

"Bert," he grumbled, "we're in a belluva mess. My fault, my stupidity. With all the maps, with everything set for a checkmate, I made a wrong move somewhere. Worst of it is, I don't know how or where. Told you I was no good. I got us in this jam and I don't know how to get us out. The Huns'll smell us, of course. No escape. When I'm finished, see that Felice has this, will you?"

Not if, mind you, but when. Tim never dreamed he'd see daylight again outside that dark forest. You may ask how he imagined I might. Well, it was only a hope. I was the first man he sent to try to find the way back to headquarters. In my pocket I carried a ragged note scribbled in pencil and wrapped around the little silver crucifix. I'm not superstitious, but often I feel that Felice's token was what led me to my destination.

At that, I didn't have the chance to return it to Tim until we met in New York. Tim had landed in the midst of a crowd big enough to fill the Hippodrome. The Mayor had greeted him at City Hall and pinned a medal on him. A procession had escorted him up Fifth Avenue to the old Waldorf where a suite was engaged. Confetti covered him like snow. Pretty girls scrambled to peck at him, to cry on his coat sleeves, to push flowers in his arms.

A personal bodyguard of policemen escorted Tim, his mother and father, who had come to New York for the reunion. I'll never forget the three of them, standing in the ornate parlor of his suite, plump little Mother Hoagland having a hard time to hold back her tears long enough to smile for the camera men, John Hoagland, tall and lean, frowning in disapproval of all the publicity, yet so proud of his boy, and Tim between them in uniform and shining boots—he was Colonel Hoagland then—looking about as comfortable as an Eskimo on the equator.

Tim posed for newspaper photos. He posed for movie cameras. He posed for sketch artists. But he refused to be interviewed. Much to the disappointment of sensation seekers, he refused to say one word about those days when he had flung defiance in the teeth of the enemy. From journalists who ranked at the top to young women reporters sent to wheedle some word out of him, he met the fusillade of questions with tight lips. His reticence only made him more completely an idol. Newspapers, women's clubs, political organisations, army circles, attributed his silence to the fact that his sorrow at the loss of so many of his men had sealed his lips against any recital of their experiences. The dark forest had run red with blood. The subject was too painful for their hero to discuss. But they did insist on his attendance at banquets, at luncheons, at receptions in his honor. Not a minute did he have to himself, except the few night hours granted for sleep.

IT was during one of these nights which, for Tim, were sleepless, that I sat in his bedroom alone with him for the first time.

I handed over the tiny silver crucifix in its crumpled wrapping. He spread the bit of paper on which his pencilled note was almost erased. He stared down at the crucifix in his palm.

"Wish you'd had to deliver this, Bert. Wish I'd never come out alive," he said at last.

"Fine gratitude!" I came back furiously. "Here's your country slopping over like a sentimental woman. The whole populace at your feet——"

SHADES *of* GLORY

Continued from Page 7

"That's the trouble." The eyes in Tim's plaster-white face were strained and anxious behind his spectacles. "The whole trouble, boy. They're setting up a golden calf with clay feet. They're worshipping an idol that's bound to topple over. Heavens—what a joke! Putting me in a class with Washington, with Lincoln. Giving me decorations—medals—the D.S.C. Giving me tribute I don't deserve."

"Nonsense! You deserve every ounce of tribute. It's coming to you—plenty."

"A lie," Tim answered brusquely. "A darned lie and you know it. I cost my country hundreds of men. Some of our best. Young Buckley, who went to his death because I needed somebody reckless and fearless to try to get help for us—Harrison, who tried to find a way out and never came back—all those brave fellows who trusted me, who were shot to pieces because of my blunder."

"That's war, man. We all expect it."

"No—that was my incompetence. I led those men to their deaths as surely as if I had tried to trap them. And my country covers me with glory. What a farce! What a faker!"

"What the devil are you talking about?" I let go at him. "You held off the Huns, didn't you? You held your own when they were closing in on you. You fought them to a finish, made them turn in their tracks. How do we know you didn't definitely prevent their advance——"

"Cut it!" Tim broke in. "Cut the soft soap." His hands shook, his mouth worked. "They all hand it to me. Over there, when I tried to tell them the truth. Do you know, Bert, I talked hours—days, no less—trying to show them how, except for my mistake, the catastrophe they were glorifying needn't have happened. I couldn't convince them. They called the whole story the result of my hyper-sensitiveness, the long illness I'd been through. They pointed to my wounds and said I was over-modest." The muscles of his face twitched. "Heavens, Bert, can you guess what it's like, parading the streets in a laurel wreath and knowing you ought to be court-martialled?"

"DON'T be an ass," I told him. "Not a man who stood by you in battle and who's alive to tell the tale but would agree you're every inch the hero the public believes."

"And next week I go to Washington," he rushed on, paying no attention to me. "An audience with the President. He'll want to know all the facts. I'll tell him—yes, I'll give him the whole truth. And he won't believe it either. Or if he does—if I can convince him—what good will that do now? It's too late. The public can't be robbed of war idols. Besides, this thing is like a snowball that starts at the top of a mountain and ends in an avalanche. No stopping it, no matter what's said or done."

"All right," I smashed in. "Give them their idol. It's not as though you didn't have all the stuff they credit you with. Courage, strength, honesty, decency, loyalty, not one I ever saw you fall down on. Don't take my word for it. Take any of those boys and girls you taught back home. Get a line on what they think of you. You were their hero long before you were your country's. What's all the row about? You're not a criminal."

"I'm not a hypocrite either. When I look at the crowds, men, women, children, stampeding me, I keep seeing the torn bodies and bloody faces of my men. At night they come out of the dark. They close in on me. I can't stand it, Bert. I—" Tears began to stream down his thin cheeks. "I tell you—I can't stick it."

I went over and laid a hand on his slumped shoulder. I'd never seen Tim like this. It knocked me off my pins. It brought a lump to my throat. There was nakedness of soul in his abject wretchedness. I felt I had no right to see it. I felt I ought to leave him, yet I couldn't.

"Look here, old man. This can't go on. You'll drive yourself crazy."

He gave a grimace that sent his lips back from his teeth.

"Do you know any escape? Is there any place a hero can go to run away from being a hero? Except one—yes, there's one——"

The look of him scared me more than a charge into No Man's Land.

"They'll forget," I assured him quickly. "You'll be a nine days' wonder. Then you'll be just one of the rest of us."

"You think so?" he asked eagerly. "You think they'll let me crawl into the corner where I belong?"

"Sure, they will."

"I hope to Heaven you're right!" Tim said it like a prayer.

I was wrong though.

Following the Armistice Tim wanted to go home to return to his post of High School teacher. He went home, to be feted, photographed, fawned upon as he'd been in the greater cities. He could not leave his house, he could not cross the street without being mobbed. The Board of Education laughed at the idea of placing him in his old position. He must be exploited. He must give a series of lectures. He must bring honor to the home town. They would not be outdone in paying homage. He could never go back to the job he loved. He was at the beck and call of Washington of points north, south, east and west, where patriotism demanded his presence. Tim Hoagland no longer belonged to himself. He belonged to the glory of the Army and the American people.

JUST once during the next eight months did I see Tim. I had a job in New York and on the several occasions of my visits home he was away on official business. But one day in July he called me on the phone and asked me to have lunch. He was in town for only a few days.

Again we met at the Waldorf. He apologised for having the food served in the parlor of his suite.

"Not that I'm trying to be exclusive, old man. But I've come to hate public restaurants. Besides, we can talk here."

I tried not to show how shocked I was at the change in him. All the time he was telling me how swell I looked and we swapped accounts of our doings, I was ready to break down and cry over what I saw. Lines in his face that aged Tim fifteen years. He was thin to the point of emaciation. The hands holding his fork and knife trembled like a palsied old man's. His eyes were sunk in holes and the muscles of his face twitched, although he tried plainly enough to control them. Every now and then his hand went up to cover the telltale nervous contraction.

"Boy," I burst out finally, "you look done up. Why don't you go away?"

"I'm going. That's why I wanted to see you. This is good-bye, old man."

Please turn to Page 16

FORMER CRIPPLE NOW PLAYS TENNIS

Vanquishes Rheumatism in Feet

Here is a story of a young man who had given up hope of taking part in active sports with his fellows again. He tells how he tried one remedy after another and how finally a former sufferer put him on the way to recovery:—

"Two years ago I started with pain in the feet which gradually got worse. I tried 'everything under the sun' but to no effect. Whilst waiting for treatment one evening, another patient advised me to try Kruschen Salts. That was twelve months ago; the relief was not sudden, but the pain and swelling gradually left my feet, and in six months I amazed my friends by taking long walks into the country. This year I have played a good deal of tennis, a thing which I had begun to think I should never do again."—C.W.

Most rheumatic pain and swelling is caused by an excess of uric acid accumulating in the body. Kruschen will quickly dissolve away the needle-pointed crystals of uric acid which are the cause of all the trouble. It will also flush those dissolved crystals clean out of your system.

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BAYSWATER, NEAR MARBLE ARCH, HYDE PARK W2.

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Weekly Inclusive Terms:
SINGLE, from 4½ gns. DOUBLE, from 8 gns. Bedroom, Bath, and Breakfast from 10/6. Rooms with private bathroom—suites. LICENSED. Garage next door. Phone: Bay. 3654. Telg. Kitchening, London.
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LONDON, ENGLAND

NEW MANSION PRIVATE HOTELS, 38, 39, and 40 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park. First-class hotels, overlooking Kensington Gardens. Central for all parts London. Open fires. Hot and cold running water and direct P.O. phones in all bedrooms. Inclusive terms (four meals daily) FROM £2/12/6 WEEKLY. Bedroom, breakfast, bath, boots, attendance from 6/6 per day. Tariff and "Guide of London," direct or from "Women's Weekly."

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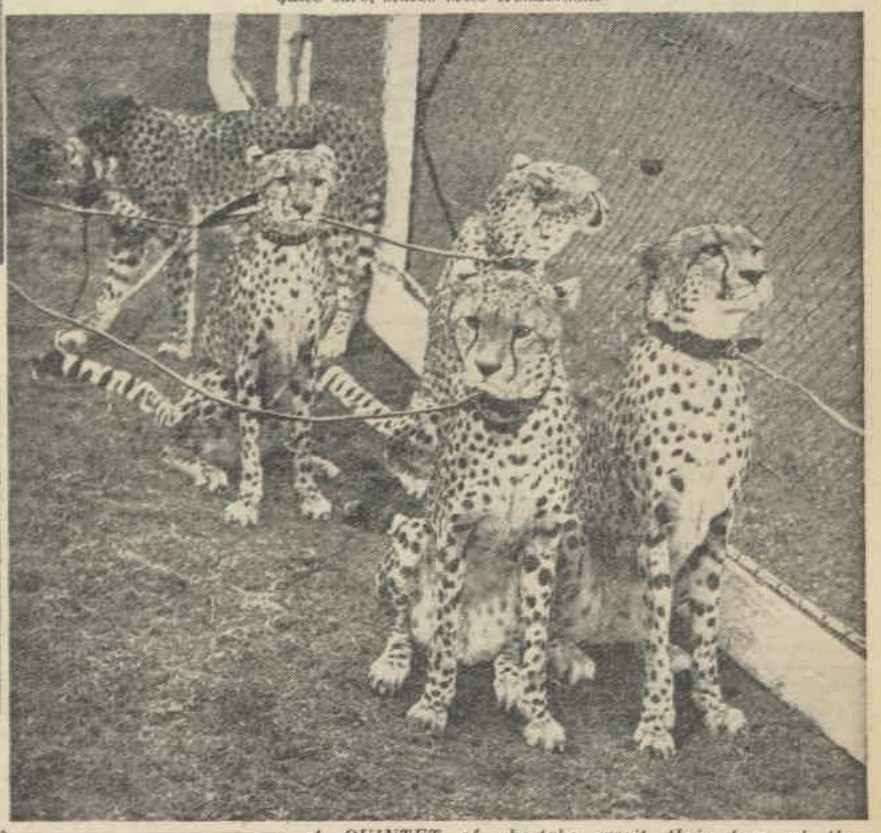
Australian Girl Trains Racing Cheetahs

Novel Animals in New Sport

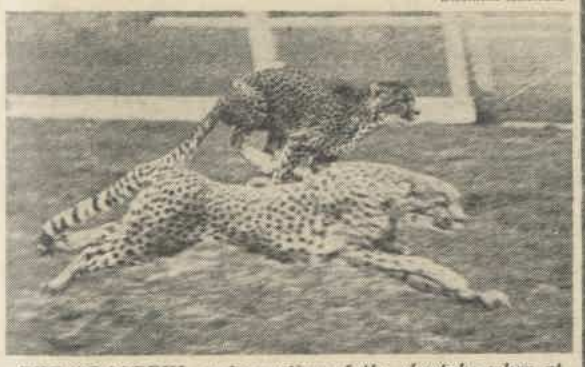
MISS RUBY HENDERSON, the Melbourne girl who has become a cheetah trainer in London. Cheetahs are leopard-like animals from Africa and they race like dogs. Miss Henderson hopes to bring some to Australia.

—Dickinson-Monteath

ON THE TRACK. Miss Henderson, Mr. Gander-Dower and a friend exercising the racing cheetahs. They seem strange pets to have walking by one's side, but they are quite safe, states Miss Henderson.



A QUINTET of cheetahs await their turn at the starting post. They are as friendly as dogs and much less temperamental.



THE GRACEFUL racing action of the cheetahs when at full stretch. They can attain a speed of 55 miles an hour.

Strange African Leopards May Be Brought Here

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Londoners had a great thrill recently when, for the first time, they saw cheetahs—leopard-like creatures from the African jungles—racing round the greyhound track at Romford, Essex, at 55 miles an hour.

Trainer of these enormous, yellow-spotted, cat-like creatures is a young Melbourne girl, Miss Ruby Henderson, who, until eight months ago, had never seen a cheetah, and who, when she left Melbourne on a world tour about a year ago, had no idea of ever being an animal trainer.

MR. GANDER - DOWER, owner of the cheetahs, introduced Miss Henderson to them.

"I saw them first when they were in quarantine after they had toured the Continent," Miss Henderson told The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I absolutely 'fell' for the cheetahs, and I think they liked me, too. They allowed me to stroke them, which had not been done before by anyone except their owner, Mr. Gander-Dower, who is an old friend of mine."

Pounds of uncooked, lean beef and English rabbits are the chief items on the menu for cheetahs.

"They eat every scrap of rabbit," Miss Henderson said, "bones and all. We use rabbits attached to the electric hare apparatus to make them race."

Of training she says: "Trainers are born, not made. You can't train a trainer. It's just a matter of temperament. One who is really fond of animals, understands their psychology, has infinite patience, and does not mind doing the same thing at the same time day after day for weeks on end is a natural trainer.

"Cheetahs are naturally affectionate and obedient, but I must say they seem to get on better with women than with men. I think they sense an added gentleness in women.

"They are very social animals—that's why we keep two in a cage—all except Poona, who was born in captivity and is really like a pet cat.

"Cheetahs never attack people, even in their wild state, unless they are frightened," declared Miss Henderson, "and when they are walked round the track on leads like the dogs they are perfectly calm and quite indifferent to the crowds. They never attempt to fight with the dogs."

Miss Henderson is in the early twenties. She has red-gold, short curls and light hazel eyes, a jolly smile and a soft, low-pitched speaking voice.

"I am trying to persuade Mr. Gander-Gower to take the cheetahs to Australia," she said. "I am sure Australians would go mad about them. They would appeal tremendously to our sporting instincts as well as our love of animals. I don't know what our future plans are, but I do know I should love a trip to Australia."

THEY'RE OFF. How the cheetahs look when they leave the starter's tape.

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Now! Let's assure his business success

AN EARLY START — with a BRILLIANT FUTURE

"HE can start now—in two years' time he will have risen to security . . . in five he can hold the key to the highest positions in the business world, a brilliant future ahead, if we let H. & R. train him for business success.

"John has much more chance, too, of an early position—employers give preference to those who are training with H. & R. Why! only a few weeks ago Mrs. Hunter's boy, Bruce, came racing home; he'd secured an excellent position just because—his employer told him—just because he was training with H. & R.

"Early position — Success — Security — Advancement — all can be his if he gets the thorough training only H. & R. can give, and you've said yourself so many times that, to be a success in business to-day, you must be trained."

YOU MUST TRAIN FOR SUCCESS.

It's the same with any profession—only business doesn't take so long and costs very little, and in practically every case the expenditure on training for a business career has been repaid in higher earnings before the training is completed. It pays for itself. H. & R. training is thorough, complete! Lifelong service and co-operation irrespective of where you live.

SOME H. & R. COURSES.

Accountancy and Secretaryship	Marketing and Advertising
Banking and Securities	Marketing and Selling
General Business Training	Practical Retail Selling
Advanced Bookkeeping	Modern Merchandising

In their own words

Read what people say who have taken the H. & R. course. Taken at random from our files, these and hundreds of others like them are indicative of what H. & R. can do for you.

"I was a clerk—I am now in charge of branch at a salary of £455—an increase of £165 due to my studies."—P.E.T.

"I have had my salary raised to £300 p.a. This is entirely due to the thorough grasp of practical working of Accountancy gained through your teaching."—C.P.E.

"20 months ago I was a clerk in a shipping office—salary £156, with no prospects. Took your course. Six months ago was appointed accountant to firm at £260—two months later that was increased to £300."—B.M.E.

Recovered cost in 12 months.

"The actual direct cost of my course was recovered within 12 months."—H.L.R.

Post the coupon for the free illustrated handbook, "The Guide to Careers in Business." Ask us to send you also the booklet, which tells in their own words what others say of the opportunities and advancements they received when they trained with H. & R.

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Offices in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart, Launceston and Newcastle. H. & R. Nearest Capital City is sufficient address.

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Please send me FREE copy of the new "Guide to Careers in Business."
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LUNG TROUBLE

A DRY INHALATION

From hundreds of reports received from patients who have used Membrosus, the following is typical:

"I am progressing wonderfully. I have no sputum; the cough is much better, thanks to Membrosus, and I am putting on weight. Doctor gave me a few months to live, but all that is changed now. I sleep at night, my voice is stronger, and I am straight instead of being bent over. I have a great appetite, and am much brighter. Best of all I have a feeling of getting better. Membrosus has done all that."

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM trouble—
(without operation).

". . . Six months' treatment of Membrosus has completely cured me of chronic catarrh with infected antrum. I previously had to give up work and had tried everything on the market, as well as having operations, but none did me any good."

Equally remarkable results have been achieved in cases of:—

ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS

Yes, MEMBROSUS dry inhalation has done all this for sufferers. . . . It is really the only logical way of treating Lung, Catarrhal and Chest Complaints. Many thousands of sufferers after using it have reported wonderful relief, followed by complete restoration of health. . . . AFTER ALL ELSE HAD FAILED.

Call, or send 2d. stamped addressed envelope, giving particulars of YOUR complaint to "Membrosus," care Irvine Pty. Ltd. (Sole Distributors for Australia), No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

SHADES of GLORY

Continued from Page 14

I DIDN'T like the way he said it. I made an attempt to fasten his restless eyes with mine.

"Where you going?" I put sharply.

"I'm booked on the Umberto sailing to-morrow midnight."

"The Mediterranean in midsummer? What's the idea?"

"It's out of season. Won't be a crowd on board. I'll have time to myself. Time to think."

"Why not give yourself a good time instead? Dance, play, get tight, forget to think."

He smiled, a slow, diffident smile.

"What I want more than anything is to find a spot on the top deck under the sky alone and try to plan some kind of future. I wanted to go back to what you and I had before the war—the peace, the sanity of being nobody. But that appears to be impossible."

"Well, whatever you map out, take a good rest."

"That's what I hope for," he nodded, "a long rest."

"How long are you planning to be away?"

"I don't know. Can't say. Haven't anything set."

The phone rang. He went into the bedroom to answer, and I noticed that his plate was as full as when the waiter set it before him.

"Listen," I said when he came back, "I'm in mufti. The war is a nightmare I lived through and came out of. The thing you've got to do is prove your right to live the kind of life you darned well want to live."

"If I could," said Tim. "If I could do just that."

When two days later I saw the headlines, I thought I must still be going through the war nightmare. A newsboy shouting "Extry" and mumbling further unintelligible information waylaid me. He was at the corner of Forty-third Street and Sixth Avenue—queer, how these unimportant details stick in a man's memory—and I almost knocked the little fellow down in my rush for the Grand Central. There was a girl in Darien. Catching the five-twenty-three was of more immediate concern than the most startling news item.

Then those stark, black letters hit me between the eyes.

COLONEL TIMOTHY HOAGLAND SUICIDE

I bought a paper and backed blindly against a lighted store window.

WORLD WAR HERO DISAPPERS FROM LINER UMBERTO ON WAY TO ITALY.

For a few minutes I couldn't read on. Tim Hoagland was dead. Tim had killed himself. And only two days ago . . .

I suppose we all feel like that when someone close to us takes his life. I suppose there's nothing unusual about the news being no more than stalking black words that we can't somehow accept. Standing there at Forty-third Street and Sixth Avenue on that sweltering July night, I wasn't equal to reading on down the column. What was the use? Tim was dead. What else could be said beyond that?

After a while I made my way to the Grand Central. But I didn't go to Darien. I took the train to the town upstate where Tim and I were born. I wanted to tell Tim's parents about our last talk. On the way I read more of what the Press had to say of Tim's suicide.

HE had gone aboard the Umberto some time before the hour of sailing and told his cabin steward that he did not wish to be disturbed for the next twenty-four hours. The man was not even to serve him food. He wanted to sleep. That was all he wanted. Rest.

Twenty-four hours later the steward had knocked and, receiving no answer, decided the distinguished passenger must still be asleep. But at the end of thirty-six hours he became alarmed. He turned the knob. The room was empty.

He rushed to the purser. A thorough search of the ship revealed the fact that Colonel Hoagland was not on board. They returned to his cabin. His bags were still shut, all except a small suitcase. The bed was rumpled and across it lay a dressing-gown.

Stuck in a corner of the mirror was a note on the ship's stationery.

"To Whom it May Concern:

"I have always felt unworthy of the honors my people and country have heaped upon me. If now I seek the only means to find the obscurity and oblivion which should be mine, I hope they will forgive me.

"TIMOTHY HOAGLAND."

Editorials commented on that brief message. It befogged the editorial mind. How could a man to whom highest honors had been granted, to whom a nation had been on its knees, desire obscurity, oblivion? Under phrases of tribute to Colonel Hoagland's record were regret and disappointment. This was not in the cards, this suicide. A leader might give his life—he did not take it. Timothy Hoagland's self-extinction robbed the populace of their idol. You couldn't keep on his pedestal a soldier who was not brave enough to face life, could you? All this puzzlement and more I read beneath expressions of praise and sorrow. The writers could only conclude that Colonel Hoagland was temporarily deranged as the result of his physical suffering and the nerve strain of what he had seen and gone through in France.

But I knew better. It was all there in those few words and in the words he had spoken to me. Tim's anguish, his shame, his longing to escape the fame and glory he had not sought and did not want.

Last year on our first trip abroad I took my wife—yes, the Darien girl—to some of the historic spots, for me, of the World War.

Motoring through those reconstructed villages, stopping here and there for lunch, for dinner, for a night's lodging, we made our way to the Carneau homestead. It had changed little. The same picture postcard stone farmhouse with housing for cattle at the back. The same garden ablaze. The same shade trees. Only the manure pile was missing, relegated to a shed some distance from the house.

Mere Carneau studied me with hazy eyes as I introduced myself. Plain that she did not identify or remember me. But she spread a checkered cloth on an iron table under the trees and brought wine and bread and cheese. I asked for Père Carneau and she told me he had passed away. Her three sons were married. So was Felice. Mariette, alas, was unmarried, but she had hopes.

MY wife, who couldn't understand a word—I understood little enough myself—fell in love with the peace and charm, the immaculate cleanliness so rare in the byways of France, the shady fragrance of the place. It was late afternoon and we were planning to stop at the next city overnight. So there was no hurry.

I lingered for sentimental reasons perhaps. I had no desire to do anything but give myself up to recollections. And while we sat there, an astonishing thing happened. A little boy in a blue smock came running across the fields and into the house, and I could have sworn I saw Tim Hoagland as a kid.

I started to my feet, then sat down as quickly. Of course, the thing was a vision. The scene had brought Tim so vividly to mind that memory must have hypnotised me.

But a few minutes later the boy appeared in the doorway. He motioned to me and I went indoors. He said, "Bon jour, m'sieu," and took my hand and led me to the room where Tim and I had bunked.

A man came towards me, a tall sturdily-built man with the ruddy color so common to Frenchmen. The eyes behind his spectacles held calm gentleness. He wore a dark clipped moustache and beard. At that, no disguise was necessary, for although I recognised him because of the boy, the Tim Hoagland so familiar to me was gone.

He spoke in a low voice which had the same calm quality as his eyes.

"No," he answered my dizzy unspoken question, "I'm not a ghost. I'm 'Monsieur Jean Smeet,' which translated spells, 'John Smith.' My neighbors will tell you I'm an Englishman living in France since the war."

"When I saw your boy just now—" I began and couldn't go on.

"The other two resemble their mother. Felice will be here in a minute. We couldn't let you go without a word." He motioned me to a chair and sat down facing me. "You don't know how I've ached to talk to you, Bert—to explain. You see, except for you I'd have been where I'm supposed to be now, at the bottom of the Atlantic. I had it all set. I was going overboard. Then that last day just as we said good-bye, you told me, 'The thing you've got to do is prove your right to live the kind of life you darned well want to live.' That summed up all I asked. To live the kind of life I was used to, the life I was meant for. Dying was no way out. But up to that minute I hadn't considered I had the right to anything else."

It was simple enough, the scheme he had carried out. He had gone aboard the Umberto, presented himself to the purser, disappeared into his cabin and given instructions not to be disturbed. He had then changed his clothes, waited until just before sailing and slipped out to mingle with the crowd of departing visitors.

"ASTONISHING," he went on, "how easy it is to lose yourself in New York when you're supposed to be somewhere else. I started on my way to South America the following day on a freighter, under an assumed name. Nobody ever questioned me."

"Did your parents know?" I couldn't keep reproach out of my voice.

He nodded.

"They knew of course. My one regret is that I haven't been able to see them since."

I recalled the day when I had rushed to Tim's father.

"What Tim did," the old man had whispered, with eyes brimming, "is the only thing my boy could do. He'd have gone insane otherwise. His mother and I are resigned."

Now I understood his philosophy. I looked into the steady, peaceful eyes of the man who had been Tim Hoagland.

"You're happy?" I asked, but the question wasn't necessary.

"Yes. I'm back at my old job. I'm teaching the youngsters English, at a school in the next town. And I have Felice." He paused for a second, studying my expression. Then he smiled. "I know what you're thinking, Bert. What I did wasn't decent. It was cowardly. It was cheating. Maybe. But it accomplished the thing I wanted above everything else. It erased the name of Timothy Hoagland from the nation's scroll of immortals. It gave me back my self-respect and the right to be myself."

(Copyright.)

HEADACHES VANISH IN FIVE MINUTES.

Amazingly quick action of the Original Aspirin.

Bayer Aspirin tablets will dispel any pain. No doubt about that. One tablet will prove it. Swallow it. The pain is gone. Relief is as simple as that.

No harmful after-effects from genuine Bayer Aspirin. It never depresses the heart, nor upsets the stomach, and you need never hesitate to make use of these tablets.

So it is needless to suffer from headache, toothache or neuralgia. The pains of sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or neuritis can be banished completely in a few moments, the discomfort of colds can be avoided. To women Bayer Aspirin is a blessing indeed.

If you have been using an imitation of this original Aspirin (discovered by Bayer and introduced to the medical profession in 1900), note the difference after the very first dose. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin. So insist on Bayer when you buy.

All chemists sell boxes containing 12 Bayer tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer means Better.

ACID STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Sufferers from Indigestion READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepsin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Bells Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Bells Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Bells Magnesia can be obtained from any reliable chemist. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.*

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SOME NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow
when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow
they'll still be evergreen."

SHE: Why wouldn't father consent to your marrying me?
HE: He wanted a twelve months' guarantee.

POLITICIAN: My boy would like a job in your department.
GOVT. OFFICIAL: What can he do?
POLITICIAN: Nothing.
OFFICIAL: Then we shan't have to break him in.

"Have you paid much off your piano-player yet?"
"Only the few shillings we got when we sold the stool."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"That'll cost your dad plenty!—that's unbreakable glass!"

HE: My treasure.
SHE: My treasury.

DON'T LET SURFER'S ITCH (TINEA) SPOIL SUMMER PLEASURES

Whenever your feet touch a moist surface you run the risk of infection from the germs of Surfer's Foot. Sixty people out of every hundred suffer from this distressing skin disease. It appears first with rawness between the toes—the skin becomes white and itching blisters appear.

Take precautions now with LIFEBUOY

Bathing your feet regularly with Lifebuoy Soap is the sure way to prevent trouble. Lifebuoy's copious antiseptic lather sweeps away all the germs with the dirt—gives them no chance to cause infection.

LIFEBUOY Medicated HEALTH SOAP

L.494.32

BRAINWAVES

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TWO farmers were standing on the station platform when a woman passed, dressed in the height of fashion. "There, George," said one, "what d'you think of her?"

George eyed the stylish lady for a few minutes. "It's poor ground that takes so much top-dressing," he declared sagely.

MAGISTRATE: Do you spend all your money on drink?

Defendant: No, sir. A lot goes in fines.

YOUNG WIFE: This is lovely soup.

Husband: Ah, but you should have heard the kind mother used to make.

"MY wife is the proud owner of a new, modernistic home."

"Why, you're the owner just as much as she is, aren't you?"

"Yes; but I'm not proud of it."

"WHERE did you learn to ride a horse?"

"Around his neck."

THE old man was remarkably well-informed, but so lazy that his new friend asked him how he had contrived to learn so much.

"Oh," he replied, "I just heard it here and there . . . and I was too lazy to forget it."

HUSBAND: Well, my dear, I've decided to agree with you.

Wife (cheerfully): It's no use, darling, I've changed my mind.

"HE said he would lay the earth at my feet," said the sentimental girl.

"Yes," answered Miss Gadabout; "It sounds good, but it's not practical. You already have the earth at your feet. What you want is an eight-roomed house over your head."

"YOU want more money! Why, my boy, I worked three years for £2 a month in this very business. Now I'm the owner!"

"Well, you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his assistants like that can hang on to his job."

TAXI-DRIVER: I'll have a job finding that other sixpence change for you.

Scotch Passenger: Ah, well, the nicht's young!

"DADDY won't be home to dinner this evening, Willie, so you'll have to take his place."

"Do you mean that I'll have to read the paper at the table?"

MAGISTRATE: What do you do for a living?

Prisoner: I exercise bloodhounds.

Magistrate: How do you do that?

Prisoner: By escaping from prison.

"SO you're living at the hotel now?"

"Yes, cook got so haughty and domineering that we simply had to walk out of the house to show her we are as independent as she is."

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

If you suffer from choking, wheezing, coughing, Asthma and Bronchitis—if you gasp for breath, can't sleep nights, and feel your heart pounding against your ribs, and suffer from Indigestion, Nervousness, Headaches and Loss of Vitality and Energy, there is new hope, health and happiness for you in the discovery of an American physician.

A specialist with 30 years' experience discovered that the true cause of most Asthma is from Germs and Acids in the blood. By refreshing the blood, killing the Germs and removing the Acids, the cause is removed and thus Asthma can be truly ended. The discovery, which is called Mendaco, is a pure, safe and harmless prescription in pleasant, easy-to-take tablet form. It works so fast that it starts circulating through the blood in 3 minutes, killing the Germs and removing the Acids which cause those terrible choking, gasping, strangling spells. Within 24 to 48 hours you will notice a vast difference, and at the end of the 8-day treatment you, as thousands of others, will feel completely free from Asthma, because Mendaco represents a discovery that removes the underlying cause of the disease. No matter how long you have suffered or how many things you have tried, you owe it to yourself to try this new discovery.

Ends Asthma After 25 Years

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever are daily telling how well they feel since they ended their trouble with Mendaco. For instance, Mr. Albert Radford, McGee, Saskatchewan, Canada, recently wrote: "I have had Asthma for the past 25 years, and tried everything without success until I tried your prescription. It did stop my Asthma. I have not had Asthma for the past two months nor any sign of it coming back. I feel far better and have gained five pounds in weight; I can go out and do any work without any fear of an attack of choking. I can also sleep all night in peace and comfort." Mrs. Martha Hereford, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, recently said: "I felt better the first day I started taking Mendaco. I could breathe easier. I slept the night through. The choking, coughing, gasping disappeared. Since starting the use of Mendaco I have not lost one single night of rest. Choking, Coughing and Strangling have disappeared. I used to need injections of Adrenalin, but I haven't needed a single one since I used your treatment of Mendaco. I have gained several pounds in weight, and my Asthma truly has been stopped."

£2000 Guarantee

Mendaco has been so unusually successful in stopping Asthma by removing the true cause, that it is offered under a written guarantee to end your Asthma to your complete satisfaction or cost you nothing. Get an 8-day supply of Mendaco from your chemist and see for yourself how quickly it frees you from the choking, gasping, strangling spells of Asthma—see for yourself how quickly you gain in energy and vitality and in general health—see for yourself how much younger and stronger you feel. It must do the work entirely to your satisfaction in your particular case, or you merely return the empty package and the small cost is refunded in full. This money-back guarantee is backed by a fund of £2,000 deposited with the leading banks of the world, such as Bank of New South Wales, Barclays Bank, Johannesburg, Westminster Bank of London and Bank of America, Los Angeles, U.S.A. Don't suffer another day without learning for yourself the blessings in this new discovery of Mendaco. Don't take chances with cheap, inferior drastic drugs. Get guaranteed Mendaco from your chemist immediately and take the right way to get rid of Asthma by removing the cause. The guarantee protects you.

2332B

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BE FREE from

SUN-GLARE HEADACHES SLEEPLESSNESS LASSITUDE & SUMMER ILLS & CHILLS

TO some, sunshine is a mixed blessing. After being "cooped up" indoors, a strong spell of sunshine often produces initial discomfort—sun-glare headaches—hot weather sleeplessness—irritability, etc. A short holiday or week-end can easily be spoilt under these conditions. It is a fact that 'ASPRO' can prevent these troubles for you. It banishes sun-glare headaches—sleeplessness—and irritability. Voyagers by sea will find 'ASPRO' a wonderful antidote for sea-sickness. Again, there are a number of people who immediately they get to the seaside suffer from rheumatism. This painful complaint quickly yields to 'ASPRO.' Why not make it a rule to keep 'ASPRO' handy during the summer months as insurance against petty ills?—It has been proved definitely and conclusively that:—

'ASPRO'

IS THE WAY TO PROTECT YOURSELF

"'ASPRO' a 'Lifesaver' to Me for Headaches"

Toule Street,
MAYFIELD, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,
From 14 years old I have suffered with severe Headaches and could get no real relief until 'ASPRO' tablets came along. What a "lifesaver" they are to me. When I feel a Headache coming on I fly to 'ASPRO' which stops the Headache almost immediately. For two years I was bad with Sciatica and it was through taking 'ASPRO' tablets that I was able to attend my work. I find 'ASPRO' most effective taken after meals.

(Sgd.) D. GRAY.

Bilious Headaches — Two in Family Praise 'ASPRO'

12 Beaumont Street,
ISLINGTON, NEWCASTLE,
N.S.W., 29/4/37

Dear Sirs,
I've had such wonderful benefit from your 'ASPRO' tablets for bilious Headaches. For several years I suffered continually from this complaint and discovered that three 'ASPRO' tablets taken with a drink of water and rest for half an hour, completely fixed me. My nephew and I both have these Headaches, but we find 'ASPRO' a quick and safe way to get rid of them.

(Signed) J. E. BENNETT.

Take 'ASPRO' for

Rheumatism	Neuralgia	Lumbago
Temperature	Influenza	Asthma
Sleeplessness	Hay Fever	Gout
Feverishness	Malaria	Dengue
Sore Throat	Colds	Neuritis
Irritability	Headache	Earache
Toothache	Sciatica	

Alcoholic After Effects.
'ASPRO' Gives Great Relief to Women When Depressed.

No Doubt About 'ASPRO' For Headaches

Rundle Street,
Adelaide, S.A.

Dear Sirs,
Up to a few years ago I suffered much pain through severe attacks of Headaches but by taking 'ASPRO' regularly, the pain has been relieved and the Headaches stopped. There is no doubt that 'ASPRO' can do the job and I can safely recommend it to others.

(Sgd.) F. W. WALTON.

NICHOLAS LTD. 49E/37

STOP YOUR SUN-GLARE HEADACHES with 'ASPRO'

QUINS *to* YOU

Continued from Page 5

"YOU didn't get far with the Allen baby, but we'll let that pass. Who'll be your police chief?"

"Butch here," I said. "Butch is the guy for police chief."

Butch grinned and rubbed the stiff hair that trims his bullet head.

"He's mad!" he told Scoop. "But 'tis great to watch the mouth of him!"

"Sure. And 'tis great to see the nerve of him!" agreed Scoop. "Well, Mills—I'll look for you in the paper to-night. Sally, the society editor, told me she was mentioning you. What the well-dressed young man wears on roadbuilding benders."

I was mentioned in the paper all right. There was a two-column cut of me in a dirty-stained dinner jacket with the simple caption, "Mills Austin, prominent young scholar and socialite, who announces his candidature for mayor."

Scoop did himself brilliantly. Talk about your nice restrained touches. I was described as a "young man of well-known democratic propensities." I was quoted as having the unqualified support of that "powerful Labor leader, Butch Mehaffey." Mr. Mehaffey, it seemed, endorsed me glowingly as man, laborer, and friend, and paid a touching tribute to my powers of oratory. There was a rumor among "those close to Mr. Austin" that I might give a fat post on my staff to a laboring man. I was no young half-baked college theorist, Scoop told a dubious world. My ideas had been born from bitter personal struggle. I had worked shoulder to shoulder with the men in the roadside trenches. My zeal for work was so great I had appeared on the job one morning in dinner clothes rather than be late.

"This lovable boyish impulsiveness," wrote Scoop, "has endeared him in every quarter of the city."

Oh, well! The boys and the town would razz me for a while, and then the whole thing would blow over. Fortunately nobody ever took Scoop seriously. Or did they?

For the phone started ringing. Mrs. Essingdon wanted to know if I would get behind a civic symphony. No officer could serve his city unless he had its culture needs at heart.

Pinnerty invited me to a poker game. Miss Elsie Wendel wondered if I would address the Christian Young People's Society next Saturday night. They had a dandy bunch of girls and boys, she assured me, all looking clear-eyed into the future. They were studying the platforms of the different candidates. They believed right-thinking people should take an interest in government. Mrs. Dutweiler, president of the Women's Club, wanted to know what I candidly thought of the city sewage problem. The sanitary conditions, she said, were outrageous. No commonwealth could prosper which ignored the health of its children. Old man Briggs hoped I was against this darned fool sewage-disposal idea—the city taxes were high enough now. We couldn't float another bond issue.

SUDDENLY I laughed long and loud and flung myself about in my easy chair. I had thought of a joke to play on Scoop. I'd run for mayor. What a body blow, to Scoop—my running for mayor on his own publicity.

When George Guy dropped in later in the evening to gloat, I fixed him with my glittering eye. George has hung out his shingle and is waiting for clients to clatter in. Between lawsuits he spends his time exercising polo ponies and debutantes. The girls and nags see quite a bit of him. And he's one of the boys who bet me the famous fifty dollars.

"George," I said, while he rummaged in my ice-box for beer and cheese, "what's causing all the dry rot in the Silver City Bar Association?"

"Item one," he told me around a mouthful of Liederkranz, "a police court justice. Item two, a city attorney. Item three, destruction of records and evidence by any city employee who feels playful. No co-operation anywhere. Item four—this is the best cheese I've eaten in two months."

It took hours, two bottles of beer, and a great deal of cheese to convince George, but he caught on gradually. And when he did, he blazed! That shows how persuasive an orator I am. When a man can arouse his old college classmate. Of course, he really liked the idea of turning the tables on Scoop. But the thought I suggested of his being city attorney had a certain quiet charm, too.

"George, the Guy with a Job!" he gloated.

Together we mapped out our campaign. George would handle the Silver City Bar Association. I would handle the labor crowd, and get out the church and society vote. Scoop would take care of publicity. We rent the air with long-drawn howls when we thought of that. He couldn't go back on his own nominee. We had Scoop where we wanted him.

I WENT around the next day and filed my candidature. I met Judy Allen on the steps of City Hall. She had been in to see her old friend Gorham. She looked very pretty and apple-blossomy in a pink something.

"Well," she said brightly, "if it isn't the League of Decency."

"Miss Allen, let's don't make this a personal issue between us. Politics is only politics. I'd like—couldn't I see you sometime?"

"That would be lovely!" She looked at me with wide, starry eyes. "Dad and I were saying the other day we needed someone to lift up our morals. Daddy's sick of graft, and I'm kind of tired of vice. If we just had some nice friend to point out our mistakes very gently and firmly—why don't you come up on Thursday evening? We're both going to be out, but the maid's a crook, too."

Well. Apparently I can't get far with a girl like that.

Hoping you are the same,
MILLS.

Silver City,

Dear Bill,

Thanks for the weird assortment of objects, including congratulations.

I turned them over to Scoop, but he said they had a dubious publicity value, especially that old address book you so thoughtfully forwarded—souvenir of our year in New York. He seemed interested in it himself, however. And he's distinctly taken with the pictures of Agnes and Arabella. It gives me great pleasure to brood on the huskiness of the husbands those girls have taken since my day.

But I will say for Scoop he's been a good sport about this mayor business. He's thrown himself into the fray like a hero—once he got over the shock. The brighter aspects of my character have been extolled in Press and pamphlet. My features in one of their pleasanter poses look down from every billboard. He who runs may read my virtues. Scoop is busy thinking up virtues. Some of them would paralyse you. But Judy Allen has thought up just as many faults.

The campaign wages savagely. It's the most fun I've ever had. I harangue mobs, address women's clubs, go to church suppers, preside at prize fights, give flags to school children, and buy tickets to pageants. (When I'm elected I'll abolish pageants.) I espouse causes and deplore conditions. I denounce in public and promise in private. It's an art. And I've kept my little pink ears open in this campaign and I've learned a lot.

I've had a run-in with Bill Brennan himself. The great police chief honored my lowly lodgings the other night with his fearsome presence. He's six feet two of handsome male.

He was very affable. He complimented me on my taste in furniture, my records in college, my choice of books, my manners and morals—if any. His approval of me waxed steadily stronger as we talked, and soon he was so fond of me he begged me to stay out of politics. My talents would be wasted. A person of my extraordinary ability—well, the business and educational fields were clamoring for lads like me. They would appreciate me. Voters were ungrateful and capricious.

"I know just the place for you!" he said enthusiastically. "A friend of mine has a big manufacturing plant—down in Florida—and he's looking for a smart idealistic young chap like yourself to take over the personnel. You get along well with people and you've studied up on this sort of thing. He could look a thousand years and not find anyone better qualified than you are. Why don't I just drop him a quiet little tip——"

Please turn to Page 20

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CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

DO IT NOW!

DO people not realise that far too many sacrifices are made for their children? How often does one hear a fond father preface an act of self-denial with the words: "It's for my boy's sake—he's going to do great things some day?"

Would it not be better if that man were trying to do "great things" himself, instead of giving up all for a son who will probably do the same for his child—renouncing, by his self-sacrifice, his chances of everlasting fame, all for the future, untried generation?

If more of us adopted the words, "Do it now; **and do it yourself,**" for a motto, more and greater deeds would be achieved.

£1 for this letter to Miss Gwyn Patterson, 1 Franklyn St., Concord, N.S.W.

✦ ✦ ✦

KEEN EMOTION

WHICH type of individual actually gains the most out of life—the emotional or the unemotional?

The first can experience joy from trivial things, whereas the second, under similar circumstances, has barely any sensation.

But as it is acknowledged that our lives are made up of more rough than smooth, it seems to me that the unemotional types come off best. Their depths of joy may never be as great, but neither are their sorrows.

S. Smith, 16 Euston Rd., Oakleigh, Vic.

✦ ✦ ✦

CULTIVATE INTERESTS

IT is a pity that so many women allow themselves to become submerged by their children. They imagine it is a virtue to discard outside interests, whereas a little neglect of their families is far less dihastrous than neglecting themselves.

When their children grow up and go their ways, such mothers are left lonely and without interests.

C. L. Downton, 8 Roslyn St., Brighton Beach S5, Vic.

BRUISES

Rexona Ointment takes all the pain and stiffness out of bruises. Rub it well into the bruised part. Its special properties soothe the injured skin tissues instantly, and get rid of the ugly disfigurement in a day or two. Sportsmen everywhere use Rexona Ointment to relieve painful knocks and bruises.

PRAISE FROM LEADING SPORTSMAN.

Mr. W. B. Eggins, Princes Street, Bexley, writes: *"I am a well-known amateur swimmer—an ex Beach Inspector of Cronulla Surf Club—and a champion Wrestler and Boxer. For the past five years I have been using Rexona Ointment. I have found it very good for easing bruises. I consider it the very best of Ointments."*

Rexona

OINTMENT, 1/6 tin. SOAP, 9d. per tablet. (City and Suburbs)

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Judging Woman's Taste by What She Wears!

MISS BULLOCK makes a sweeping statement when she says a woman's personality cannot be judged by the clothes she wears (25/12/37).

In judging a woman's character the way a woman dresses is one of the first things noticed.

There are lots of wealthy women who dress as if they hadn't a penny, thus showing their lack of appreciation of beauty.

Then there are elderly women who

Styles Must Suit!

try to dress like girls of sixteen, exposing in this way their frivolous natures.

Miss J. M. Turnbull, 32 Fuller's Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Poverty Handicaps

MISS BULLOCK is quite right. No matter how much taste a woman has in her dressing, if she hasn't sufficient money she cannot show it. All she can do is to be neatly dressed, but she cannot hope to compete with women of means.

To be well dressed unfortunately means to be expensively dressed.

The poor woman is definitely handicapped.

S. Franklin, Adelaide Rd., Gawler South, S.A.

Charm of Simplicity

A WOMAN'S character is reflected by her dress, for it does not require wealth to enable a woman to be well dressed—that is, tastefully dressed. There can be great charm in clothes of simplicity and originality, which can be created for little cost by a woman of talent and artistic taste.

On the other hand, a woman may be expensively dressed in every detail, but the only impression conveyed by her apparel is one of expensive shopping. The art of wearing one's clothes also plays a very important part! Take, for instance, the little French shop girl—she always looks exclusive, not from the fact that she spends a lot on her clothes, but because she knows how to wear them.

Then, again, one reflects character in the choice of clothes; she looks well-dressed who chooses apparel to suit her particular type, and does not follow the trend of fashion just because it is the fashion.

Miss M. Rennie, 41 Princes Street, Fitzroy N6, Vic.

Not So Interested

OF course, a woman can show her taste even if she has very little money to spend on clothes.

But one must remember she cannot have the variety her wealthier sister has, and if she buys a coat one year it must last her several seasons.

There is a further consideration that a woman who has to husband every penny finds it less easy to concentrate on dressing in the fashion—the clothes question is not so pressing.

Mrs. James, Melbourne Street, Launceston, Tas.

Money Not Essential

IT is true that a woman's taste is reflected in her clothes.

Some women have the happy knack of looking smart in anything. Just a touch here and there, and the oldest frock is transformed into a smart model.

A tastefully-dressed woman needs an eye for line and color, and a knowledge of how to wear clothes. One does not need money to be well dressed.

Miss Brown, Olive Street, Launceston, Tas.

What Does One Gain by Marrying Young?

MISS WISEMAN (25/12/37) asked for a really good reason why a girl should marry young.

If she is really in love, is not that enough reason for marriage, regardless of how young she is?

You say she is wasting the best years of her life, Miss Wiseman. I think she is spending them wisely. The young married woman finds more pleasures in her home, arranging and planning for the future, than does the average single girl, who has nothing better to look forward to than office-routine in the daytime, and idle pleasure at night.

Babies certainly prevent night outings, but by no means put an end to a girl's good times. Personally, I think a girl has very little freedom or fun until she is happily married and settled down.

Mrs. J. Davis, Cecil St., Dolans Bay, via Caringbah, N.S.W.

Real Fulfilment

THE girls who marry young would probably disagree with Miss Emmy Wiseman's idea of what constitutes having a "good time." Moreover, marriage is a fulfilment and never a waste of time. What surer way of wasting the best years of life could there be than chasing the empty bubble of selfish enjoyment?

Natural girls prefer an early marriage and the thrill of having a home and a baby of their own to add real interest and fun to life.

Mrs. F. H. Harris, 158 Glenmore Rd., Paddington, Sydney.

What is a "Good Time"?

MISS WISEMAN asks for a satisfactory reason for a girl's marrying young.

She says she who marries at 19 or 20 years is simply wasting the best years of her life; missing two or three years' good time.

What does Miss Wiseman think constitutes a good time—numerous dances, cocktail parties, and picture shows?

Doesn't a devoted husband, babies, and home more than compensate one for the loss of the so-called freedom of good times?

Alice C. Lawrence, Nethley, Oakbank, S.A.

The Best of Jobs

IN reply to Miss Wiseman. Before my marriage I had a fair position, and went out a great deal. At twenty I married, and since then have spent several very happy years enjoying myself in my husband's company and being part of a merry crowd who enjoy life to the full.

I fail to see how, by marrying young, I have thrown away those last three years. I definitely would not like to give up my present existence to go back to the "good job" I had before I was married.

Mrs. Jameson, 81 Ellena St., Paddington, Brisbane.

Happier Life

MISS WISEMAN seems to think that marriage means the end of fun. I am 20 years old and have been married for a year and a half, so I can tell her she is quite wrong.

Marriage with a congenial partner can be a wonderful relationship. It means that one really belongs to someone who cares.

If one meets the man of one's choice while young, how much better it is to marry and build a future together than to wait for years.

Mrs. V. Welch, Annie St., Torwood, Brisbane.

From Experience

OH! Miss Wiseman, how could you compare the joys of motherhood with "good times"? I married at nineteen in the midst of having a "good time," and "the best years of my life" have been spent with my four children. I had more fun out of watching my baby stand up for the first time than out of all the so-called pleasures.

Mrs. A. Proud, Wallumbilla, Western Line, Qld.

Does Worldly Wealth Mar Manners?

"WHY are wealthy people so different from their poorer neighbors?" asks Mrs. Marshman (25/12/37).

Being a shop assistant, I do not find this so at all. Perhaps Mrs. Marshman is biased towards the rich. I find the wealthy customer as pleasant in conversation as the poorer.

Personally, I find the wealthy customer neither overbearing nor rude if treated with due respect and tact.

C. Baker, 40 George St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

Explanation Here?

DON'T you think, Mrs. Marshman, that the difference in attitudes between rich and poor is often due to the environment and circumstances the presence or absence of money creates?

Mostly, poor people have had worries and trials that have made them thoughtful for and kindly towards others. Generally, the rich have led sheltered lives, and things have come easily to them. The new rich suddenly learn the power of money and the confidence it gives, and often any finer feelings that may have been evident are choked.

There are exceptions in each case.

Miss Elsie Ross, 35 Burnett St., Ipswich, Qld.

Nothing To Do With It

I DO not agree with Mrs. Marshman when she says that rich people are ruder and more overbearing than the poor. In fact, I have noticed just as much inconsideration and rudeness from the poorer classes towards shop assistants, waitresses, and so on, as from the rich.

Wealth or poverty has nothing at all to do with one's courtesy and consideration towards others.

Miss R. Berkley, c/o Bank of N.S.W., Brisbane.

Refinement Counts

I DISAGREE with the statement that money is responsible for one's mode of conduct towards others. People cannot be divided into two classes—the rich, who treat others with discourtesy, and the poor, who display courtesy. Money is an outside circumstance; those of refined nature will show consideration to others even though the latter be much less equipped with money.

If, as Mrs. Marshman says, the conduct of the average person of humble means contrasts favorably with that of the rich, it does not necessarily mean that their natures are better; it may be that the natural inclination to act discourteously is restrained by fear of consequences.

Doreen Clyde, Blackheath P.O., N.S.W.

Can't Blame Them

I AM afraid we will always find people who cannot bear their affluence with grace. Their wealth makes them

Arrogance of Wealth!

feel power, and expect consideration from other people, while not giving any themselves.

They are not entirely to blame, for poorer people are inclined to do them homage, and so encourage them.

Mrs. Campbell, North Rd., Pt. Lincoln, S.A.

Have No Tolerance

IN answer to Mrs. M. Marshman's query, "Why are wealthy people so different from their poorer neighbors?" The majority of wealthy people live a comparatively sheltered existence. Tolerance, the most valuable factor in modern life, which grows from rich experience in life, is therefore lacking.

Miss N. Grant, Ballara, 199 Lower Malvern Rd., East Malvern, Vic.

GOOD IN EVIL

"SWEET are the uses of adversity," said Shakespeare. And the recent economic depression did bring about family solidarity to a degree unknown before.

To-day money questions are no longer understood and handled by the head of the house only, but expense is freely discussed by all members of the family.

As a result children realise something of the struggle their parents have had in order that they may be educated, amused, and kept in good health. Consequently, with the generosity of youth, they are willing to co-operate and help to lighten the burden.

Mrs. J. R. Crees, Campbell Street, Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

✦ ✦ ✦

MODERN VIEWPOINT

WHILE admitting the benefit to a woman of a compatible marriage, I cannot support the prevalent opinion that this is necessarily the finest and most satisfying of careers.

Parenthood is the biological aim of life, but why must the mental and spiritual side be so disregarded? In a chaotic world crying for the wholehearted co-operation of intelligent and capable men and women, I heartily applaud the increasing number of women who are holding their own in business, professional and humanitarian spheres.

Mrs. Patricia Napper, 31 Laura St., Caulfield SE8, Vic.

✦ ✦ ✦

HOW TO READ

INCAPABLE of preparing an educative course of study, the average person indiscriminately reads novels in an endeavor to impart romance to a dreary existence. This submerging of the mind in a sea of fanciful fiction is damaging to the mental processes.

To escape the monotony of life the individual is drowning himself mentally, but must inevitably suffer a reaction and come to stern reality. It is absolutely necessary for a person to follow a definite course of study, rather than read books which are deadening to the brain and destructive to ambition, if success and true content with the world are to be achieved.

J. R. Cheffers, 22 Arawatta St., Carnegie SE9, Vic.

New

Beauty-Wash your own Hair

Extra-active "*cocoanut foam*" gives magic new lustre

EVERYONE'S talking about this "new way to wash hair."

You *feel* the difference instantly the rich "cocoanut-bubbles" start to focus through your hair . . . and you *see* the difference in your hair's new loveliness!

Dissolves instantly dust, dandruff, oily-film . . . and leaves hair—silky-clean!

Watch how waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling . . . easy to dress!

BLONDES . . . Colinated cocoanut oil Shampoo preserves true gold color.

BRUNETTES: Find new highlights.

All Chemists & Stores. A 2/6 bottle gives 14 perfect shampoos. Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash."

COLINATED COCOANUT OIL **SHAMPOO**

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QUINS *to* YOU

I HAD a sudden idea. "Why," I suggested brightly, "don't you offer this personnel job to Mr. Gorham?"

He gave me a queer, hard look then. "Say," his voice was even and cold. "I've been easy on you, kid. I've been trying to give you a friendly tip. Stay out of this game—see?"

"Plainly," I grinned at him, "it's pretty messy, isn't it?"

"It's messy as vice. And it can get messier."

"You ought to know," I told him. "You're the police chief. And you ought to be careful how you go around confessing things. Confessions are good for the soul but hard on the health."

He said something very ugly and left. I sat plunged in wonderment. I must have a pretty good chance, after all, if Brennan offers to buy me off. He and Gorham have heard something that worries them.

I don't believe Gorham is such a cold-blooded crook himself. He's just a sweet old duffer who likes to see his friends happy. He's the front for the gang. He does have a shrewd, mellow, cushiony charm that's hard to resist. He stands for all the family virtues. And he's always stoutly and loyally supported Allen for governor. I can see why Judy's keen about him.

Judy is my severest critic if not my warmest friend. She accuses me of slander, slime, and stupidity. She hints at blackmail and burglary. And of course she doesn't believe any of the stuff against Gorham. She's a nice kid for not believing. She's the most passionately loyal little soul that ever lived. It's funny how she and I grew up in the same town and never knew each other. Oh, I was always conscious there was a Judy Allen, and I seem to remember something about a freckled brat who used to ride a pony up and down the streets. But now that our trails have started crossing, the habit seems to grow.

We met the other day on the steps of a laborer's shanty. We were both working on a house-to-house campaign.

"Ah!" she said sweetly. "You want to see if Mrs. Poulison runs a love nest or a gambling den?"

"No, I just want to see if she has a baby for me to kiss."

"I hope," she said viciously, "she has quintuplets!"

Hoping you are the same.

MILLS,
Silver City.

Dear Bill,

I've found a keg of dynamite and I'm the boy who plays with matches. Stand by for an explosion.

I've found a row of little houses where blinds are drawn discreetly and cars park mysteriously, where men play cards and sell dope.

And this row of little houses is owned by Bill Brennan, the chief of police.

Mayor Gorham appointed the chief of police.

Now there is a gaudier underworld several blocks away.

The mayor gets very indignant about it. He calls it a "cesspool of sin" and a "cancer gnawing at the fair breast of the city." He intimates it is run by aliens and enemies of the people. True, Louis Canditti, boss of the district, boasts no Mayflower ancestry. But the mayor never mentions the row of little houses on Fourth Street.

Well, I'm going to mention them!

I'm going to mention them very specifically in a speech to-morrow night before the Young Voters' Club. And Scoop is going to be there to take down every word I say. George Guy is bringing the Silver City Bar Association in a body. And Butch Mehaffey is rounding up his lads. It was Butch Mehaffey who tipped me off.

"Sure!" he said. "'Tis where the b'ys are spending all their wages."

I think we'll have a very large evening.

I lost another round to Judy Allen. We're getting no friendlier fast. She was at the Episcopal church bazaar disguised as a fortune-teller, a very pert and pretty gipsy, spangled with beads and great brass curtain rings.

"I'd take you for a gipsy any place!" I said admiringly, "if I liked gipsies."

"OH, I have other disguises," she assured me. "I can be a schoolteacher or a chorus girl or a stenographer or a hockey player. I even have a lovely little act as a dope fiend. You'd like that—vice and all."

"I'd be crazy about it. Aren't you going to tell my fortune?"

"Cross my palm with silver. Of course I won't vote for you, but there are three church workers watching us. They might."

I gave her a dollar and she bent her charming head over my hand with great earnestness. She sighed and looked sad. Then she told me:

"I see you have a prying, meddlesome, trouble - making disposition. You are given to mock heroics and strange flights of fancy. Some one once told you you had a strong face, and you've spent the rest of your life trying to live up to it. I see you will marry a woman who hates you and will have three children who'll all run away from home at an early age."

"What about my life line?"

"Much too long!" she murmured almost tearfully. "But of course accidents sometimes happen. We can only hope."

Well, if you hear a burst of musketry and see a lot of fragments hurtling through the air, you can sigh and say in a sentimental voice, "Dear old Mills! I knew him when he was all in one piece!"

Hoping you are the same,

MILLS.
Silver City.

Dear Bill,—

I'm either going to be killed or elected. I understand the boys around town are giving even bets.

The campaign has now reached a fine, filthy stage. The Gorham crowd have bought a little fly-by-

Continued from Page 18

night newspaper of their own and are slinging mud with a beautiful childish abandon. They have definite information I am in the pay of Moscow. Three shady ladies have admitted a peculiar fondness for me. Their accounts of my amours leave me intrigued and wistful. Evidence has been unearthed that I cheated in my college exams and faked my credits in high school. My football career has been reviewed, showing me a murderer and thug.

My speech before the Young Voters' Club was a great success—with Scoop and George Guy. I made the well-known welkin ring and the American eagle scream and flags unfurl in Flanders fields.

I was a little disconcerted to see Judy Allen and His Honor the Mayor sitting in the front row. But I didn't pull my punches. They asked for it—they could have it. I looked Gorham in the eye and lay about me. The mayor's fine, florid face turned pale. Butch Mehaffey's battered pan was one big happy smile. Scoop grinned and gulped and took notes. George Guy led the applause, breaking in roundly whenever I paused for breath, and Judy Allen looked at me with steady, contemptuous, incredulous eyes. A girl with loyalties like hers shouldn't go to political meetings.

SHE challenged me after the meeting was over. She was among the crowd who lingered to tell me how swell I was. Only she didn't tell me I was swell.

"I'm going to make you eat those words!" she said in front of my friends. Her voice was small but very clear. "I'm going to investigate those houses myself, and I'm going to prove——"

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Allen," I pleaded, "you mustn't mix into this. You'll get terribly——"

She smiled scornfully. Pitiful scorn, I saw, beneath the hurt, unhappy eyes.

"Wouldn't it be just ducky if people believed everything you said? Well, I can get things printed in a paper, too, and I'm going down to-morrow——"

I gripped her arm. "Miss Allen, Judy! Listen. Those houses are no place for a girl——"

"We'll see!" She turned on her heel.

She'll do it, too. She's that kind of a kid—pluck clear through. Pluck and curiosity. I grinned, remembering how firmly she'd stood her ground till she found why I was wearing my dinner jacket to work on a road gang. She goes to the bottom of things. She'll look into those little houses or die trying.

I'm devilish uneasy about her. Oh, I suppose she's safe enough. She's the governor's daughter and she has police protection. Brennan would not dare let anything happen to her. It's the hurt to her I'm thinking about—the hurt to her faith in things. And can you tell me why the deuce I'm worrying about her at all? What's the governor's daughter to me except a very disagreeable little brat who won't mind her own business?

Well, the speech was made last night and Brennan and Gorham have gone into action already.

Brennan came round to see me this moring while I was eating breakfast. He came in with a bright, bland smile that sent a cold shiver down my spine. I remembered a big left tackle for Utah State who used to smile just that way before he mangled a guy.

"Well, little Lord Fauntleroy, that was a cute speech you made last night!"

Please turn to Page 22

HEALTHY, HAPPY SCHOOLDAYS!

Statements by a woman Harley Street, London specialist—a recognised authority on health and hygiene for women and children.

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FOR BETTER, *For Worse,* IT IS *Your* CHARACTER

. . . and if you want to improve it, read what world-famous novelist says:

By KATHLEEN NORRIS—By Arrangement for The Australian Women's Weekly

If a small girl of three is nervous and shy and sensitive, will she inevitably be a nervous, shy and sensitive woman? If Tommy at eight steals cookies, will he grow up to be a thief?

Are the unfortunate traits of babyhood and childhood necessarily the seeds of what will be grown-up faults some day?

MOODS OF CHILDHOOD, reflecting a nature sensitive, kindly and true. How character faults can be cured and eradicated is discussed by Kathleen Norris in this article.

SOME scientists answer all those questions with "yes." Ponderous, difficult books have been written to prove that while you may change the surface of a character, camouflage the selfishness, the cruelty, the slyness for awhile, in the end it will break out, and the thieving baby will be a dishonest man, and the destroyer of butterflies and birds retain his savagery in a different form.

Mothers, cleverer and more wise in these matters than the best of scientists, answer "no." They answer with a sigh; they answer hesitatingly. But they answer "no."

They know that it is a long road that the youthful liar must follow before he learns to love and to say what is true; they know that shyness is a physical agony, like a pain, and slow to cure, and that the desire to be cruel springs into some small hearts as light rushes through a crack.

To be kind is unnatural to certain children. But also they know that there is no babyhood fault that cannot be cured, eradicated, wiped out, leaving the young character all the stronger for the change.

The operating element in these changes in our children used to be called "grace." Sanctifying, saving grace.

It is another word for love, if we will but carry it to the height where all good things are merged into love.

It is a supernatural gift, and only comes when its need is seen, its help is asked.

Mother Love

MILLIONS of mothers have cured their children of serious nursery faults, but consciously or unconsciously they have done it with just one thing—grace. Grace is the pain-killer and the cure-all inspired by mother love.

But the mother needs grace, too. She needs eternal gentleness and humility with her children; light to see them as they are, and not as she likes to boast to the neighbors they are.

She has to resist the temptation to scold them for nothing, and ignore them when they are seriously in the wrong.

She has to be close enough to each one to discuss the fault frankly, and promise help and recommend an appeal for grace.

Such a mother works miracles. The shy little girl who hung her head, muttered and gulped, ran out of the room in tears, is presently a gracious fifteen or seventeen, never bold or assertive, but with quite enough ease in society to enjoy it herself and have others enjoy her.

The slovenly little girl is busily brushing her hair and her teeth, struggling to make lists of needed clothing, to mend and press and groom as the others do.

The boy who once tortured a rabbit all but brains the small brother he finds pulling off the wings of butterflies. As for dishonesty, it is the common sin of childhood. It is the basic instinct of us all.

Except for fear of detection and punishment two-thirds of the human race would pilfer those modern inventions, cash registers in shops, cash tubes in the subway, cash boxes strapped to bus drivers, special paper for minting, careful numbering and signing of bills, identifications and double entries. Private watchmen and police and detectives are all checks on dishonesty; and even with all of them eternally active, plenty of cheating in high places and low goes on.

That your child wants to steal is nothing; that he learns to control the impulse for sheer self-respect is your business.

Kathleen Norris Says:

DISHONESTY is the common sin of childhood. It is the basic instinct of us all. Except for fear of detection and punishment two-thirds of the human race would pilfer.

Cruelty is another human failing. To a certain type of man the mere having of power means the abuse of power.

Mothers know that the desire to be cruel springs into some small hearts as light rushes through a crack. But also they know that there is no babyhood fault that cannot be cured, eradicated, wiped out, leaving the young character all the stronger for the change.

Cruel Instincts

CRUELTY is another human failing. All down through the ages men have been cruel to other men; there have been pyres and prisons, tortures and witch-burnings, religious persecutions, reprisals, punishments.

To a certain type of man the mere having of power means the abuse of power; fathers used to beat their sons brutally, just to work off a little excess nervous energy at the end of the day.

I have known mothers who years ago took pleasure in torturing their children with infinite cunning, merely because they, the mothers, were irritable and hysterical, and perhaps suffering from some sort of repression or inhibition.

Even to-day certain mothers love to say "Well, you can't! Well because I say you can't, and that's enough. You had Sally here yesterday, and you can't go to Sally's to-day. No, you can't go out. Settle down now and be quiet."

Such a mother is naturally amazed and frightened when her child shows cruel instincts in turn. But a change on her own part and the beginning of a regime of love and lenience will change the child deep inside, will make cruelty as abhorrent as it should be.

For it is well to remember that in all these things the cure is merely a question of light, of understanding, of seeing things in the civilised way, the way of truth and grace.

Some children seem to go through biologic stages of dirtiness, dishonesty and savagery. But they don't have to stay in them any more than the races did.

Some Examples

ONE fiendish little boy of thirty years ago was so often detected in efforts to bury rabbits alive and dissect living cats that his heartsick parents sent him away from home.

By fortunate chance they sent him to grandma, on a farm. Grandma was a widow; she put Tommy in charge. She asked him anxiously at night if the stock was watered, if the cows were bedded down.

She gave him for his own a sickly lamb; he nursed it day and night. He had dogs; presently he had an old horse. He would lie on the hearth rug evenings playing with the dogs, pulling burrs from their ears, scratching their heads, murmuring to them.

He is now a well-known veterinary surgeon, his skilled care saving hundreds of animals from suffering every year.

Another mother gave a boy of fourteen a bureau to himself, some new ties, and a seal ring. She managed that an aunt and a cousin or two mentioned Dick's "beautiful hands," Dick's "real taste in clothes." Coming at the psychological moment this was enough for Dick; her boor began to take a daily bath; the cellophane came off his tooth-brush.

An adorable little girl was agonisingly shy, some ten years ago. She was motherless, she had been laughed at, she had been moved, at eight, through the hands of a dozen schools and governesses.

She would not look at strangers, much less speak, and at the first word of coaxing her deep sobs would burst forth, and she would rush from the room with the lowered head of a little wild deer.

The campaign that cured her took years. Sometimes, when she was in the gay spirits that balance this quality in any child, she was asked to introduce her brother to her aunt, her sister to the nurse. She was praised for the slightest spark of courage.

Faults Corrected

SHE was told, over and over again, that shyness is everywhere; that perhaps the other little girl was shyer than she, and waiting in the same agony for the conversation to start.

When this child, at ten or twelve, began to go to little neighborhood parties, she would prepare herself in advance for the ordeal.

"Tell me three things to say to my boy," she would request, with a shamed giggle that did not hide the fact that she was in earnest. Sometimes she wrote them down, and put the paper in her little bag.

At seventeen, to-day, she has an easy charm and sweetness in any social contact that is all the finer because she knows so well what the shy and inarticulate and awkward are enduring.

ANOTHER little girl, this child the daughter of a famous father, was the other way. She jabbered and laughed and expatiated and explained until the grown-ups were frantic.

She knew everything; she corrected everybody; she had a frank contempt for the opinions of anyone over twenty-one.

Her father worked over this fault for years in unrewarded patience. He told me once in despair that it seemed as if the child never would change. But she did.

Presently the glib opinions grew just a little gentler; she would sometimes listen to someone else; she once electrified the group by saying "I talk too much. And half the time I think I'm wrong!"

Now, in early womanhood and happy wifehood she is as balanced and moderate as any other fine young person, always, be it remembered, with that added strength a character gains from conquering a natural instinct.

Grace is Love

LOTS of the old proverbs are wrong. Honesty is by no means always the best policy, for policy implies a scheme; honesty is merely goodness and truth, which soar high above policy.

Jacks-of-all-trades are very apt to be masters of more than one. And you can cross a bridge before you come to it; I crossed one last week that was half-a-mile away, I being in a plane.

But time and science never will change this fact: That if we want to change ourselves or our children from timid to bold, from false to true, from cruel to kind, there is but one thing that will work the miracle, and that thing is grace, unlimited amounts of it, applied hourly, daily, throughout all their childhood lives. And grace is love.

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PICKING FLOWERS

Continued from Page 6

"IT will be something new for you! The headlines will look lovely, won't they? Prominent Judge aids escape of prisoner he sentenced to long term. I can see your friends gloating over the whole thing!"

Tom Moreland looked at Larry for a split second. His mind was working rapidly, but there appeared little he could do. The fellow had planned things very well.

There was a lot of bravado in the idea which would appeal to a crook.

Escape from prison, entry into the Judge's garden, and then the holding up of the man who had sent him to prison with a demand for help at the point of a gun, and assistance to escape.

Almost as though he had read the Judge's thoughts, Larry's dry, rasping voice broke in: "Look here, there is going to be no foolin' about this time, old-timer. You have to do exactly what I say, and you must do it quick."

The barrel of the gun was pressed closer into the old man's back.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" said Moreland.

"All you have to do," said Larry, "is to get me some food and some clothing. An overcoat will do so that I can make my getaway. It's cold in the swamps at night."

"But how am I to get you an overcoat or food, if you hold me here with that gun stuck in my back? It may look all right to you, but I assure you it is getting us nowhere." Then continued Moreland whimsically: "You did want to get somewhere before nightfall, even if it is only back to the State prison."

Larry laughed easily. "There ain't much fear of that. You see, I have all this figgered out just so. I knew what I was going to do and I went straight ahead and did it. Now that everything has turned out as I expected, even to findin' you in the garden, you have to do as you're told. Otherwise, you won't make the headlines, but the obituary notices."

Suddenly Larry pulled the Judge back behind a screen of young trees. "Look," he said, "look over there. Your darky servant. You must attract his attention and get me the things I want. You walk straight out to him while I keep you covered with my gun. Or better still, call him over here and I'll stay behind the trees. You tell him you are going out and you want an overcoat."

"A warm day like this," remonstrated the judge, mildly.

"Never mind about that," said Larry fiercely. "You just get going, and, mind, if there is any funny business I'll shoot you both. You know I'd do it, too."

The Judge waved his hands about in a despairing manner. "But Larry, it is so foolish! I ask my servant for an overcoat in the middle of a nice bright morning, and also for some food and I've just had breakfast. Whatever shall I tell him?"

"Oh, tell him you're going for a hike," growled Larry. "But tell him quick."

The Judge acted the part to perfection..

His servant was moving about the verandah. Still bent to the task of gathering the flowers, Moreland called across: "Oh, Joe! You're not busy, are you?"

"No, sah!" came the reply. "Not too busy for anything you want, sah. Is there anything I can do?"

As Joe walked across the lawn with the sunlight glinting on his curly grey head, and with a look of mild surprise in his eyes, Larry whispered to the Judge:

"That's far enough for that buddy to come. Tell him what you want, and be right smart about it. And if you try to give the office I'll drill you."

"Oh, Joe!" said the old man, "I want you to go inside and get me an overcoat and bring it here." The darky looked his surprise. "An overcoat, sah, on a morning like this. Yer haven't done taken a chill and all."

"No, Joe, it's nothing like that. I might be going over towards the river and might ford the crossing later."

"But, sah, it's waders you want, not an overcoat. An overcoat's less than no earthly use in the water."

"Never mind, Joe, that's exactly what I want."

Joe turned to go with another word when Moreland spoke again. "And Joe, you might tie me up a pretty good lunch. I might be away for some time."

"For Lord's sake, sah, you won't be away for lunch, will you? We're havin' visitors—the missus has just done tell me about the preparations. It's your daughter and grandson."

Suddenly the Judge felt an ominous movement in the leaves behind him: "Never mind about that, Joe, and be sure and mention nothing to the mistress about my trip. You see, it's going to be a little surprise for her and the others."

The darky had turned back towards the house when the Judge spoke again. Handing the flowers he had been picking to the servant he said: "Take these flowers into the house, Joe, and return as quickly and quietly as you can. Do not let anyone see you, or my little plan will go astray and I'll be unhappy."

The darky moved back towards the house briskly, bent on doing his master's bidding.

Suddenly Larry spoke again: "You don't think that nigger was suspicious, do yer?"

"I am sure he was not," said Moreland. "He is a very honest and therefore very unsuspicious man by nature."

"Huh!" said Larry. "Well, he mighter been different if he 'ad to do with 'anging judges all his life, and cruelty, and Sing Sing."

The old man smiled. "What, Larry, you are not going to get sloppy and sentimental now, are you, and tell me you never had a chance to go straight before the police got you?"

"Cut that out," snarled Larry. "I'm not asking favors. But I might do you a favor before I go. Hold out your hands while I tie them up for you."

Moreland asked quietly: "What are you going to do?"

Larry, with success within his grasp, was terse. "I'm going to tie you up and throw you in a ditch, and I only hope there's plenty of water in it. If you drown, so much the better. I'll wait until your nigger brings the provisions, and then I'm off. Ah! Here he is." Without a word Joe came across the lawn with the overcoat and food wrapped in a little parcel. He handed them to his master, who stood out in the clearing to get them, and then, still mystified, Joe went to the back of the house to continue with his work.

With the arrival of the food Larry's plan was complete. He got a heavy piece of rope and succeeded in binding the Judge's hands behind his back. This left him standing up but helpless.

"I REALLY must say good-bye now," said Larry. "But you must sit down first until I tie your legs. I don't want you raising the countryside five minutes after I've made my getaway."

The convict made a step forward, when suddenly a whining sound cut through the quiet morning. There was the staccato clip of a shot, and the next moment Larry was rolling on the ground nursing a flesh wound in his forearm. Almost at the same moment a little elderly woman came in view carrying a smoking gun and calling: "Tom! Tom! Are you all right?"

Then she saw the man on the ground. "Ah! I can see you are. Well, thank heaven for that." She turned a pair of merry eyes upon him. "I got your message all right. You know how you used to pack the dandelions upside down when there was any trouble and you wanted to get a message to me in the old days, when times were a lot wilder than they are to-day? I never failed you then, and when I got your sign this morning I came arunnin'."

The Judge smiled. "You saw the message of the flowers."

His wife looked at him. "Of course, Tom. I saw at once that something was up. I just got my gun and came here. On the way out I saw you and this man from my window. I waited my opportunity and winged him when he looked dangerous."

Moreland looked in admiration at his wife.

"Well, there is a lot to be said for the old-timer," he said.

"Of course there is," she said briskly, "and a lot for the present day, too. Your grandchild is coming to lunch, and all this fuss has upset my routine. Come along, Tom. Get Joe to ring the police and get this man back where he belongs.

"And, Tom, dear, I think we should have some more dandelions for the dinner-table. Don't you?"

(Copyright)

QUINS *to* YOU

Continued from Page 20

"NOT a dry eye in the house!" I agreed, and wished Butch Mehaffey were somewhere around.

Brennan looked critically at my scrambled eggs. "Say, son," he suggested, "wouldn't it be a good idea if you printed a retraction of all you said—about those houses on Fourth Street, you know—and blew town? Stopping in, of course, to withdraw your candidature?"

"No. I like it here. It looks exciting."

"Don't you worry about excitement!" he said grimly. "You'll get plenty of that. But I'm just tipping you off. If you don't sort of ooze out of the picture, why——"

"Why what?"

Brennan squinted at me meditatively. "Those are nice features you have. I reckon a lot of girls are real struck on your looks. They might not care so much for them—later."

"It would be silly to murder me, Brennan. Too many people are watching you. I've seen to that."

"Be your age, buddy. Murder's old-fashioned. There's other things."

"A fate worse than death? Why, Mr. Brennan, I'm surprised at you!"

He said something that was distinctly not nice.

I can't deny I'm pretty uneasy. Obviously I'm in for a frame of some kind. But what really worries me is Judy Allen. About every half-hour I take a turn up Fourth Street, but I don't see her little car parked anywhere along that sour and sinister thoroughfare. Maybe she's changed her mind, after all. Maybe the mayor's deployed her somewhere else. Maybe she's decided just to be a debutante and go to a bridge tea.

Hoping you are the same,

MILLS.

Silver City.

Dear Bill:

When the shouting and the tumult dies and the last bridesmaid has drunk her fill—I had a beautiful thought, but we'll let that pass.

I think when I wrote you last I was waiting for Judy Allen to get into trouble.

Well, she did. Very brave high-spirited trouble, too. There's stuff to the girl.

Butch Mehaffey called me up about noon. "I've got the lad behind the cigar counter at the corner of Fourth and Pine fixed," he said. "He's been watching all the comings and goings on Fourth Street. He says a strange young lady went into Number Nine about an hour ago and hasn't come out yet. Said she seemed new to the neighborhod and looked nervous. She was dressed shabby and was on foot. She wore a lot of make-up, but Pete thought her face looked kinda young and kiddish for that type. I wondered—"

I hung up the receiver and reached for my coat. It was Judy Allen, I knew it. Judy with her brave pitiful little "dope-fiend act" she was so proud of. She'd gone on foot because she alised the governor's car would be spotted. She was after the real thing.

I grabbed my own car and drove through three stop lights. Butch's boy at the cigar counter assured me the strange young lady hadn't come out of Number Nine.

I went over and punched a bell.

A slattern blonde came to the door, a wide-faced woman dressed in a dirty but housewifely gingham frock. I looked into a frowsy little room, obviously a poor parlor, cheap and stuffy and bleak. Nothing very suspicious here. Just a drab domestic woman in her drab domestic realm.

But from somewhere beyond I could hear a stealthy murmur of voices.

"Meter reader!" I said, and pushed past her before she could object.

Briskly I made my way to the back of the house. I found myself in another room, also small but a little more festive in appearance. There were pink lampshades and festoons of paper roses and some small tiled tables. There were even a couple of straight-backed booths. There was a cluttered desk with a cash register and some scattered papers.

A kind of beer parlor apparently.

And in one of the booths sat Judy Allen, her little face white and frightened beneath its cheap make-up. Two men were with her, one a pale puffy youth who was plainly making a nuisance of himself, the other a tough-looking egg, much older, harder-panned and business-like, chewing a match.

HALF - EMPTY glasses stood in front of all three. The frightened blonde followed me in and made some sort of signal to the tough one. He gave me a menacing look and uncrossed his legs.

"What d'ya want?" he demanded.

"My girl," I said and walked over to Judy.

"Who is this guy?" asked the pale youth, trying to put his arm around her.

I jerked her to her feet. She gave me a strange glance.

"The Mayor, I guess!" she said in a tired voice.

The man muttered something and the three stared at me in a sullen trapped silence.

The sultry hush was broken only by a movement of Judy's. She crossed swiftly to the desk and snatched a letter from the dusty surface beside the cash register. She thrust it into her pocket.

I got her outside and we found Butch Mehaffey lounging against a telephone pole halfway up the block. Good old Butch—he'll make a great police chief. And up by the corner cigar store we caught a glimpse of Scoop and George disappearing. They, too, had kept their vigil.

There was nothing, I thought in a sudden rush of emotion, like having friends.

Judy was trembling as I helped her into my car. I had never seen a more weary, miserable kid in my life. I drove out into the country a way, along a willow-shaded road that headed towards the mountains, a lazy road that flirted with a stream, climbing away from it sometimes and then drifting frankly back. Judy sat, small and pitiful, huddled up with her face half hidden in the collar of her cheap raincoat.

I handed her a handkerchief, a nice, big, clean one that would hold a lot of tears.

The engine coughed, spluttered, and dragged feebly to a stop. I got out and made a brief inspection. Uh-huh!

"It's great," I said, "having friends."

Scoop and George had thoughtfully drained the gas tank.

I CLIMBED back in and sat down. Judy looked up at me a little pinkly. Tears had smeared her ghastly dope-fiend make-up. Her eyes were misted and her lip trembled like a child's. After all, opportunity was opportunity. I took her in my arms. She fought me off for a minute, but she found ex-football players have their use. She cried at last against my shoulder.

I never knew a weeping woman could be so utterly delectable. I never knew a grim young politician could be so happy.

"You win—hang it!" she said when she had hold of her voice again.

"Here!" She handed me a little bottle marked "Aspirin." "That's dope—the woman sold it to me. It'll do for evidence, I guess."

She hesitated a moment and then took the letter out of her pocket. "That," she said, "is Bill Brennan's handwriting. I've seen it lots of times. I—I spotted that when I first went in, and I'd been manoeuvring around for an hour to get it. The woman watched me like a hawk, and then that awful boy came. This will cook Brennan's goose with dad. He'll draw all his support away from Gorham now. Oh, to think of daddy's being mixed up——"

"Don't!" I said against her hair—she has lovely hair, all cute short curls. "Don't, darling! Your dad's all right. He was just taken in by Gorham, who was taken in by Brennan."

She gave a convulsive sob and I felt strong action was needed.

"Why—what on earth!" she gasped.

"Don't tell me, sweet, you don't know what a kiss is!"

"A kiss? I distinctly counted——"

I went into action again. "I'm playing," I murmured, "that you're quintuplets!"

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Boys' Wear, Fourth Floor

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Toilet Goods, Ground Floor

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Ankle bar; two fitts. ½ sizes, **29/6** T-bar sandal; two fitts. ½ sizes, **24/9**
T-bar sandal; two fitts. ½ sizes, **29/6** Suede gusset court; all sizes, at **37/6**

Shoe Section, Third Floor. Lay-By.

£5/5/- Jacket, 79/6

A tremendous saving in this quality fur jacket during Farmer's Fur Sale. A lovely white bunny jacket with a slim waist and high, cosy collar. Lay-by now for the early winter. It's easily the best way.

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Only fifty of these squirrel stoles, all with clear grey skins. Split-end style with a head and two tails. Put one on lay-by for winter. Only 1/- in 5/- deposit.

Fur Salon, 2nd Floor.

EASTERN HATS, 5/11

Coolie hat to brighten the seascape . . . all the quaint charm of the orient is captured in this beach style. Magnificently-mad multi-colour adds pep to your spirits—and the wide, wide brim gives welcome shade. Why not two or three? A miracle at only 5/11.

Millinery on the Third Floor

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Towel Section on the First Floor

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REG. MORGAN, radio singer, who is conducting a quest for a girl song-star over Station 2GB.

SOME LUCKY *Girl* *May be* SONG STAR

Radio Talent Search

During 1938, 2GB is planning to hand the key of success and fame to some lucky girl who can prove her ability and talents as a singer.

To-day, such is the demand for radio stars, stations must go out and seek talent—not wait for it to drop in.

IN the big drive that will be made during 1938 to discover new stars, 2GB has already taken a lead and is now conducting a quest for a song star. Who will she be?

For some lucky girl there are a substantial prize and the possibilities of a career in radio.

The quest is being arranged by that talented radio singer and musician, Reg Morgan, and each Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 listeners will have an opportunity of hearing those singers who have qualified for appearance over the air.

The terms are simple.

Entrants may be either sopranos or contraltos. They may sing any type of song, classical or popular. But they must be amateur musicians—that is they must not earn their living as musicians. Beyond that there are no restrictions.

When asked what chances there were of discovering a new Essie Ackland or a Gladys Moncrieff, Reg said:

"There is always new talent coming along. You never know just when or where it will turn up.

"As an instance, I once held an audition of 230-odd voices of all kinds.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, January 12: 11.45 a.m., serial (a modern romance); 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, January 13: 11.45 a.m., serial; 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, January 14: 11.45 a.m., serial; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, January 15: 7.45 p.m., The Music Box; 9.30 p.m., Feature Programme. Stephen Foster Melodies by Richard Crooks.

SUNDAY, January 16: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital, Vladimir Rosing, tenor; 6.10 p.m., The Court Symphony Orchestra and the Comedy Harmonists.

MONDAY, January 17: 11.45 a.m., serial; 2.45 p.m., Review of the Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, January 18: 11.45 a.m., serial; 2.45 p.m., The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

Most of them were poor or mediocre, but right at the end of the list there was one outstanding voice.

"He was a young basso, who had only taken up music as a hobby, but, on my advice, he decided to carry on. Recently on a holiday in New Zealand he won every competition he entered."

Reg is an enthusiastic admirer of the musical talent of Young Australia, but he says "There are many delightful voices that are not getting the proper training. They are not being taught to sing naturally.

"What is singing but the expression of happiness or sadness, as the case may be?

"Others do not sing the songs for which their voices are suited. There is no need to be ashamed to sing sentimental songs if one's gifts are in that direction."

Asked for a few hints for singers facing the ordeal of a broadcast for the first time, Reg enumerated the following:

"The singer must go before the microphone with absolute confidence that she can do what she set out to do.

"Cut out nerves and temperament. Temperament has spoilt hundreds of promising artists.

"Stand about two feet from the microphone, and sing with your ordinary voice. Don't shout and don't believe what they tell you about singing quietly. Even crooning isn't as easy as it sounds.

GLADYS MONCRIEFF, famous Australian soprano. Will the 2GB song quest discover another fine local singer?

"Most important point of all sing naturally, and your personality will go over naturally.

"Know your songs thoroughly before you attempt an audition. Remember the judges will not give you a second chance.

"Finally, supply two copies of the song, one for the accompanist and one for yourself.

"Never trust to memory. It is unnecessary bravado over the air, where you can't be seen.

"They are just a few hints," concludes Mr. Morgan, who, in conducting this quest, will act as adviser and accompanist to all those who are chosen to appear over the air for the final tests, "and they should assist anyone entering the quest, as well as anyone facing an audition for the first time."

"If you should find an outstanding singer, what then?" Reg was asked.

"Then I will be the happiest man in Sydney. It is no mean thing to discover a real star."

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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline

I Like—

The period frock that Joan Stirling Levis has in readiness for her debut at the Pioneers' Ball. It is made of white brocade in 1838 style, with a Carrickmacross bertha given as a wedding present to her mother.

Admiralty House Ball

THE dance at Admiralty House this Wednesday is by way of being a farewell to Lord Ranfurly, who has made so many friends during his A.D.C. career in our country. Over two hundred guests have received invitations to the party, which promises to be a very jolly occasion.

Some of the smartest of the young people have elected to wear white for the occasion. Jocelyn Josephson's is a clinging frock of white flimsy material adorned with gold leaves; Jocelyn Poynter's is white organdie with a very full skirt, hand-painted along the hemline with red, blue, and mauve flowers. Rosemary Budge will pin gardenias to her white frock and tuck the same fragrant flowers in her hair.

Satisfactory Princess

HOW satisfactory it must be to be a princess and look the part as successfully as Princess Melikoff! I thought she looked particularly beautiful at the Warwick Farm meeting. Her simple frock of tiny pink and red checks was most suitable for the hot day's racing, and particularly elegant were her shoes, red and white gabardine, intricately strapped.

Another attractive figure at the meeting was Barbara Dare, youthful in a frock of white cloque with a scattered floral design in hydrangea colorings.

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Molly Foley, our University skiing champion, is displaying her snow sports prowess in Switzerland. When the snow melts, Molly will leave for London, where she will continue her social service studies.

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Shipmates Ahoy

TREMENDOUSLY original were the entertainments arranged for the Junior Red Cross fete at Shipmates, Collaroy, the lovely Innes Noad seaside home, on Saturday. Mrs. Cecily Stewart, Mrs. Innes Noad's daughter, should certainly win a prize for organisation.

Among the highlights were the wrestling bouts between Eddie Scarf, formerly Olympic champion, and his partner, Alsatian dogs beloning to the "force" doing their tricks, swimming races in the Shipmates pool, and side shows innumerable.

Social Silly Season

SYDNEY is mainly concerned with preparations for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations, and thoughts of the recent seasonal festivities during this social "silly" season. Almost everybody who can leave families or jobs has departed for the seashores and the city in consequence is very dull.

Among the brighter spots were the arrival of Dino Borgioli and his Australian wife, whose travelling ensemble of heavy white linen, string-colored blouse and white felt hat was quite impeccable, and the announcement of Nessie Crago's engagement to Vernon Rhodes, a rubber planter from Malaya.

Balletomanes are interested in the news that Helene Kirsova is shortly to arrive in Sydney for her marriage to Dr. Erik Fischer, vice-Consul for Denmark.

University Romance

IT was while they were both studying Arts at the Sydney University that Eleanor Greer met Ernest Colman. The resultant romance which developed between them will reach a happy culmination at their wedding, to take place this Thursday at St. Mary's Cathedral.

The bride will wear primrose georgette and a matching wide-brimmed hat. Her only bridesmaid will be Mary Warne, who has chosen a fetching frock of burgundy. The reception will take place at the Hotel Australia, and the honeymoon is to be spent at the Lapstone Hotel.

Bridge Before Lunch

FORTY guests were invited to Mrs. W. J. Bloomfield's luncheon and card party at her delightful home, Ikitiwai, Darling Point, last week. Wending their way down the beflowered terraced walks to the house at midday, I saw Mrs. F. P. Sandes, Mrs. David Hill, Mrs. Gordon Robertson, Mrs. Walter McNeill, Mrs. Leslie Scandrett, and Mrs. Fred Pfeiffer. Hors d'oeuvres and cocktails were served early and luncheon did not follow until 2.30 p.m. after a bout of bridge had already taken place.

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Arriving in Sydney any day now are the Lord Mayor of Perth, Alderman Harper, and his daughter Sylvia, the Lady Mayoress. Alderman Harper will represent his State at the 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

To Meet Again

LAST time Mrs. Eric Smith and Mrs. Harold Farncombe met, they were in London for the Coronation festivities.

Now I hear that Mrs. Smith is coming down from Brisbane in March, and hopes that her sister will still be on holiday here. Both sisters are members of the Ross Nott family, of Strathfield.

Naval Wedding

JESSIE McMASTER, daughter of the Hugh McMasters, of Devonport, Cloncurry, will be married to Paymaster Lieutenant - Commander Frank Crowther, R.A.N., this Wednesday in Brisbane.

Jessie's wedding gown is made of white chiffon and her bridesmaids, Jean Shaw and Marcia Thorpe, will also look their coolest in white. Padre McKay, of the Australian Inland Mission, is making a special trip from Birdsville to officiate at the ceremony.

After a two months' motor tour the young couple will settle in a flat at Elizabeth Bay, as they expect to be stationed in Sydney for a year or so.

THE LORD MAYOR and Lady Mayoress, Alderman and Mrs. Norman Nock, make a charming picture as they pose for our photographer in their home at Wentworth Street, Vaucluse. —Women's Weekly photo.

Girl Architect

NANCY ALLEN, architect, of Perth, has arrived in town with a long list of architectural structures that she simply must see while she is here. Her trip was meant to be a complete holiday, but Nancy never quite forgets her enthusiasm for her chosen profession. She will stay with her cousin, Diana Jenkins, some of the time and will also see something of another cousin, Mrs. Brian Carson, while here.

Pioneers' Ball

LOTS of news of preparations for the Pioneers' Ball at the end of the month. The official party is to be outsize and tremendously representative. The Governor-General and Lady Gowrie, Lord and Lady Galway, Lord and Lady Wakehurst, Lord and Lady Huntingfield, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Lord De la Warr, Sir George Murray, Sir Leslie and Lady Wilson and Sir Ernest and Lady Clark will all be there.

To add glamor to the occasion there will be sixty officers from the American warships and officers from the Italian and our own navy among the guests.

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Mary Sullivan, University undergrad, who has won no fewer than three important essay competitions on the subject of Peace, was nicknamed "Pax" at the early age of three by brother John.

❖ ❖ ❖

News from the Beaches

NOELLE KENNEDY and Joan McGrath are installed with several young girl friends at Palm Beach in a charming bungalow complete with a garden. Parking space for cars is their only difficulty, as they have so many visitors to accommodate.

Mrs. G. Spicer and daughter Margot, of Boorowa, have decided on a Sydney summer and are staying at Springfield, within cooee of all beaches.

Sue Russell, of Goulburn, is another Palm Beach enthusiast, and has been joined there by her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell, of Canberra.

Fascinating Visitor

FOR ten months of every year Mrs. J. S. Hummel, wife of a visiting film executive, travels round the world with her husband. She is at present paying her third visit to Sydney.

As she will be here for six weeks, Mrs. Hummel is hoping to go deep sea fishing and pit her skill against our far-famed big game fish. On a recent visit to New Zealand, Mrs. Hummel caught a record-size salmon in Lake Taupo.

She really is lovely enough to have achieved film fame. She reminds me of Merle Oberon. Her eyes, like Merle's, are almond-shaped, her complexion a deep suntan.

Have You Heard—

That Pat McGirr, who has just left schooldays behind, is off to England with her father, Mr. Greg McGirr, in March?

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Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

Books to Read

"LIFE WITH MOTHER." Clarence Day. Another humorous story of family life by the author of "Life With Father."

"EMMA." Louis Paul. The story of a modern woman in her search for happiness and a career.

"MURDER HAS NO TONGUE." Anthony Gilbert. A gripping story—more of an essay on fear than a murder yarn.

"CHILD ROYAL." D. K. Broster. A romantic story of the childhood of Mary Queen of Scots. An unusual picture of a famous historical personage.

"PINKEY'S GARDEN." Noel Bell. A gardener fights the encroaching sea. Well-written English romance.

Books

By LESLIE HAYLEN

Hans Fallada Writes a Whimsical Fairy Tale

Charm of "Sparrow Farm"

Hans Fallada, who gave us that significant and charming book, "Little Man, What Now?", has gone a long way since that time.

To-day he writes fairy stories; but they are not in essentials any different from the modern realism of his earlier novels.

THE fairy stories, of which "Sparrow Farm" is the latest, may never be as successful as Hans Fallada's earlier stories.

Perhaps the author doesn't expect them to be; perhaps it would spoil everything if they were.

Admirers of this brilliant young German writer will recognise in the fairy stories yet another phase of his development. The fierce vitality of "Little Man, What Now?" has given place to a modern Grimm's fairy tale—and both of their types are good stories.

Fallada writes only what he feels. He felt the depression, the carking misery of unemployment and poverty which haunted the souls of youth only a few years ago. And what he felt he wrote down for millions to read and applaud.

He hated slavery and injustice, the cruelty of big business, the insanity of war, and the madness of dictatorships. He wrote them down, and, in doing so, escaped from them.

His books brought him wealth, and to-day he lives in the beautiful German countryside and writes fairy tales.

His method of writing may have changed, but his style is still the same—simple, clear, and warmly human.

From the sheltered calm of his East Prussian estate Hans Fallada sometimes dreams of the clerk he was—dreams enough about him to put him in a book.

HANS FALLADA, whose latest novel, "Sparrow Farm," is reviewed on this page.

Full Brothers

GUNTRAM, the clerk in "Sparrow Farm," is a full brother to the clerk in "Little Man, What Now?" He is the same downtrodden, depressed little person who finds the world a pretty hard place to live in.

Guntram has dreams very much like our own. He dreams of escape.

"The little clerk's heart sank at the sight of his companion's face working over the desk.

"It flashed into his mind that in ten or twenty years' time he would be sitting there just as solemn as his companion, and thinking only of the daily race between the paper and his pen. He longed to snatch his hat from the peg and dash out into the world—anywhere—so that he might get away from that purgatory of paper."

Relief comes, as it always does in fairy tales. Guntram is changed into a sparrow for his flight to the country in discovery of his uncle, and his lovely cousin, Monica. He'd always wanted to fly like a bird, and now his wish had been fulfilled.

"It was indeed a strange sensation. To look over the roofs and chimneys, the streets, and byways, and squares of his native town; far away into the grey distance, with two fragile little legs beneath him, and two feeble little wings upon his back. Yet he was able to soar upwards and away.

"Beneath him swarmed his fellow men walking their weary way with dragging feet.

"In an attic far beneath him sat a cross-legged tailor on his table busily stitching at a piece of cloth.

"'Poor slave,' thought the newest sparrow of the city. 'Poor slave, sewing till your eyes go blind, or dim, just to keep your little room, and your bare table. Always worrying over food and fires. How free am I.'"

This is the gentle sort of philosophy which pervades the book, a mingling of fairy tale and common sense, a mixture of wisdom and whimsy which make the book a hard one to classify.

To read it, however, is to reach an appreciation of what the author is driving at. It's a fairy tale from the same country as the literature of Hans Sachs and the Brothers Grimm; and the fairy operas of Lortzing.

The story for all its fairy-like quality never loses touch with reality.

Action and drama are there, and glorious glimpses of the countryside and its inhabitants.

The story which follows a fairy tale course is simple enough, but the observations are rapier-keen, and the satire delicate, but effective. Here is how Hans Fallada's sparrow looks at the world: "To a sparrow there are three stages of pecking. The lowest, the mere satisfaction of hunger, is known to all living creatures. It is a truly tedious pursuit.

"The second stage is pecking for choice. This is shared with only a few creatures.

"Among them is man, and, to some extent, the pig.

"At this finer stage, hunger is always sated, and we peck beyond it, here a little, there a little, letting much spoil for the sake of a small crumb. Though man eagerly follows our example in this matter, he is angry enough when in early summer we have pecked all the cherries on his trees, so that they begin to rot.

The Third Stage

"IN this you clearly see the perversity of his nature. I saw the same man so keep his plate that he swilled the gravy over the edge, and then he couldn't possibly get it all down. But he preferred to put it in the pig bucket than give it to his hungry fellow men.

"The third and most distinguished stage of this science is pecking for pecking's sake, at which we sparrows are pastmasters.

"When just before harvest a stately field of wheat is waiting for the farmer's scythe, a whole tribe of us break in at an appointed hour and peck like birds demented—split, and tear, and drop, and scatter, and the greater the devastation the more glorious the achievement.

"There are brave sparrow tribes, of which tradition reports that they preferred to leave dozens of dead on the battlefield rather than surrender so sublime an opportunity."

The foregoing gives some indication of the unusual nature of the book. While it is not a children's book, the youngster will love it for the fantastic and unexpected contained in its pages.

For the reader seeking a story off the beaten track, and for those who like to experiment with their fiction and follow no hard and fast rules in selecting their reading matter, this book is recommended.

"Sparrow Farm." Hans Fallada. Putnams.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

January 15, 1938 | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Eleanor Powell's Peruvian

THE Peruvian millionaire Eleanor Powell has been teased about so much is not a myth. He is a real person by the name of Manuel Yigorin, and operates in Lima, Peru.

They met when Eleanor was dancing nightly in New York, and he immediately bombarded her with flowers and gifts sent backstage.

He has kept in touch with her all this time by long-distance telephone, cables, and gifts.

When Eleanor and her mother get to Panama in a few weeks, Yigorin will be there to meet them. However, Wayne Morris is still chief interest in Eleanor's life.

Leslie Howard Will Play T. E. Lawrence

● *Leslie Howard is back in London to star in "Lawrence of Arabia," in which he will also have a hand as co-producer.*

"For the first time in my life," Leslie says, "I shall not be the puppet of another person's imagination."

Asked how he felt about going from Hollywood comedy to the tragedy of Lawrence, Leslie replied that "the true comedian is to be found in the tragedian. Only a man with a sense of humor can play tragedy."

✦ ✦ ✦

Temptress and Tapestry

MELBOURNE'S Coral Brown is at present a high-powered vamp trying to steal Victor McLaglen away from Gracie Fields in "He Done Her Wrong."

For some time now Coral has been playing in films and in West End stage productions.

She likes her current role of temptress, but hopes to finish on schedule, as she is most anxious to complete a piece of tapestry on which she has been hard at work for some months.

Coral thinks the finest leading man with whom she has acted is Paul Robeson.

Australian Girls, Island Pearls

● IN "LOVERS AND LUGGERS," the new Cinesound film, Lloyd Hughes and others dive for pearls and pine for girls in the beautiful setting of Thursday Island. Top left: Lloyd Hughes, a pianist who goes to the tropics to forget Elaine Hamill, is seen here with Marcelle Marney. Top right: Shirley Ann Richards, co-star with Hughes. Lower left: Alec Kellaway, brother of Cecil, is a beachcomber. Lower centre: Elaine Hamill. Lower right: James Raglan.

Miriam Pays and Pays

IN Hollywood it's customary for the star of a picture to give some small gift to every member of the cast and crew, down to the last hairdresser and carpenter, on completion of the epic.

Their gifts, though small, have to be good, and it's an expensive business.

Miriam Hopkins hit a new high level when she gave no less than £1000 worth of Christmas presents to the cast and crew of her latest picture before leaving for New York.

None of the gifts cost less than two pounds. And you wonder where movie stars' salaries go.

Anna Neagle Indignant

AFTER Anna Neagle's recent triumphal visit to Hollywood, she gave a Press reception in London. And she had some very frank things to say about conditions across the Atlantic.

Hollywood, she said, was nothing less than a "twentieth century slave market," in which thousands of beautiful girls waited and hoped for the opportunity which could never come.

It depressed Anna to see so much youthful hope and zest doomed to frustration.

The brightest spot in her visit was her meeting with Ginger Rogers.

Fairbanks Flourishes

EVIDENTLY Doug Fairbanks jun.'s long stay in England did him no harm in the eyes of Hollywood and his American public.

Since his return, young Doug has become one of the town's most-sought-after leading men.

His fine work in "Prisoner of Zenda" drew him the leading role opposite Ginger Rogers in the picturisation of the Broadway hit "Having Wonderful Time."

Before he had finished that picture, the studio secured him for the leading role in "Joy of Loving," with Irene Dunne.

Cary Grant was originally being sought for this part.

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SCREENLAND Booms the "TEEN" AGE

Adolescents Are Not All Awkward

By MARY OLIVIER from Hollywood

"Too old for child roles, too young for love scenes" —for years those words have disqualified players of the "teen" age from Hollywood success.

But the adolescents have at last been recognised. Not child prodigies—spoiled, precocious darlings of five, six and seven—but boys and girls whose ages range from 12 to 18 years are now in heavy demand.

THERE is nothing gauche about these young folk who have suddenly become popular in current films.

Some of them veterans of the stage and screen, they have as much assurance, often as much ability as their elders.

At the moment fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin is the shining light, but look at this growing contingent of youth!

Anne Shirley and Mary Maguire, 17; Ruth Terry, Frankie Darrow, and Mickey Rooney, 16; Olympe Bradna, Judy Garland, and Betty Jayne, 15; Jackie Cooper, 14; June Carlson, Edith Fellowes, Freddie Bartholomew, and the Mauch twins, 13; Jane Withers, 12.

It was exactly one year ago that Deanna Durbin was discovered singing on the radio and brought to Hollywood to make "Three Smart Girls" and begin the vogue of adolescence.

Judy Garland Lost

AT approximately the same time 20th Century-Fox signed a little girl named Judy Garland for Pigskin Parade," only to release her immediately the picture was completed.

Now under contract to Metro, Judy promises to be one of the sensations of the screen, and some compensation to that company for having let Deanna Durbin slip out of their gates to Universal.

"Broadway Melody of 1938" showed that Judy is a first-rate singer of both hot and blue rhythm.

Born with the surname of Gumm, she has been singing in vaudeville since she was five.

She was found by a talent scout when she was doing a song and dance for 4000 children at the San Diego Exposition.

For performance in emotional scenes the girl who is nearest in status to Deanna Durbin is Anne Shirley, who has handled a difficult role with moving tenderness in "Stella Dallas."

Since she was fourteen months old she has been the breadwinner for herself and her widowed mother.

She began by posing for commercial advertising.

An artist, wandering through the aisles of a department store, found her crying lustily because she had lost her mother.

He returned her to her parent and gave her her first job.

She has created dozens of child characterisations in support of such stars as John Barrymore, Alice Joyce, Evelyn Brent, Alice Brady, and Mary Pickford.

Inspired by the success of Deanna Durbin, and annoyed at their own lack of foresight in allowing Judy Garland to go, 20th Century-Fox have recently signed Ruth Terry, 16-year-old contralto, who makes her debut in "Love and Hisses."

Ruth, an attractive brunette, was discovered while singing in a cabaret in Florida.

When later she came to New York she was given a screen test and upon its favorable result was brought to Hollywood.

Not all the rising young juniors are confined to the singing and dancing category, for Bonita Granville, whose dramatic aptitude deserves stellar attention, and young Edith Fellowes have fine acting performances to their respective credit.

• *JUDY GARLAND, precocious rhythm singer, with tap-dancer Buddy Ebsen in a scene from "Broadway Melody of 1938."*

Another predicted screen sensation is our own Mary Maguire, who, though only 17 years old, is being trained for immediate stardom by Warner Brothers.

An extraordinary amount of money, time, and trouble is being expended by this company to prepare Mary for big pictures and roles, and if reports are to be believed we may look forward to having as an Australian ambassador in Hollywood one of the big celebrities of the screen.

Olympe from Paris

EVERY studio has its own particular hopeful.

At Paramount it's little Olympe Bradna from the Paris Folies Bergeres.

Olympe spent much of her early life in a circus tent.

Now, at the age of 15, she has turned in a moving performance opposite George Raft in "Souls at Sea."

Director Frank Lloyd declares that her chances of stardom are greater than any other young Paramount player.

Paramount also has Mary Maguire's sister, Joan, on its contract list, and Universal is featuring two more of the Maguire girls, Lupe and Carmel, in Deanna Durbin's next film. All are in their early teens.

• *LON CHANEY, JUN., aged 17, son of a famous specialist in horror roles, has a small part in "Life Begins In College."*

Those engaging youngsters, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney, have been before the cameras for a long time.

Freddie has been kept very busy since his initial film, "David Copperfield," and Mickey has appeared in approximately 40 pictures in the last 18 months.

Mickey has been in and out of pictures since he was four years old, but it remained for him to reach his teens before achieving fame in a big way.

• *BLUNT - FACED Mickey Rooney, 16, is one of the most robust of the juveniles, and gets plenty of work.*

Jackie Cooper is the one member of the trio not constantly at work, but that is because at the moment he is concentrating on his studies.

Nevertheless he is still making pictures and intends to continue doing so as long as the producers want him.

One of the few overnight juvenile successes is that of the Mauch twins, who with their first film, "The Prince and the Pauper," attain stardom.

Just 13 years old, they are causing no end of headaches for their studio chiefs, who are frantically searching for stories suitable for twins.

It won't be long before Jane Withers steps into her teens. Already she is being advanced to more mature roles.

Because most of these youngsters are under the age of 16 years, they are still obliged to attend school.

Special teaching facilities are provided by every studio under State law and a strict surveillance is observed by the Educational Board of Los Angeles to see that there is no "wagging" of studies.

Each studio has on its pay roll a staff of teachers, some of whom have been associated with the motion picture industry in this capacity for many years.

• *ANNE SHIRLEY, 17, has leapt to near the top by her tender and sincere portrait of the heroine's daughter in "Stella Dallas."*

Hollywood searches as tirelessly for young stars as it does for adults.

Lately the search has extended to the children of well-known stars of yesterday.

As a result of the quest we shall shortly see on the screen a contingent of young players whose mothers and fathers delighted us or our parents long ago.

• Leatrice Joy Gilbert, daughter of Leatrice Joy and the late John Gilbert, will soon be seen in "Benefits Forgot."

She has been signed on contract by Metro, and is at present being tested for a role in "National Velvet."

Ruth Mix, 16-year-old daughter of Tom Mix, having been engaged by Warner Brothers, is all set to star in six Western films, and is being featured as "The two-gun girl of the screen."

In the Ritz Brothers' comedy, "Life Begins in College," four sons of well known actors play small parts.

They are Noah Beery, jun., Lon Chaney, jun., Fred Kohler, jun., and Edward Arnold, jun.

Eager Innocence

THEY have so far been restricted to minor roles, and are developing towards parts of more importance.

If they have those outstanding qualities which won screen prominence for their parents, they will be given every opportunity to prove it.

Seventeen-year-old Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, is making his debut in "Stella Dallas."

Why has the film world so suddenly warmed to these youngsters?

The reason is plain.

Without being so remote from adult life as the toy stars like Shirley Temple, they bring to films a note of eager innocence that is badly needed.

Not many adolescents can act. But when they can they act without that sophistication of which the screen public has had a long and tiring overdose.

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GALLERY OF STARS

Olivia de Havilland

(Warner Brothers)

Her next film is "Gold Is Where You Find It."

SONG WRITERS Are Sobbing AGAIN

Sentiment Oozes From Screen Musicals

By George Jean Nathan

New York's Foremost Dramatic Critic.

THE business of musically capitalising our sentimentality is going on apace, and the bookkeeping figures inform us that the financial returns have never been better.

Song writers and song publishers are now able to again dress as if every day were Sunday. Their wives and best girls are once more to be beheld in the mink coats to which in the past they were accustomed.

MANY things have conspired to bring about boom times.

The radio, that greatest of natural-born song pluggers, is No. 1.

The sudden large favor that has greeted musical movies is No. 2.

The enormously increased number of hotel, restaurant, cabaret, dancing, and night-club bands and orchestras is No. 3.

The lowered price of gramophones and records is No. 4.

And the congenital appetite of an otherwise cynical humanity for lyrical falsehoods about love, the moon, tropical palms, and other such emotional intoxicants is No. 5, 6, 7, 8, and 250.

The public, it appears, after a relatively brief and unhappy holiday spent with comical songs, has now again returned to first principles and is swimming dreamily in sentimental musical and lyrical ooze.

In the month that I am writing this, the best selling songs are announced to be "My Cabin of Dreams," "Sailboat in the Moonlight," "Sweet Leilani," "Stardust on the Moon," "You and Me that Used to Be," "So Many Memories," "Whispers in the Dark," "Moon Got in My Eyes," and "Moon at Sea."

And the favorites on the radio similarly have to do with the aforementioned moon, dreams, Hawaii, confidences in the dusk, nocturnal sailboats, memories and old loves.

Way down at the bottom of the lists appear the songs that fail to monkey with the heart-strings.

There we find the melodic orphans which tell saucily about merry-go-rounds that break down, about please to stop because you're breaking his heart, about how someone is feeling like a million dollars, and about how all God's children got rhythm.

The masses may cotton to humorous songs once in a while, but in the general run what they passionately crave are ditties like "Can I Forget You?" "You're My Desire," "Remember Me," "Harbor Lights," "The First Time I Saw You," "Where or When," "Afraid to Dream," "I Know Now," "Yours and Mine," "In a Little Carolina Town," and similar pleasurable heart-jerkers, all currently worshipped by devotees of the art of the mike.

Four years ago you could have got odds of ten to one that blues singers wouldn't last in the popular esteem beyond January 1, 1935. To-day, with the blues singers going bigger than ever, you would have to give odds of ten to one that they won't still be going strong by January 1, 1945.

You can swindle the public in a lot of directions.

You can persuade it that there are millions to be got out of defunct gold mines, and that there are no fewer than one or two hundred patent medicines that will cure a bad cold overnight.

You can convince it that the late Mr. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" is a great musical masterpiece, that a man who can play the violin standing on his head is a more remarkable artist than one who plays it standing on his feet, and many more such things.

But try to make it believe that the moon doesn't promptly convert the most sour celibate into a wistful Romeo, that the beach at Waikiki isn't chock-a-block with dusky Marlene Dietrichs all yearning to be made passionate love to under the gently swaying palm trees, that twilight on the range isn't exactly like twilight in the Vienna Prater and that blue flies and mosquitoes aren't present in abundance, and that love doesn't sometimes land one in the divorce court and even in gaol, and the public will—if it doesn't forthwith metaphorically poke you one in the nose—at least contemptuously wave you aside.

There have been many attempts on the part of song writers and song publishers to make mock of such sacred matters, but the attempts have pretty generally failed, and dismally.

Now and again, at rare intervals, a humorous or sardonic approach to the moon, June, love, and the hills of old Virginia may capture the attention of the more sophisticated minority for a moment.

But it isn't long before even that sophisticated minority (which isn't big enough to populate a tiny village) is found once again lustily crying into its beer over the news that it is apple blossom time in Normandy, that when all is said and done one's mother is one's best friend, that when things aren't going right with one's present love one likes to think back to the girl one had last year, and that the stars in the Caribbean are somewhat brighter and more romantic than those over the Hercules Glue Works.

What popular songs of the last twenty-five years have most greatly retained their original popularity?

In the list, I daresay, you will have difficulty—apart from certain war ditties which do not figure in the present argument—in finding more than one or two of a humorous slant.

The unimpeachable majority will be discovered to be the pleasantly miserable and agreeably wistful songs, like "Shine On, Harvest Moon," "Melancholy Baby," "Rose Marie," "A Kiss in the Dark," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "Make-Believe," "Come With Me," "I'll Waltz With Thee Into Paradise," "My Heart Is Yours Alone," etc.

It will be answered to all of this that, in this general respect, Americans are no different from the peoples of other nations, and that one and all always prefer songs that touch the heart-strings to those that play with the funny-bone.

But the answer will be defective. The English, for example, relish comical songs much more than the sentimental variety.

And so do the Italians and, to a considerable degree, the French.

The Germans and Austrians alone resemble the Americans. Give them something lyrical about dusk falling over a lake, or about some maedel in a flower shop, or about the loveliness of the edelweiss, and the waiters in the beer gardens and coffee houses will join them in comprehensive sighs and gulps.

If anything was needed to make the heart palpitation of the public more exuberant than it had hitherto been, the emergence of the saxophone to a place of honor looked out for that.

With the advent of the saxophone as the piece de resistance of bands and orchestras, the wistfulissimos became drunker than ever on meditations on the moonlight, the lure of the South Seas, the girl back home in the calico dress, and the power of love to cure everything from financial panics to athlete's foot.

The moanings and groanings of that lachrymose instrument came as manna to, if not exactly starved, at least immensely hungry hearts, and the song writers were able in a little while to buy even handsomer wardrobes for themselves, including gold-headed canes and spats, and even more sumptuous mink coats for their wives.

What overjoys the song writers and song publishers at the moment is the claim of astronomers that there isn't just one moon, but three or four.

If what the astronomers say is true and they can prove it, the song writers' and publishers' wealth will reach well nigh mythical figures.

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KENNEDY IS NEVER COOL

● *WORKING ON THE Carole Lombard film "True Confession," Edgar Kennedy raised a thirst. His effort to get ice-water brought on a fit of the leisurely rage (top right)—or, as America calls it, the "slow burn"—for which he is famed. Below: He tried ice instead.*

BABS FINDS THE WAY TO BANISH "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

EMILE EXPLAINS HOW PALMOLIVE PREVENTS PREMATURE AGEING OF SKIN!

"Because it is made with Olive Oil, Palmolive Soap has a special protective quality all its own. Its gentle lather protects your skin against the loss of the natural 'youth-giving' oils which feed and nourish it. Without these oils, skin becomes dry, rough, old-looking. With them, skin stays soft, smooth, young!"

Emile

21 East 56th St., New York City.

4 WEEKS LATER...LOVE!

Yes! Palmolive, because it is made with Olive Oil

. . . keeps away "Middle-Age Skin"

SKIN is kept young, experts explain, only by its own "youth-giving" oils, which feed and nourish it. Once these oils are lost, your skin will grow dry, rough, middle-aged looking even though you are only 20!

To protect your skin against the loss of these "youth-giving" oils, authorities the world over recommend Palmolive because it is made with Olive Oil.

Utterly unlike any other soap, Palmolive alone is made from a secret and unique blend of Olive and Palm oils—the oldest and finest beauty oils known to science!

Do this for a lovely complexion!

Massage Palmolive's rich, fine-textured lather thoroughly into your skin. Notice how this mild, bland lather (that olive oil alone makes possible) deeply and thoroughly cleanses your pores.

Now rinse with warm water, then with cold. See how much lovelier your skin looks . . . Why not get three cakes of Palmolive to-day!

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too? 1/448.

She Takes As Many Knocks As a Stuntman

Damage to Dynamic Joan Davis

From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

The "sickest girl in Hollywood," Joan Davis, continues to take the film town's hard knocks on the chin, the legs and arms, and anywhere her anatomy happens to collide with a floor.

WHENEVER a week passes that Joan Davis, whose rubber bones are her fortune in trade, doesn't doctor at least one bruise she begins to think she's growing lazy.

Miss Davis, who is an attractive girl when she isn't twisting her mouth and putting the skids under her feet for movie purposes, drifted into the celluloid town a year ago.

Already she has coasted her way through ten films, and never yet has she left a set without the body needing considerable repair work.

Her latest mishap came when Bert Lahr, the Broadway comedian, got weary of holding her on his lap for a tender love scene in "Love and Hisses" and tossed her into the air.

When she landed, the set workers swear she bounced. Be that as it may, she didn't sit down much for the next week.

In the same picture, she was placed under a leaking sink for a comedy scene.

She stayed there all one afternoon while the cold water dripped on her.

For a week after that she talked like a man and sniffed like a dog.

She came dangerously close to pneumonia.

"It's a good thing I have someone to take care of me.

"You know, instead of mother looking after her four-year-old daughter, I let daughter look after mother. Beverly likes to doctor me."

Her years in vaudeville, where she teams with Si Wills, her husband, literally kept her bones youthful, she believes.

● *JOAN, who breaks bones.*

Taking a thousand falls a year keep their resiliency toned up, so that she can take a tumble that would crack the average person's legs or arms without more than a few bruises to herself.

But she suffers plenty. She had barely started on the 20th Century Fox lot when she dislocated seven vertebrae, tore a ligament in her back and cut a two-inch gash in her foot—all for one comedy scene in "The Great Hospital Mystery."

After a few weeks in bed at home she went right to the hospital, on "Sing and Be Happy."

While doing her eccentric "skid" on a wet window ledge ten feet above the sound stage's floor she actually slipped for a scene that wasn't in the script, and fell heavily on her spine.

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Coming to the Sydney Plaza and for early release in remaining capital centres.

Can't sleep at night?

ACID stomach, night indigestion—that's what causes those sleepless nights, nights when you toss and turn and just can't rest. The food you've taken during the day is turning acid during the night, and this acidity so irritates the stomach nerves that your whole nervous system is upset, making sleep impossible. Neutralise this excess acid, and your digestion will become normal and you'll sleep like a top! Try it; just take a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia before you go to bed to-night, and see what a difference it makes. Excess acid is neutralised in a moment. Your stomach is soothed and sweetened, and nervous irritation is impossible. Once more you enjoy deep, refreshing sleep.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. The package bears the trade mark 'Bismag.'

For FACE & HANDS you need Larola Complexion Milk

Larola cleanses, cools, beautifies and restores natural skin beauty. Soothing for sunburn—invaluable in the nursery. Larola has been in daily use for over 50 years.

BEETHAM'S Larola

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DOTS... and DASHES

● David Niven phoning the Goldwyn Studios in a frantic effort to locate attractive young Andrea Leeds. ● Mitzi Green going into the second female lead in the new Rogers-Astaire flicker, "Carefree." ● Claudette Colbert and husband Dr. Pressman planning a European jaunt soon after the New Year. Meanwhile Claudette's getting plenty of plaudits for her work in the sparkling "Toverich." ● Ginger Rogers telling us half her fan letters come from parents who appreciate the fact that all her pictures are clean enough for their kids. ● Bill Powell back in town and spending a good deal of time with Mrs. Jean Bello, mother of the late Jean Harlow. ● David Niven ill after hours on a merry-go-round for scenes in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

HOT NEWS *from* ALL STUDIOS!

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bourchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London.

AS proof of the amount of damage one or two bad pictures can do to a star we have the current case of Luise Rainer.

After her performances in "Escapade," "The Great Ziegfeld," and "The Good Earth," it was freely predicted about Hollywood that Luise was set to become one of the greatest names of the screen.

Anxious to cash in on her sudden popularity, the studio cast her in two more pictures, "The Emperor's Candlesticks" and "Big City."

Both these films were mediocre and caused a sudden drop in the Rainer popularity.

It is difficult to predict just what will happen to Rainer now.

She has been away from the cameras for three months, and the studio is very vague about future plans for her, though they say several stories are under consideration.

The gossips have it that Luise is being punished for her troublesome behaviour during the last two pictures.

Then there is the incident of the picture, "Girl from Trieste."

This was specially prepared for the Rainer talents, but the studio suddenly, and with no particular explanation, gave it to Joan Crawford, who made it under the new title "The Bride Wore Red."

The gossips insist this was done to punish Miss Rainer.

* * *

MARY MAGUIRE is now the object of director Willie Wyler's attentions.

He was once married to Margaret Sullavan, and is very much the ladies' man.

Seems Mary has been spending most of her spare time on his set of late.

We don't know where this leaves producer Joe Schenck, who seemed to be Mary's one and only for some time, and who presented her with a much-discussed diamond bracelet.

The little Maguire lass is in San Diego doing personal appearances at the moment.

Romance rumors are serving to keep Mary's name in the papers, and that's what every Hollywood starlet needs.

* * *

LATEST overseas imports to Hollywood are Chili Bourchier, Bruce Lister, and James Stephenson—all from England and all under contract to Warners—and all, incidentally, on the same boat.

You may soon be bewildered by the new faces and accents popping out at you from the screen.

M.-G.-M. takes the bun for importing with Ilona Massy, Hedy Lamarr, Rose Stradner, Charles Gorin, Miliza Korjus and Delia Lind. Paramount boasts Franciska Gaal, who debuts in "Buccaneer," Isa Miranda, Italian star, and Georges Rigaud, Argentine heartbeat.

Then there's Sigrid Gurie, whose first picture is "Marco Polo" with Gary Cooper, Lull Deste, Annabella, Danielle Darrieux, and Fernand Gravet.

* * *

CHEEKY Cockney comedian, Max Miller, star of "Educated Evans," who is at present working out at Teddington, says he has no desire to go to Hollywood.

"The studios here are good enough for me, and when they talk about their California I think of a good address in Brighton."

NEW ZEALANDER Colin Tapley will soon be on his way back to Hollywood after spending four months in the jungles north of Singapore, working on the picture, "Booloo."

Colin is the only white man in the cast of the picture.

He and the crew that went over with him have completed the nine-reel film and shipped the whole thing back to their home studio, Paramount, for a final polish.

The film had to be shipped around by England because of the trouble in the Orient. If the picture is a success, it will probably mean better breaks for the capable New Zealand actor in the future.

* * *

BETTE DAVIS was back on the set of "Jezebel" this week, but not appearing before the camera.

Clad in battered old clothes and wearing glasses, she confined her acting to reading off-stage lines.

Reason for all this was a slight face infection Bette developed a few days ago. She tried to treat the trouble herself, but did more harm than good, and was forced to consult a doctor.

It's not serious, but she has to wear a dressing of cotton wool and sticking plaster on her cheek, so can't face the camera until the infection clears up.

* * *

BARRY K. BARNES, and don't forget the "K" (he's very fussy), took his first stand in front of the camera only a few short weeks ago.

Since the preview of the film "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" he has been hailed as "Britain's coming Screen Lover No. 1."

He can act, has good looks, virility, and fire—in fact, the real Gable qualities.

* * *

On the set of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," the other day, Gary Cooper talked enthusiastically of the new "hideaway" he has bought himself in Arizona.

The hideaway is a 3500 acre ranch in that State.

His lanky stand-in, Slim Talbot, is going to quit his job of standing-in and become the foreman of the ranch.

Gary will go to it with his wife and the baby, Maria Veronica, for some real seclusion between pictures.

* * *

EIGHTY young skaters are on the set of the new Sonja Henie picture, "Happy Landing."

"Do you like working with Sonja?" we asked one of them.

It was enough to send him off into a stream of rapturous enthusiasm. "Like her!" he exclaimed. "Why, she's perfectly swell! She provides all of us with as much hot coffee and doughnuts as we like between scenes—and she pays for it, not the studio!

"The other day she gave everyone of us a sweater—yellow ones for the men and blue for the girls.

"It wasn't any special occasion—she just gave 'em to us."

Sonja's generosity is rewarded by the ardent enthusiasm of the youngsters who work with her.

* * *

RED-HEADED Irish Greer Garson, who has just finished in the West-end stage show, "Old Music," is en route for Hollywood, where she will star in M.-G.-M. productions.

The Garrick Filter Tip, scientifically designed to safeguard sensitive throats, brings you the unparalleled pleasure of good tobacco at its best—filtered . . . cool and sweet and pure.

GARRICK FILTER TIP

Virginia Cigarettes

10 for 9d. . . . 20 for 1/6 . . . also handy pocket flat 50's and round airtight 50's.

Women *need never wear* A BELT... A PAD... A SAFETY PIN *—again!*

There's a new sense of comfort, confidence and freedom from embarrassment waiting for every woman who uses the wonderful new "invisible" protective accessory, TAMPAX.

It employs a principle that has been used in hospitals and approved by medical men for years. It is safer, surer, more compact, more comfortable, more convenient. Simply a compressed tampon of highly absorbent surgical cotton designed to be used internally with complete comfort and offering many advantages of convenience. *TAMPAX is approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute of America.*

TAMPAX is sold at 1/6 pkt. of 5, and 2/9 pkt. of 10, at all leading chemists and department stores. Write in confidence for a FREE explanatory folder to Nurse E. Simpson, Hillcastle Pty. Ltd., 345 Kent St., Sydney—TO-DAY!

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Tampax

The Modern ACCESSORY

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A New Life Open to You

Rosicrucians Reveal a New World of Possibilities

Strange Book Loaned to Those Seeking New Start

At last, a new method of mastering our lives and putting all the obstacles to *success* and *happiness* in their proper place, has been outlined by the Supreme Council of the Rosicrucians.

And, by a special concession, copies of this new plan and an explanation of what it will do, will be loaned to those who wish to make a *new start in life* and change the course of their career.

The Rosicrucians have ever been known for their rational, simple, and thorough knowledge of the arcane facts of life. Through all the ages they have held the Light of Knowledge as a sacred trust, and thousands of eminent writers and historians have conceded the highest tribute to them.

The new book called, "The Secret Heritage," will be mailed to sincere inquirers without obligation and postage prepaid. Write a letter (not a post-card) addressed to: SCRIBE V.A.S.

The Rosicrucians
—AMORC—
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA
"The Rosicrucians are NOT a religious organisation."

Uncomfortably Overweight

FAT, HEADACHY AND PIMPLY

The bloated, flatulent feeling of constipation makes you very uncomfortable. People who are too fat are often victims of bilious attacks, sick headaches, bad breath and blotchy, pimply skin. The fermenting poisons of food wastes become absorbed by the blood and cause these unhealthy symptoms. Good looks, good temper, health, fitness and attractiveness are lost or seriously impaired.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

★ SHE LOVED A FIREMAN

Dick Foran, Ann Sheridan. (Warner Brothers.)

THIS film panders pleasantly to that interest in firemen which most of us carry over from childhood, even after we have tired of policemen and engine-drivers.

The humdrum routine of cleaning brass, the occasional drama of coping with combustion—both sides of life in the fire station are well presented here.

During slack periods at his station Dick Foran finds himself between two fires—hatred of the captain and love of the captain's sister.

Ann Sheridan is the fireman's flame, but their romance is not so hot.

The picture is stronger on the action side.

Brawls between Foran and Robert Armstrong, alarms—false and otherwise—men sliding down poles and climbing ladders, racing through streets and jumping through windows, claim attention.

Foran, best known as a singing cowboy, is not a straight hero but has a character role and handles it well.

He sings less than he does in horse opera.

Nothing here to sear the soul, but a moderately good film of the sort that shows men at work.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Maytime:** Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; operetta.—Liberty, 18th week.

★★★ **100 Men and a Girl:** Deanna Durbin, Leopold Stokowski; novel musical.—State, 2nd week.

★★ **Souls at Sea:** Gary Cooper, George Raft; sea drama.—Prince Edward, 4th week.

★★ **Stella Dallas:** Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles; domestic drama.—Embassy, 3rd week.

★★ **Marie Walewska:** Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer; historical drama.—St. James, 3rd week.

★★ **Night Must Fall:** Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell; spine-chiller. — Lyceum, 2nd week.

★★ **The Perfect Specimen:** Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell; comedy.—Plaza, 2nd week.

★★ **Wee Willie Winkie:** Shirley Temple, Victor McLaglen; Indian adventure.—Regent, 2nd week.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . no good.

★ RIDING ON AIR

Joe E. Brown. (R.K.O.)

THE plot which Joe gets meshed in here is more complex than in most of his films, and the results are less funny.

At intervals his pantomime gets a chance and we get a laugh.

But for much of the time he is too busy chasing perfume smugglers in aeroplanes and foiling stockjobbers and obtaining newspaper scoops.

He is more a hero, less a clown, than he ought to be.

Fights in mid-air, parachutes, and so on. But it is impossible to take a plot seriously when Joe is mixed up in it.

On the other hand, it is less easy to laugh at Joe when he is tangled in criminal intrigue.

Guy Kibbee turns up, to charm with his portrait of an old confidence man.

Plenty happens in the film. But its mixture of farce and thrills is not really a success.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

ACCIDENTS *May Bring* FAME *in* HOLLYWOOD

From JOHN B. DAVIES, in New York

Odd little accidents like falling in love or spoiling a scene can have a potent effect on careers in Hollywood.

THESE and many other paradoxical "breaks" have launched stars, directors, cameramen and others to fame.

For instance, William Daniels probably never would have been Garbo's cameraman if he hadn't fallen in love at college.

Attending the University of Southern California, and studying engineering, he fell in love with a pretty girl student.

So he bought a dollar camera to snap pictures of her.

This led to an interest in photography that eventually led to his becoming a cameraman.

The girl, incidentally, is now Mrs. Daniels.

George Folsey, ace cameraman, got his break when he was assigned as assistant to a temperamental cameraman.

In the middle of the picture the temperamental one decided to quit, go back to his native land and raise violets.

Folsey carried on, and did such good work that he was promoted to first cameraman, and has since photographed almost every great star in Hollywood.

Joan Crawford insists that he be engaged for all her films.

James Wong Howe was a lightweight prizefighter in Seattle, came to Los Angeles to fight, met another fighter who was an assistant cameraman between fights.

Thus he got a job as assistant cameraman.

Mary Miles Minter, playing with a cat, was scratched on the cheek.

The scratches showed through the make-up.

Howe got an idea, bought a spectacle lens from an optometrist on Hollywood Boulevard, put it over the regular lens to "smooth" the image.

Producers raved over the resulting quality of "diffused" close-ups, never before seen on the screen, where up to that time everything was in "sharp" focus.

Howe's fortune was made overnight by a half-dollar bit of glass and an idea.

Norma Shearer, standing in a line of extras, coughed nervously and attracted the attention of a director.

She was singled out for a "bit" part, and this started her career to stardom.

Clark Gable, seen on the stage by Lionel Barrymore, and tested, was offered a part and asked if he could ride a horse.

He couldn't, but said he could, practised secretly for a couple of days at a riding academy, and this started him towards his present zenith.

Sam Wood was an assistant to Cecil B. DeMille. One day, he decked a toy rocking-horse up with a feather duster as a "gag."

DeMille saw it, laughed, and gave Wood a picture to direct.

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PORT MORESBY, April 29, from	£14/3/6
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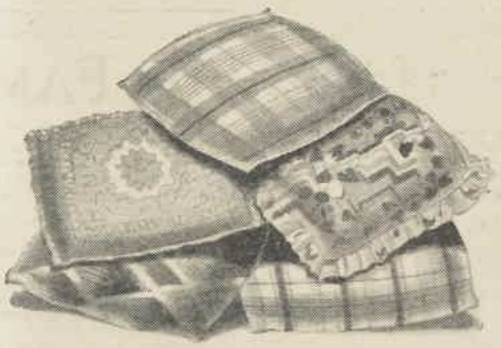

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Illustrated at right: A lovely British Filet Lace Bedspread in a double bed size. The most charming of patterns and in an ecru shade. More than sweet for your spare or best room. **19/11**

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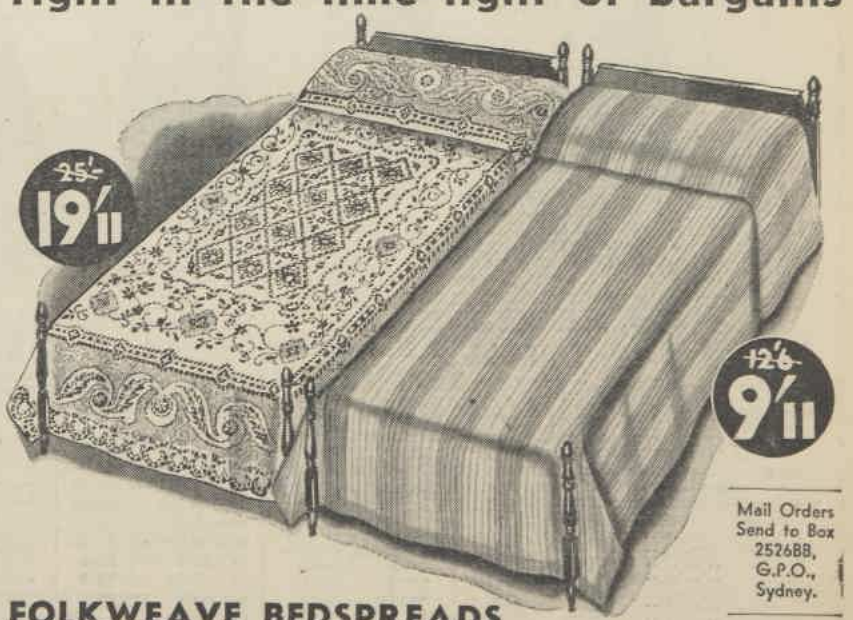

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FREE BOOKLET FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

SIGNORA BORGIOLI, wife of the famous tenor who is touring Australia for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

"O LAND *of Love and* WONDER"

Signora Borgioli's Rhapsody on Seeing Australia Again

Enraptured at seeing Australia again, Signora Dino Borgioli, wife of the famous tenor who arrived in Sydney last week, has written a poem about our beauties.

Australia is her homeland and her verse vividly expresses the feelings of a wanderer who is glad to return, if only for a short visit.

SIGNOR BORGIOLI has been engaged by the Australian Broadcasting Commission to give a series of broadcast concerts.

His wife is Australian-born. Formerly Miss Patricia Mort, granddaughter to well-known Thomas Sutcliffe Mort, she married Signor Dino Borgioli abroad, and accompanied him to Australia when he appeared in Sydney in 1924 with the Melba Grand Opera Company.

The year 1937 marked the centenary of the arrival of T. S. Mort in Australia "on business," and Bodalla, the site of the family property, will be one of the places of interest to be visited by the celebrated couple.

The historical old home was at Greenoaks, but has now been altered and is the residence of the Archbishop.

Her Poem

INTERVIEWED by The Australian Women's Weekly upon her arrival, Signora Borgioli said that, as she accompanied her husband on all of his big tours and on most of his minor ones, she had very little time left to specialise in any one hobby, but she is exceedingly fond of reading, and also "tinkers" a bit on the piano.

Signor Borgioli volunteered the information that he had married a poet.

Women Ahead of Men in Race For Personality

From Our New York Office

"WOMEN have more personality than men."

Miss Mary C. McDonough, State University extension course lecturer, is authority for this statement.

No woman, in the belief of Miss McDonough, should sit back and let another woman supersede her in the affections of a man because the other woman has more personality than she has.

The remedy, said Miss McDonough, is development of a personality.

"Every woman has personality, but many do not know how to use it."

His wife, modest about her activities in this direction, was reluctant to discuss it, but eventually gave The Australian Women's Weekly a copy of her poem about Australia. Its title is "Return." The words follow:—

The day has come, O land of Love and Wonder!
I hear your dream voice echo soft and low,
I'll sail again your coasts of silver splendor
Where coral reefs in scarlet beauty glow!

I'll hear again the music of the ocean,
As foaming snow-white, curving breakers fall,
I'll see again blue hills across the distance,
And o'er the marshes hear the curlews call!

'Neath midday sun the locusts will be singing,
At dusk will come a dingo's lonely cry,
At night, the glow of timber slowly burning,
Pale smoke, like incense, rising to the sky!

I'll ride again at dawn mid mists of morning,
Down through the slender saplings to the sea,
On to the verdant bluff that cleaves the ocean,
And feel the salt spray flying wild and free!

Then dreams of past delights will come to meet me,
And one by one I'll live those days of old,
The spirit of my youth will rise to greet me,
And hand in hand we'll tread new paths of gold.

—Patricia Borgioli.

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IN WINTER AND SUMMER-WEIGHT SERGES

GUARANTEED ALL WOOL of excellent quality and will give long service. Good 3 inch hem.

Lengths	Heavy Weight	Light Weight
22 inch	15/11	11/6
24 inch	17/6	12/6
27 inch	18/9	12/9
30 inch	20/6	14/11
33 inch	21/11	15/11
36 inch	23/9	17/9
39 inch	25/6	19/6
42 inch	26/11	20/6
44 inch	28/9	22/6

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DM2E—Well tailored, box pleats at back and front giving full make. Two-inch hem.

24" 27" 30" 33"
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DM3E.—Chosen by all the leading Convents throughout the States, in good quality Serge.

24" 24/6 39" 32/6
27" 25/11 40" 34/9
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IN HEAVY AND LIGHT-WEIGHT SERGE

Guaranteed to give good wear and long service. Full roomy make, and 3 inch hem.

Lengths	Heavy Weight	Light Weight
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24 inch	17/9	12/11
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30 inch	20/9	15/3
33 inch	22/6	16/6
36 inch	24/6	18/3
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BETTY'S *'Racey'* NARRATIVES

Why Don't They Open More Courses Like Moorefield?

By BETTY GEE

Moorefield has been called the "punters' paradise." I suppose it's because it's a lucky course and the crowd turns up in such numbers.

Anyway, why don't they open more courses like Moorefield?

There was a record attendance on Saturday—mostly luck seekers after the bad start at Randwick in the New Year.

I was among them, enjoying the sunshine and the chance of winning a little ready money.

The day began well with Glenora Boy, but I had the misfortune to take only £2 to £1, and Dickie told me I had suffered for my impetuosity.

He waited until the price drifted to 3 to 1, and profited accordingly when Glenora Boy simply romped in.

There you are, those old bookies again, you see. They should have been made to pay me the 3's to 1 for my £1, but my bookie stubbornly refused to see the point when I argued about it.

I almost fell for Night of Love with Billy Cook on it, but my impetuosity did not carry me that far. Dickie said Night of Love wouldn't run out a solid mile—Cook or no Cook, and he was right.

Peg's Pet, one of my fancies, came home like a husband delayed at the office, all in a hurry, but still too late.

Won As It Liked

Actually, I shouldn't have bet on the first Juvenile after the good thing, Miltiades, was scratched, but I had the tip about Kilogram, and wasn't it a good omen? Bob Mead, his trainer, was saved from shipwreck during the week.

So in I went for £4 to £1, but he wasn't quite as good a sailor as Bob, and went under in second place to Royal Ensign.

Royal Ensign kept the flag flying all right.

He rushed to the front like a flapper after a 9.30 special at the haberdashery and wasn't afterwards headed.

Duncan rode a very good race on Royal Ensign, but I didn't cheer as it cost me money, as I had backed something else.

You've got to take short odds to win at Moorefield, it's true, but when I found Mr. Alan Cooper's Bofield at 6 to 4 I decided to wait like Dickie did in the first race, and get the better odds.

There's shrewdness for you; and yet they say a woman doesn't ever learn anything about racing.

Anyhow, Bofield scampered away from the field to win my £4/10/ to £2 by a mere six lengths.

That's the sort of win which brings joy, but no palpitation to the weak heart.

Then, of course, didn't I give out Valbeau for the Gold Cup in my last week's narrative, and me holding a few pounds of the bookmaker's money I simply had to venture £2, and got 6 to 1 what's more.

Didn't that £12 to £2 ticket look worth framing when he bowled away from the field at the home turn?

But the bookie tore it up when I gave it to him in collecting my £14, after I'd asked him for it back, too. I suppose he feared I wanted to come the double on him.

I Didn't Celebrate

I had £5 to £2 Celebrate in the Moorefield Handicap, but just when he had it won he let Hope through on the inside to beat him a head.

It was a great race, but it didn't turn out the way I wanted it. Musk Deer ran surprisingly well, but when it came to the serious business it was a question of Hope and Celebrate. Alas for my hopes it wasn't Celebrate.

I put my faith once again in the ship-wrecked mariner, Bob Mead.

He had The Jilt in the first division of the Welter, and I salvaged £8 to £1 out of it when she caught up with Table Talk and beat her a head.

It was a terrific finish. I'm afraid I acted unladylike and screamed for The Jilt. Anyway, home she came, much to my joy. I don't think horses that don't intend to win should get out in front like that, and give everybody a scare, do you?

I was sadly misinformed about the last race. Somebody whispered that Let Slip could fly, so I snapped up £5 to £2, but, believe me, he couldn't fly half as fast as Joan Darling.

The sad disappointment of the race from every point of view was Robin Hood. It had everything in its favor.

Munro was the jockey, it had winning form, and the people who own it went in for a good win.

I saw the move and felt tempted to follow. Wasn't I pleased I didn't when Darby got to work on it a long way from home, but try as he might, it wouldn't go any faster, while Joan Darling kept on keeping on right to the post.

Mr. Alan Cooper's filly ought to be in the centenary air race. She distanced Let Slip by five lengths.

I should have followed up the Cooper luck after Bofield, but still, who am I that should grieve and complain after winning £21/10/- on the day?

You can't keep a good girl down—not for long.

* * *

And now let's look over the tips I've been given.

El Meynell comes from the Head Waiter for Rosebery on Wednesday, and he doesn't often dip into mid-week prognostication, so it must be all right.

I've had a whisper "to look out for Lolorna," and I'm going to. He's in the Flying on Wednesday.

It's Canterbury next Saturday, and such a whopping big programme.

The Head Waiter gives Panaster for the Canterbury Handicap because he's "heard something important, and he knows Panaster likes this course."

I hope it turns out to be a winning affection on Saturday.

Rudyard is all set for the Maiden, and Housemaster is the florist's girl's tip for the Flying Welter, straight from the Jamieson stable.

But what's going to overtake Bofield if she runs in the Juvenile? Tell me that, pray.

Betty says they call Moorefield "the punters' paradise," and she has the goods to prove it.

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Hundreds of readers throughout Australia write praising in the highest terms the skill of Mr. R. Richard Diamond, the well-known chemist of Bondi, whose successful treatment of long-standing skin diseases is a high tribute to his knowledge of Dermatology.

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SCHOOL WEAR for GIRLS Less 2/- in the £ DURING JANUARY

GIRLS' TAILORED SCHOOL BLOUSES
DM5E.—In White British Lawn. High and convertible neck.
22" 24" 27" 30" 33" 36" 39"
2/6 2/11
(Less 2/- in the £)

WHITE BRITISH POPLIN
DM6E.—High or sports neck. Bust, inches:
22 24 27 30 33 36 39
3/3 3/9
(Less 2/- in the £)

GIRLS' TAILORED SCHOOL BLOUSES
DM7E.—In our best quality Kanebo Fuji. High Sports or Peter Pan collar, on bands at waist.

Bust:	22"	24"	27"	30"	33"	36"	39"	42"
Prices:	5/6	5/9	6/3	6/6	6/11	7/3	7/9	8/3

(Less 2/- in the £)

SPUN SILK TAILORED BLOUSES
DM8E.—With High Collar and Long Sleeves—

Bust:	24"	27"	30"	33"	36"	39"	42"
PRICES	3/11	3/11	3/11	4/6	4/6	4/9	4/9

Short Sleeves, Sports Neck—

PRICES	3/6	3/6	3/6	3/11	3/11	3/11	3/11

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DM9E—
NAVY OR BLACK REVERSIBLE RAIN COATS

24" 26"	28" 30"
11/11	**12/11**
32" 34"	36" 38"
14/11	**15/11**

40" 42" 44" 46" 48"
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GIRLS' ALL WOOL NAVY FLANNEL BLAZERS
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Usually 7/11
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Lengths, inches:
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DM12E.—Well cut on detachable bodice in heavy serge.

	Light Quality Serge	Heavy Quality Serge
22"	8/3	10/6
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30"	10/11	14/6
33"	12/6	16/6
36"	13/11	17/9
39"	15/9	19/6

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Infections in Childhood

The world grows noisier year by year in this age of mechanism, and it is a popular fallacy to blame this noisiness for the prevalence of partial deafness among civilised races.

But, as the following article explains, the majority of cases of defective hearing are due to infections in childhood, and could have been cured if treated at the time.

This article is another of the special series written for The Australian Women's Weekly in co-operation with leading specialists.

By A SPECIALIST

RECENT investigation reveals the startling fact that 8 per cent. of Australian schoolchildren suffer from defective hearing. These cases range from severe to mild types of partial deafness.

The partially-deaf child is naturally handicapped in competition with its fellows. It has to perpetually strain to hear what is going on in the classroom. Because it frequently misinterprets what is said and is slow to answer questions, it may be branded unintelligent or "backward."

The reaction of this upon the child's character takes two forms. Either the child accepts the reproach, and becomes *timid, self-centred* and actually "backward," or it develops a sense of injustice and becomes a little rebel, with a contempt for schooling and teachers. Partial deafness is now recognised as a possible cause in delinquency.

Professor Harvey Sutton recently said that no boy is so misunderstood as the boy deaf in one ear only. Even his own mother will say, "Oh, he can hear all right when he wants to." The teacher who gets a *prompt* response on one occasion, and a little later a complete disregard of another question or instructions, regards the boy's action as deliberate and wilful, and keeps a close eye on him.

The boy then thinks that the teacher has "a down on him"; as a result he either develops a sense of inferiority or revolts, plays truant, and becomes an incorrigible.

Good Posts Lost

IN adult life the partially deaf are similarly handicapped. Many a good job has been lost through slowness and inattention, where the actual fault was not the mentality, but the hearing.

Before explaining the reasen for this state of affairs, one should understand the mechanism of the human ear. The outside ear may be compared to the funnel of an ear-trumpet. Actually, being flattened to the head, it is not so serviceable in "catching" sounds as the ear in lower animals, but still, in a minor way, fulfils this purpose.

From the outer ear a curved canal leads to the drum, a tightly-stretched membrane whose function is to vibrate when sounds impinge upon it.

To act efficiently the drum needs to have the air-pressure on both sides of it equal. Nature achieves this by supplying another air-canal (the Eustachian tube) leading from the back of the throat to the far side of the drum.

The importance of this equalised air-pressure is forcibly brought home to us by the fact that to yawn makes anyone temporarily deaf. The prolonged inhalation momentarily draws air from the Eustachian tube; the drum is pulled inward, and cannot vibrate properly.

Any blocking of either the outer or inner canal leading to the drum has a similar effect on the hearing, and is a prolific cause of partial deafness.

The drum is connected with an ingenious set of little bones which act as levers. These are attached at the other end to another stretched membrane or drum.

The bony levers "gear down" the back-and-forth movement of the first drum in the ratio of thirty to one; the result is a shake of the second drum of only one-thirtieth the extent, but thirty times the original force.

Nature, using mechanical motion only, achieves the same effect as we accomplish in radio sets or amplifiers by a complicated electrical system.

The second drum, when it vibrates, shakes the fluid in a spiral canal (resembling a snail's shell), and this fluid is in connection with the terminals of the main nerve of hearing, which runs to a special area, the "hearing centre," of the brain, the latter finally receives the original vibrations of the two drums, and perceives them as "sounds."

Delicate Apparatus

IT will be seen that the apparatus is a very delicate and complicated one; and one can grasp how easily it can be upset by any inflammation or infection reaching it either from the outside canal or the canal which runs up from the throat.

Defective hearing can be roughly divided into two main types—that due to something wrong with the mechanical apparatus of the ear, and that due to defect of the hearing centre in the brain or of the nerve leading to it.

The second type includes those persons born deaf and those who become suddenly deaf as the result of some physical or nervous shock.

For those born deaf, medical science can do nothing, except indirectly. For "shock deafness" a cure is often possible.

Luckily most cases of defective hearing—at least 74 per cent.—are of the first type, and if treatment is sought early enough the hearing can be restored.

Beginning with the simplest type, blockage of the canals leading to the drum, we note, first, cases of partial deafness due to accumulation of "wax" in the outer canal. As a rule this is cured quite simply by syringing the wax out of the canal.

Oil is popularly used for the purpose; but it is far better to use warm water to which a little peroxide of hydrogen is added. The water should not be injected with any force, as the drum can easily be damaged.

The nozzle of the syringe should be directed to the roof of the canal, and the patient's head held downward on the affected side, so as to allow the fluid to drain outward again.

If no wax is recovered by this method, syringing should not be persisted with, as the trouble is probably on the other side of the drum.

Influenza a Cause

SIMPLE blockage of the other canal —the Eustachian tube leading from the throat to the drum—is due to catarrh of the throat spreading to the tube. In adults mild forms of this blockage accompany colds and influenza.

As a rule the deafness disappears when the cold or flu subsides, and nothing more need be done than treat the throat with antiseptic sprays or gargles. But should the deafness persist, medical attention should be secured.

There are simple methods by which the physician can "clear" an obstructed Eustachian tube, and this may be all that is necessary.

A simple neglected catarrhal blocking of the tube may eventually become infected by germs from the throat, and a more serious trouble develop.

In children, simple blockage of the tube may follow the irritation caused by adenoids (post-nasal growths) or enlarged tonsils, but the condition is liable to be confused with the far more serious trouble of infection spreading from the throat after such childhood diseases as scarlet fever.

All cases of persistent deafness accompanied by catarrh of the throat in a child should receive medical attention for this reason.

This brings us to the prevalent cause of partial deafness in children—middle-ear infection following an attack of scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, or whooping-cough.

In Australia scarlet fever and measles are very liable to cause this trouble. The infection spreads up the Eustachian tube to the chamber behind the drum of the ear. As a result the drum becomes infected and inflamed; eventually it may perforate.

If this does not happen, the infection spreads to other parts of the mechanism. The little chain of bony levers may get permanently tied down, or even destroyed.

The infection may pass onward to the mastoid antrum, a cavity in an adjoining skull bone, causing intense pain which can only be relieved by an operation.

Obviously severe cases of middle-ear infection will receive medical treatment, if only because of the intense pain and distress which they cause. But it is remarkable how often milder cases are neglected or even not recognised.

Medical Attention

THE child develops an earache towards the close of an attack of whooping-cough or mumps, for instance. Its parents imagine it has caught "a cold in the ear," keep it "away from draughts," perhaps syringe the ear, or place cotton-wool in it.

All this is quite useless, as the real trouble is on the other side of the drum. If the inflammation is not severe, it may die down gradually, but leave the patient with a thickened drum, blocked Eustachian tube, or adhesions which prevent the little amplifying levers from transmitting sound to the second drum. In other words, the child will become partially deaf.

This type of infection needs early treatment, if normal hearing is to be saved. Even if the damage is done, prompt treatment by an ear-specialist may often limit its extent; the infected area can be cleared up before the final "binding-up" of the working mechanism of the ear occurs.

Parents whose children have suffered an attack of one of the epidemic fevers should therefore watch for any signs of minor deafness remaining after the attack has passed.

Inattention, hesitant speech, a strained look when spoken to, weariness before the day is over, slowness in answering, or apparent inability to understand what is said, are all danger signals.

Sometimes they are looked on as merely the effect of the attack of fever, and so passed over by the parents. Children themselves rarely admit that they are partially deaf, and probably do not recognise that they are so.

PARTIAL DEAFNESS in children, says our specialist, causes them to be classed as dull at lessons. The result is the child develops an inferiority complex.

Adults who have not become partially deaf through a sequel to infection in childhood sometimes develop the condition as a sequel to throat infection in later life.

It should be mentioned that small perforations of the ear-drums usually heal; but if the middle-ear inflammation is extensive or neglected, often the greater part of the drum may be destroyed, and with it the attachment of the first little bone which acts as a lever.

When this happens the patient will become almost completely deaf in the affected ear.

Nerve Deafness

TURNING now to "nerve-deafness," or deafness due to some defect of the auditory nerve of the brain. There are two forms of this deafness—hereditary and acquired. The former cannot be cured. Apparently the defect is in the "hearing centre" in the brain. No matter how perfectly sound vibrations are conveyed to the brain, the latter is incapable of receiving or recognising them as sound.

This fact has led recently to ingenious "finger-tip" apparatus, which transmits sound as vibrations to the fingers of the totally deaf.

Some deaf-mutes are even able to distinguish words by their differing vibrations, and so, practically, become able to "hear" with their fingers.

The other type of nerve-deafness is that due to profound mental or physical shock. It may follow a severe fright, an accident, lightning-stroke, concussion, ("shell-shock" in war frequently causes deafness) or any violent nervous impression.

Sometimes hearing is never regained. Occasionally it will return as suddenly as it was lost; frequently another profound mental shock will restore it.

In these cases the apparatus of hearing is intact. What has happened is that the brain-area dealing with recognition of sounds has been automatically cut out of the circuit, as a kind of reaction to the shock.

Sometimes suggestion or hypnosis will restore the linkage. Cases are on record in which an alarm of fire, an explosion or even a nightmare has restored hearing; but ther are others in which the deafness persists for life.

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SISTER KENNY'S *Treatment*

By Our Medical Writer

WHILE fresh controversy rages over the merits of Sister Kenny's treatment, the public is in danger of missing the main point at issue—that financial aid for paralysis clinics is urgently necessary, and that it is Sister Kenny who has forced realisation of this necessity upon Governments and the public.

This is noted in the report of the Royal Commission which says that Sister Kenny may claim credit for having drawn attention to the plight of the crippled child, who was too often denied hope of possible further usefulness.

So many conflicting statements have been made and so many side issues have been introduced into the Kenny controversy that the general public remains in the dark regarding the whole situation.

Here is a brief review of its various aspects:

What the Paralysis is.—After an attack of the infection known as "infantile paralysis" (poliomyelitis), a certain percentage of patients pass to the stage in which the limbs become useless. Of these, a majority recover the use of their limbs in two to six months' time. But, if untreated, contractures and deformities result, while bad cases remain permanently crippled.

What "Orthodox" Treatment is.—Doctors treat these paralysis cases by re-education of the muscles (special exercises and massage). In severe cases, "splinting" is done—that is, the crippled limb is temporarily kept straight by a binding appliance to prevent it setting in a deformed position.

What Sister Kenny Has Done.—Following these lines, but claiming to have perfected a better type of splint, a more efficient kind of re-education of the muscles, and more efficient treatment generally (including abandonment of prolonged immobility of paralysed limbs), Sister Elizabeth Kenny started a clinic in Townsville (Queensland) in 1932, to demonstrate her methods to the medical profession.

Four local doctors watched and reported results. After four months their verdict was "satisfactory."

THERE is an indication of Japan's military-mindedness in this picture of the latest winter costume for the well-dressed Japanese woman. It is a striking contrast to the picturesque and colorful kimonos formerly favored by Japanese maidens.

Official Inquiries

THE Queensland Government then took over the clinic. Sister Kenny directed the treatment; Drs. Taylor and Dungan were appointed "Honorary Observers." Report (after four months): "The same result could not be obtained in any other institute by any other method."

The Queensland Government next appointed an English doctor, Dr. J. V. Guinane, F.R.C.S., as "Official Medical Investigator." Before leaving England he was instructed to investigate current methods and results in England and Germany.

Dr. Guinane, after arriving in Queensland and investigating results at the Townsville clinic, reported: "In all recent cases, total permanent cure; in long-standing cases, 90 per cent. improvement."

The "Adverse Report"

HE added a guarded personal opinion, "If obtained by any other method, similar results would cost more, and convalescence would be longer."

This apparently signifies that orthodox methods could achieve the same success, but that (according to Dr. Guinane) the Kenny method is cheaper and quicker.

The Queensland Government then opened other clinics, including one at Brisbane. In 1936 there were four clinics and 600 patients under treatment. The N.S.W. Government sent nurses and a medical officer to Brisbane to study the Kenny methods; later a N.S.W. clinic was established at North Shore Hospital, Sydney.

Continued from Page 3

A medical committee was next appointed by the N.S.W. Government to investigate the North Shore results.

Its first (or interim) report stated that results were satisfactory, "but the Kenny method achieved no better results than could have been expected from the orthodox methods of treatment."

This report, it should be made clear, refers to the more chronic cases, the period of observation being 15 months.

A second report was subsequently issued, in which further improvement in Sister Kenny's cases was mentioned.

But the committee finally recommended the establishment of an orthopaedic hospital of 300 beds, with specially-trained nurses, masseurs and consulting surgeons—the treatment, as far as can be gathered, to be upon modern but "orthodox" lines.

Work Goes On

NOW comes the Queensland Royal Commission's report, which from the medical point of view concedes nothing to Sister Kenny.

According to these findings, except in one important principle the Kenny method differs little from orthodox treatment. Where it differs the orthodox treatment is better, states the report.

In spite of this the Kenny clinics, both in N.S.W. and Queensland, will carry on—a practical testimony to the confidence engendered in the Kenny method by medical men in constant touch with the work.

These conflicting attitudes to Sister Kenny's work do not clarify the situation to the public.

WHAT ORTHODOXY CAN DO

An Australian Women's Weekly representative at the time of the establishment of Sister Kenny's North Shore clinic had the privilege of inspecting a Sydney clinic for infantile paralysis cases run on modern but "orthodox" lines. This was the Canonbury Home, a private institute philanthropically run by a well-known public body.

Here (although at the time Sister Kenny's book had not been published) were to be found nearly every "innovation" mentioned in the latter.

Water exercises were taught in a sunny (enclosed) swimming pool of warmed sea-water; only paralysis patients were taken, a bright outlook was maintained; there was a special nutritious diet, there was a school (run on ultra-modern lines), limbs were exercised from the first to maintain the impulse, and there was even a parallel "Sister Kenny," a head masseuse who had made a lifelong study of paralysed children.

Canonbury was established in 1926, seven years before the first Kenny clinic in Queensland. "Orthodox" methods, therefore, have their claim as well as those of Sister Kenny.

SISTER KENNY'S personality has been frequently referred to as being an inspiration to patients.

She is a tall, dignified woman of striking appearance.

She has sureness of speech and touch, and speaks always very directly.

Her home is at Dobbie, in the Darling Downs, Queensland. Her extreme efficiency and tremendous enthusiasm are well known in Queensland and now in England.

Those who know her say she gives every ounce of energy to any job she takes on, and gives just as much to a person who has nothing as to a person who can afford any amount of elaborate treatment.

The merits of some aspects of her treatment may still have to be proved or disproved.

The fact remains that a big debt of public gratitude is due to the woman whose energy end devotion to the cause of paralysed children have stirred to activity Government and medical authorities here and abroad.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Capricornians . . . Children of Sunshine

People born between December 22 and January 20, when the zodiacal sign Capricorn rules the heavens, should seek sunshine and brightness if they wish to be happy and prosperous.

There is a melancholy side to their nature which must at all costs be "scrapped," for it acts as a "drag" and restricts the Capricornian no matter how valiant his efforts.

BEHIND the gravity of Capricornians, however, is a very humorous tendency which should be cultivated and turned to good account.

They are such powerful and persevering folk, so trustworthy, practical and clear-thinking, and so capable of assuming positions of authority, that they can achieve a certain degree of success no matter how many obstacles and setbacks come their way.

But if they learn to be humorous instead of moody and fearful they become stronger both mentally and physically, and thereafter will find that success comes more readily.

With laughter, optimism, and confidence added to their strong characteristics Capricornians are almost invincible.

It is fortunate this is so, because most Capricornians are devoured by their ambitions, and in times of depression, self-doubt or lack of opportunity a sense of thwarted ambition can lead to a hopelessness which adversely affects the health.

Knowing this fact, it is a foolish Capricornian who does not strive earnestly and continuously to develop the happier side of his nature.

Sunshine is nature's greatest aid towards optimism and good cheer, hence Capricornians are strongly advised to live out of doors as much as possible, and to bask in the sunlight at every opportunity.

MANY famous people were born under the powerful zodiacal sign, Capricorn. Their wonderful mentality, power to envisage possibilities, and qualities of leadership and reliability have been pronounced.

The list includes Rudyard Kipling, Joan of Arc, Admiral Beatty, Mozart, Lord Gladstone, and Lloyd George.

Advice to Parents

PARENTS of Capricornian-born children will do well to absorb this advice and strive not only to encourage participation in outdoor sports, but also endeavor to cultivate the minds of their children along cheerful channels.

By so doing they will endow them with gifts which will aid the children right through life.

In this way their chances of proving prosperous and happy will be increased one-hundredfold.

Capricornians are usually very reserved, yet they love to come before the public in some way. Their inborn caution sometimes holds them back overlong, but in some way, at some time, the Capricornian will find or make for himself a chance to come forward in a position of authority.

They are most fortunate when successfully married or when some particular relative or friend understands them enough to supply the encouragement and appreciation which mean so much to them. They will work unstintingly and patiently and not rest until they achieve success, but they demand recognition of their achievements.

In special regard to health, people born at this time of the year should try to avoid rheumatism and kindred complaints, skin troubles, general debility (especially in youth and during times of worry or doubt), stomach disorders, and all those ailments which can affect the circulation, muscles and bones of the human body . . . especially the knee-bones and teeth.

Capricornians should exercise plentifully, sleep regularly, diet wisely, and deliberately seek regular channels of enjoyment and sport. If this advice is followed, and their strong will-power utilised to break down their tendency to gloom and to replace the gloom with optimism and fun, Capricornians can quite confidently look ahead to a life of more than usual success, honor, and power.

THE DAILY DIARY

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Do not be venturesome this week, especially on January 13 and 16. Be patient and do not let upsets and delays annoy you too much.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Work hard, plan wisely, seek favors, make changes, and in every way possible try to advance your affairs. Be sure to utilise January 11 and 12 to advantage.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): January 13 and 14 just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be on guard against losses, disappointments, estrangements, or enmity. If important matters must be started, use January 15 and 16.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Fair only on January 17 and 18.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Waste no time on January 11 and 12 for new affairs started then can have worth-while reactions. Seek promotion, ask favors. Be optimistic.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Live cautiously this week, especially on January 15 and 16. Take no risks. Keep to routine tasks.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): January 17 and 18 can prove quite productive to you provided you work hard and wisely.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Unspectacular. January 17 and 18 best.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Try to carry to successful conclusions all important affairs needing attention. Be confident, make demands, seek advancement. Turn January 11 and 12 to good account.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): January 13 and 14 just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Work hard on January 15 and 16. Seek opportunities. Conditions should favor you then.

[The Australian Women's W[illegible] presents this series of articles on a[illegible]ogy as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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(Full address on request.) Mrs Frank Cole

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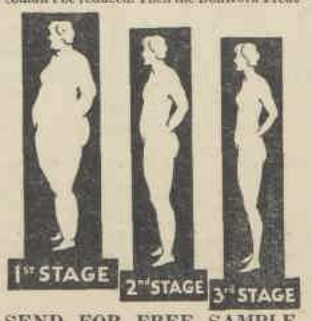

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By Air Mail from New York.

WOMEN to-day have larger feet—and even the most fashionable of them don't worry about it.

"The well-dressed woman wears 'number nines,'" says Mr. Roscoe Griffin, head of a chain of shoe shops in North Carolina, United States.

"Twenty years ago the average size of women's shoes was a four," he says. "But nowadays the average woman has a much firmer hold on the earth. The reason for this is that more women are working on their feet than was the case twenty years ago. And that has made their feet

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GIRLS BAN *Stage Life* FOR MEN

Scared That Rivals May Really Win Hearts of Amateur Romeos

Once upon a time everyone said that the girl who became an actress was lost to the world.

But nowadays it seems that the man who becomes an actor is lost to his girl.

AMATEUR theatrical societies all over Britain are complaining of a scarcity of actors—due, it is suggested, to wives and fiancees refusing to take any chances in allowing them to join.

In some societies girls outnumber men by three to one.

"I don't know whether it is shyness," said one producer, "or lack of interest in amateur acting. Men are at a premuim.

"We have tried to induce youths to join our society, but it has been a waste of time.

"One reason given to me is that men who are courting, or who are married, are not allowed by their 'feminine halves' to join amateur societies.

"Girls know there are so many more women than men that they are afraid that the charms of an amateur actress may cause their menfolk to drift."

One dramatic society, which has fifty productions to its credit in the past fifteen years, has had to "borrow" men from societies in other districts to put on the first play of their new season.

That's the position in England. Australian producers report the same scarcity of amateur actors, although actresses are plentiful enough.

"I always allow girls to bring their fiances or husbands to rehearsals if they want to," said one producer. "As a matter of fact, our Repertory Society is very romantic. There have been a number of engagements and marriages through the society.

"The husband and wife are then both interested in one another's work, which makes it very pleasant.

"The scarcity of men is felt, but I think the reason is that the men are often more self-conscious than the girls.

"Once you persuade men to take part in any particular show, they usually enjoy it, and are even more enthusiastic about the work than the girls, and what is more, they interest their men friends."

Commenting on the reluctance of men to join amateur play societies, another producer said:—

"I'm afraid I cannot agree with the opinion that wives and fiancees are responsible for the shortage of men in amateur theatricals.

"The shortage is due to the fact that whereas to the average girl rehearsing and learning lines is a pleasure, to most men it simply comes under the heading of 'Work.'

"A man feels that after holding down a job all day he really cannot be bothered with more toil at night.

"Another aspect is that to a man this business of parading before a crowd of people, bedaubed with greasepaint and powder, is really rather ridiculous—'all right for women, but a fellow doesn't do it.'

"Fortunately there are exceptions, otherwise the Amateur Theatre would have a hasty demise—authors seem particularly loath to pen good plays that have parts only for women!"

MASS DEMONSTRATION in hissing, featured in a Hollywood radio stunt. A hundred engaged couples were invited to take part in the demonstration.

TREACHERY *Drove Woman* TO CRIME

Amazing Story of Jekyll and Hyde Existence

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

By day a frail, rather wistful looking woman of fifty, familiar by day in the streets of Manchester with her shopping basket, and by night a lone and daring house-breaker, is the amazing record of Edith Annie Riley.

A woman of property and respected by all her associates, she says her lover's treachery years ago drove her to a life of crime as a revenge against the world.

AN amazing story of a woman's Jekyll and Hyde existence, rivalling anything in the pages of fiction, was revealed at Manchester when a woman was imprisoned on extensive theft charges extending over two years.

When her lover not only jilted her, but stole a considerable sum of money from her as well, it is alleged that she set out on a career of revenge. Society would be made to repay her for her loss. She played her dual role to perfection.

Highly respected in the neighborhood, people thought of her as a rather pathetic elderly lady who had been crushed by an unhappy love affair. At night she threw off the cloak of respectability and operated with great skill and daring as a burglar. Jewels, furs and other articles of value were stolen by her. So extensive had the thefts on these midnight excursions become that a police drive was made to clear up the alarming number of robberies in the district. It was then that the woman's double life was revealed.

The full story was told when she stepped into the dock at the Chester Assizes.

She was so small that her head barely reached to the top of the rail, and she surveyed the court with childlike wonder.

The evidence unfolded an amazing career of duplicity.

A constable investigating an open french window in a darkened house caught her red-handed at her thefts.

A search of her flat in one of the two houses of which she was the landlady revealed that the doors were screened in such a way as to make a raid difficult. **All windows were covered with shutters and draped with heavy curtains.**

In the house the police found jeweller's scales, magnifying glasses, pliers, and other implements for handling precious stones. The tenants of her flats declared "She appeared to be a marvellous little woman. She was quiet and studious and is believed to have spent most of her spare time in reading and listening to the radio in the evenings."

The arrest came after months of search by the police for a rumored "Blonde Raffles" whose depredations had disquieted Cheshire householders.

It is believed that she concocted the story herself of a blonde young woman seen entering or leaving houses which were burgled. The "Blonde Raffles" story caught the imagination of the people and the police came to believe in the story, while the old lady went about her systematic series of revenge robberies.

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: [illegible] magician, with

LOTHAR: His giant Negro servant, arrives in Paris, and receives an urgent message to come to the home of

M. DUCHAMP: [illegible] chemist. Here he learns from

SUZETTE: M. Duchamp's lovely daughter, and

DR. ANDRE PETAIN: Her fiance, that M. Duchamp had received a mysterious block of metal through the post, and after acting as if hypnotised was found dead in the laboratory. When Mandrake goes to investigate, both the body and the metal block have disappeared.

MARIE: The housekeeper, sees M. Duchamp walking in the hall, and Mandrake, thinking everything is all right, departs. M. Duchamp, however, acting as if hypnotised, steals into his daughter's bedroom, binds her, and, when interrupted by Dr. Petain, shoots him. An hour later Petain regains consciousness and telephones for Mandrake to come immediately. NOW READ ON

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Unique Shampoo-Rinse Combination Washes Darkened, Brownish Blond Hair

2-4 SHADES LIGHTER

Without Injurious Bleaches

Blondes, remember! Ravishingly natural gold blond hair fascinates almost any man—few can resist its attraction. But love and romance are often spoiled through carelessly letting light blond hair darken, become dull and brownish—you lose the youthful alluring charm that only a true blonde possesses and which alone makes you admired by men and envied by women.

Natural blond hair is far more delicate than ordinary hair. Give it the care it deserves and don't spoil your chances in life by neglecting the very source of your fascinating appeal. Use STA-BLOND, the beauty secret of millions of blondes—only one shampoo makes darkened, mousy, even brownish blond hair 2-4 *shades lighter* and prevents light blond hair from darkening. No dyes or injurious bleaches. Makes permanent wave last longer too. Your money back if you are not delighted.

"Have you tried StaBlond Wave-Set yet? It doesn't leave the hair sticky, dries quickly and actually lightens fair hair."

STA-BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 11

HE broke down completely and for days was out of his mind. Moments of lucidity there were when he became aware of Mrs. Bennett, of Denny, and, once or twice, of Hope. But for the most part he went through life, performed the actions demanded of him in sheer automatism, his whole being concentrated deep within himself in one long nightmare of despair.

His frayed out nervous system intensified the agony of his loss, by creating morbid fancies and terrors of remorse from which he awoke, sweating, crying out in anguish.

Dimly he was conscious of the inquest, the drab informality of the Coroner's court, of the evidence given so minutely, so unnecessarily by the witnesses. He stared fixedly at the squat figure of Frau Schmidt upon whose plump cheeks the tears kept rolling, rolling down.

"She was laughing, laughing all the time she came into my shop. 'Hurry, please'—she kept on telling me—'I don't want to keep my husband waiting'——"

When he heard the Coroner expressing sympathy with Doctor Manson in his sad bereavement he knew that it was over. He stood up mechanically, found himself walking upon grey pavements with Denny.

How the arrangements for the funeral were made he did not know; they all came mysteriously to pass without his knowledge. As he drove to Kensal Green his thoughts kept darting hither and thither, backwards through the years. In the dingy confines of the cemetery he remembered the wide and windswept uplands behind Vale View, where the mountain ponies raced and reared their tangled manes. She had loved to walk there, to feel the breeze upon her cheeks. And now she was being laid in this grimy old city graveyard.

That night in the stark torture of his neurosis he tried to drink himself insensible. But the whisky only seemed to goad him to fresh anger against himself. He paced up and down the room, late into the night, muttering aloud, drunkenly, apostrophising himself.

"You thought you could get away with it. You thought you were getting away with it. But by Heaven you weren't. Crime and punishment, crime and punishment! You're to blame for what happened to her. You've got to suffer."

He walked the length of the street, hatless, swaying, to stare wild-eyed at the blank shuttered windows of the Vidler shop. He came back muttering, through bitter maudlin tears, "God is not mocked! Chris said that once—God is not mocked, my friend."

HE staggered upstairs, hesitated, went into her room, silent, cold, deserted. There on the dressing-table lay her bag. He picked it up, pressed it against his cheek, then fumblingly opened it. Some coppers and loose silver lay inside, a small handkerchief, a bill for groceries. And then, in the middle pocket he came upon some papers—a faded snapshot of himself taken at Blaenelly, and—yes—he recognised them with a throbbing pang—those little notes he had received at Christmas from his patients at Aberalaw. With grateful thanks—she had treasured them all those years. A heavy sob broke from his breast. He fell on his knees by the bed in a passion of weeping.

Denny made no effort to stop him drinking. It seemed to him that Denny was about the house almost every day. It was not because of the practice, for Doctor Lowry was doing that now. Lowry was living out somewhere but coming in to consult and pick up the calls. He knew nothing, nothing whatever of what was going on. He did not wish to know.

He kept out of Lowry's way. His nerves had gone to pieces. The sound of the doorbell made his heart palpitate madly. A sudden step made the sweat break out on the palms of his hands. He sat upstairs in his room with a rolled-up handkerchief between his fingers, wiping his sweating palms from time to time, staring at the fire, knowing that when night came he must face the spectre of insomnia.

This was his condition when Denny walked in one morning and said:

"I'm free at last, thank Heaven. Now we can go away."

There was no question of refusal, his power of resistance was completely gone. He did not even ask where they were going. In silent apathy he watched Denny pack a suitcase for him. Within an hour they were on their way to Paddington Station.

They travelled all afternoon through the south-west counties, changed at Newport and struck up through Monmouthshire. At Abergavenny they left the train and here, outside the station, Denny hired a car. As they drove out of the town across the River Usk and through the rich autumnal tinted countryside he said:

"This is a small place I once used to come to—fishing. Llanthony Abbey. I think it ought to suit."

They reached their destination, through a network of hazel-fringed lanes, at six o'clock. Round a square of close green turf lay the ruins of the abbey, smooth grey stones, a few arches of the cloisters still upstanding. And adjoining was the guest house, built entirely from the fallen stones. Near at hand a small stream flowed with a constant soothing ripple. Wood smoke rose, straight and blue, into the quiet evening air.

Next morning Denny dragged Andrew out to walk. It was a crisp, dry day, but Andrew, sick from a sleepless night, his flabby muscles failing on the first hill, made to turn back when they had gone only a short way. Denny, however, was firm. He walked Andrew eight miles that first day and on the next he made it ten. By the end of the week they were walking twenty miles a day and Andrew, crawling up to his room at night, fell immediately into insensibility upon his bed.

There was no one to worry them at the Abbey. Only a few fishermen remained, for it was now close to the end of the trout season. They ate in the stone-flagged refectory at a long oak table before an open log fire. The food was plain and good.

During their walks they did not speak. Often they walked the whole day long with no more than a few words passing between them. At the beginning Andrew was quite unconscious of the countryside through which they tramped, but as the days passed the beauty of its woods and rivers, of its sweeping bracken-covered hills penetrated gradually, imperceptibly, through his numbed senses.

The progress of his recovery was not sensationally swift, yet by the end of the first month he was able to stand the fatigue of their long marches, eat and sleep normally, bathe in cold water every morning and face the future without cowering. He saw that no better place could have been chosen for his recovery than this isolated spot, no better routine than this spartan, this monastic existence. When the first frost bit hard into the ground he felt the joy of it instinctively in his blood.

He began unexpectedly to talk. The topics of their discussion were inconsequential at the outset. His mind, like an athlete performing simple exercises before approaching greater feats, was guarded in its approach to life. But imperceptibly he learned from Denny the progress of events.

His practice was sold to Doctor Lowry, not for the full amount which Turner had stipulated—since under the circumstances no introduction had been given—but for a figure near enough to that sum. Hope had at last completed the full term of his scholarship and was now at his home in Birmingham. Denny also was free. He had given up his registrarship before coming to Llanthony. The inference was so clear that Andrew suddenly lifted up his head.

"I OUGHT to be fit for work at the beginning of the year."

Now they began to talk in earnest and within a week his hard-faced listlessness was gone. He felt it strange and sad that the human mind should be capable of recovering from such a mortal blow as that which had struck him. Yet he could not help it, the recovery was there. Previously he had trudged with stoic indifference, a perfectly functioning machine. Now he breathed the sharp air with real vigor, switched at the bracken with his stick, took his correspondence out of Denny's hands, and cursed when the post did not bring the "Medical Journal."

At night Denny and he pored over a large-scale map. With the help of an almanac they made a list of towns, weeded out that list, then narrowed their selection down to eight. Two of the towns were in Staffordshire, three in Northamptonshire, and three in Warwickshire.

On the following Monday Denny took his departure and was away a week. During these seven days Andrew felt the rushing return of his old desire to work, his own work, the real work he could do with Hope and Denny. His impatience became colossal. On Saturday afternoon he walked all the way to Abergavenny to meet the last train of the week. Returning, disappointed, to endure two further nights and one whole day of this intensifying delay, he found a small dark Ford drawn up at the guest-house. He hurried through the door. There in the lamp-lit refectory Denny and Hope sat at a ham-and-egg tea with whipped cream and tinned peaches on the sideboard.

That week-end they had the place entirely to themselves. Philip's report delivered at that richly composite meal was a fiery prelude to the excitement of their discussions. Outside rain and hail battered on the windows. The weather had finally broken. It made no difference to them.

Two of the towns visited by Denny—Franton and Stanborough—were, in Hope's phrase, ripe for medical development. Both were solid semi-agricultural towns upon which recently a new industry had been grafted. Stanborough had a freshly erected plant for the manufacture of motor-engine bearings, Franton a large sugar-beet factory. Houses were springing up on the outskirts, the population increasing.

But in each case the medical services had lagged behind. Franton had only a cottage hospital and Stanborough none at all. Emergency cases were sent to Coventry, fifteen miles away.

These bare details were enough to set them off like hounds upon a scent. But Denny had information even more stimulating. He produced a plan of Stanborough torn from an A.A. midland route itinerary. He remarked:

"I regret to say I stole it from the hotel at Stanborough. Sounds like a good beginning for us there."

"QUICK," impatiently exclaimed the once facetious Hope, "what's this mark here?"

"That," Denny said, as they bent their heads over the plan, "is the market square—at least, that's what it amounts to, only for some reason they call it the Circle. It's bang in the centre of the town, high up, too, with a fine situation. You know the kind of thing, a ring of houses and shops and offices, half residential, half old-established businesses, rather a Georgian effect, with low windows and porticoes. The chief medico of the place, a whale of a fellow, I saw him, important red face and mutton chops; incidentally he employs two assistants, has his house in the Circle." Denny's tone was gently ironic. "Directly opposite, on the other side of the charming granite fountain in the middle of the Circle, are two empty houses, large rooms, sound floors, good frontage and for sale. It seems to me——"

"And to me," said Hope with a catch of his breath, "offhand I should say there's nothing I should like better than a little lab. opposite that fountain."

They went on talking. Denny unfolded further details, interesting details.

"Of course," he concluded, "we are probably all quite mad. This idea has been brought to perfection in the big American cities by thorough organisation and tremendous outlay. But here—in Stanborough! And we none of us have a lot of cash! We shall also probably fight like the devil among ourselves. But somehow——"

"Heaven help old mutton-chops!" said Hope, rising and stretching himself.

On Sunday they took their plans a stage further, arranging that Hope should make a detour to include Stanborough on his way home on Monday. Denny and Andrew would arrive on Wednesday, meet him at the Stanborough hotel, when one of them would make discreet inquiry at the local house agent's.

With the prospect of a full day before him Hope left early next morning, dashing off in his Ford in a spatter of mud before the others had finished breakfast. The sky was still heavily overcast but the wind was high, a gusty, exhilarating day. After breakfast Andrew went out by himself for an hour.

Please turn to Page 41

GIRLIGAGS

"WHAT we call a starvation wage to-day is when we feel that we never know where the next fur coat and the next motor car are coming from."

YOUR skin feels years younger after Pears' tonic action—looks clearer . . . fresher. For Pears' not only *cleanses* your skin thoroughly—it *stimulates* sluggish cells and tissues to radiant loveliness! Each cake of Pears' undergoes a long and costly process of maturing to remove every trace of harshness . . . so that it is incomparably, transparently pure!

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If your dog is listless it is a sure sign that his blood is out of order—a serious matter but one which you can quite easily put right. What he needs is a Bob Martin's Condition Powder regularly every day. These powders, to which I have given my name, are made to a formula I discovered over 40 years ago and contain all the natural blood correctives every dog needs.

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By purifying his blood, Bob Martin's will not only banish listlessness, but keep your dog free from all miserable blood disorders such as scratching, sulky temper, loss of appetite, loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes. What is more, they will raise the whole standard of his general fitness—making him livelier and healthier—a *fitter* companion. Give your dog Bob Martin's regularly from today on. You can get them in boxes of 9 and 21 powders—full instructions enclosed

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TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

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ADVICE FROM BABY HEALTH CENTRE

Babies' skin is ultra-sensitive and needs this gentle, soothing soap—Rexona. The specially medicated lather gives wonderful protection against rashes, chafing and prickly heat. Rexona babies are happy, healthy, beautiful babies, with skin like petals and hair like fine silk.

REXONA TREATMENT FOR CRADLE CAP

Wash with Rexona Soap and apply Rexona Ointment, the Rapid Healer. Mrs. C. A. Martin, of Norton Road Extension, Franklin, N.Z. writes:—

"My baby had Cradle Cap very badly so I used Rexona and cured it completely in a very short time."

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.

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CORNS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that heartly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frozol-ice—pain goes in 2 seconds. This better-type anaesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers. Lift out your corns with magic Frozol-ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like. So popular and sure is Frozol-ice that chemists sell it every day on guarantee.

Real Life Stories

You Can't Count Chicks Before They Are Hatched

Amusing Tale Of The North

This week's £1/1/- prizewinner in the Real Life Story contest is Mrs. H. S. Muir, of Westbury, Tasmania.

It's an amusing instance, in a tropic setting, of the folly of counting chickens before they are hatched.

SIXTEEN years ago I was living in the Northern Territory, where my husband was managing a tin mine, about 120 miles from Darwin.

The nearest white woman was 12 miles away, therefore I had to rely on my two "lubras" for company during the day. In this way I got to know about their tribal ways and habits. They lead a nomadic life, sometimes employed by the white people, then go "walk about" and get their native food.

On one of these occasions after returning from a "walk about," my "lubra," Maudie, brought me some eggs and said: **"Plenty good-feller tucker." "Well, Maudie," I said, "What you callem this feller?" pointing to th eggs. "Alla same chook," said Maudie. "Me gettum alonga big feller river."**

The eggs looked like hen eggs, so I said I would put them under a sitting hen and hatch them out and rear them with the other fowls.

One morning I looked in the nest and found it empty, all the eggs open and no hen. I searched about but could not find the hen; I thought a python had got her.

My husband said waterfowl chickens would naturally go to the water; so he went to the little pool down in the banana patch to have a look.

On returning he said: "The chickens are all right, the old hen has made a good job of it."

We went down together and there was the hen scratching and clucking beside the pool of water **and eight little crocodiles swimming about and a very perplexed hen wondering what it was all about.**

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. S. Muir, Westbury, Tas.

Farewell!

SOME years ago, whilst residing in Sydney, I was occupying a flat in the building in which a friend of mine also stayed.

One night, on retiring as usual, I was soon asleep, but some hours later was suddenly awakened, and was amazed to see my friend passing through the closed door.

On watching closely, I distinctly saw him cross the room to where I was lying, lean forward, and kiss me on the brow, murmuring as he did so, "Good-bye, God bless you, Betty!"

After having recovered from the shock, I rose, observed the time, which was exactly 2.30 a.m., examined the door, and found it securely locked.

I slept rather fitfully for the remainder of the night, or rather morning, and rising early, proceeded to my friend's door, which I also found locked.

Being unable to get any response to my knocking, I informed the proprietor of my experience during the night.

He called a doctor and on entering the room they found my friend dead. The doctor stated that he had passed away four hours previously, which would be **exactly the time at which he entered my room to bid me farewell.**

5/- to Miss M. Tallis, 96 Vale St., East Melbourne.

Anxious Moments

IN April, 1936, I was returning from Tasmania, on the Bass Strait steamer Nairana, when we were struck by a tidal wave.

Striking the Nairana on the port side of the stern, the first of the two huge waves hurled the stern high out of the water. Then, before the ship could settle again, the second wave threw the ship over on its starboard side.

I was trapped in my cabin, luggage falling from the racks and blocking the doorway.

My plight could be imagined when looking out through the porthole I saw nothing but a greeny-blue waste of tumbling water.

I thought my end was near.

Dragging the luggage aside I rushed out into the dining saloon.

It was then I was told how near the ship had been to foundering.

5/- to Mrs. W. R. Thomas, 130 Thompson St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Terrors of Cyclone

MANY years ago I lived in a country town, and one afternoon, without any warning, there was a terrible cyclone. It unroofed nearly every house in the town.

A neighbor was talking to me when we heard the awful noise. She gave me her baby while she ran to close her house up. There were sheets of iron flying all around her. I just managed to get inside the house when all the iron was blown off and the door blown in, and I was hit with some flying timber.

The cyclone lasted only 10 minutes. It came with terrific force, and did great damage.

To make matters worse the rain poured down, and we were all drenched to the skin and with no dry clothes to put on.

I never want to go through the same ordeal again.

5/- to Mrs. MacDonald, 26 Oliver Rd., Harbord, N.S.W.

Prizes for Stories Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life Stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work.

Incidents should not exceed 360 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

Chased by Shark

SOME years ago while living on a farm in Northern Queensland, my brother and I went for a swim in a river, the mouth of which entered the sea.

After we had been swimming for a while I challenged my brother to a race to the mouth of the river. He accepted, and we started.

My brother was soon tired and stopped. I swam to the mouth of the river and waved my hand triumphantly to my brother.

For answer, he gave a cry of horror and pointed behind me. He then struck out for the bank.

I looked behind me and saw two fins cutting through the water. I turned and swam with all my might, but I was already exhausted by the race with my brother. Every second brought the sharks closer. I had nearly given up hope when my father appeared on the bank.

There was a crack of a rifle and one shark was dead. The other shark then turned and swam away. I then safely drifted onto the bank. I can still remember that adventure, and always will, as my most thrilling experience.

5/- to Mr. J. Mathew, c/o. Mrs. Lynch, 129 Mitchell St., North Ward, Townsville, Qld.

WE SAW a very perplexed hen watching her unusual brood.

Something For Nothing

AN old gentleman who had developed a propensity to demand a further deduction from the price quoted (even when nett) and insisted on an extra discount off his bills made such an impression on us that we thought we would secure him something for nothing on his birthday.

We each sent postcards to any firms who advertised free samples. It brought a glorious response, and caused great amusement, which was renewed from time to time by the inquiries from the firms as to the results.

On the morning of his birthday his wife arranged the parcels—large and small, round or square, all in a pile on the dining-room table.

When the visitors arrived it was amid roars of laughter that the old chap beamed, and even tried to estimate their value. "All for me!"

I can hear him saying it now, and will never forget the fun as we overhauled them. There were corn cures, baby foods, shaving creams, hair restorers, cereals of all descriptions (these supplied the old chap's breakfasts for a long time), lipstick, powders, razors and shaving blades, rheumatic cures, catalogues illustrating magnificent motor cars, tailored suits, hats, boot polish, soaps, illustrations of tennis outfits (but he was not giddy enough to play tennis), and tonics too numerous to mention.

He still wears "a grin like a landscape" when we remind him of that birthday.

5/- to A. L. Somers, 145 Brighton Rd., Brighton, S.A.

Almost a Tragedy

THIS incident took place when my sister and I were young.

Our father had been out shooting the previous evening, and, coming home, he left the gun standing against the wall in the kitchen.

The next morning my sister, not dreaming that it was loaded, picked it up, and absentmindedly aimed it straight at my face.

Then, changing her mind, she put the gun to her shoulder, with the barrel pointing up at the roof, and pulled the trigger.

There was a deafening report, and the bullet left a hole three inches in diameter in the iron roof.

My mother and brother came rushing in, expecting to find one of us had been shot, but we were both standing still staring stupidly at the smoking gun.

I was too dazed for a while, from the shock, to realise how near I had been to having my head blown off.

5/- to Mrs. A. W. Nebauer, Lower Hill St., Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

"This 'BIOCEL' CREAM WORKED A MIRACLE on my face" says nurse

ITS effect was almost magical. In a few days I saw little lines begin to disappear. In a couple of weeks I looked 10 years younger. Biocel—a doctor told me—is the discovery of a great Vienna University Professor. It is now contained in every jar of Crème Tokalon Biocel. Use this cream every night and Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) in the morning. This will soon make a sallow dull complexion glow with new youthful vitality: make the skin clear, fresh, firm and free from blemishes and lines. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE: By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon creams (Biocel for the evening, Vanishing for the day). It contains also a special box of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder and six samples of other shades. Send 6d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth and Dominion Agencies, Ltd. (Dept. 60.), 169/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Imagine it!

Her friends talked behind her back

"SHE used to be such a grouch," they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. She took NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant, natural laxative. Normal bowel action was restored overnight. Constipation was banished. The "waste matter" that was clogging her system was quickly cleared away. For every member of the family FIGSEN is the ideal laxative. 1/3 tin from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. Vaculoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Piles Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.

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That middle aged look

There are many women who are not middle aged but look that way . . . there are many who look positively old but who are really ten to fifteen years younger than they look.

Why is it?

Their skin looks middle aged or old . . . that's the answer.

What can they do about it?

Lots . . . start to use Creme Charmosan, and very soon they will see many faults and many signs of age disappear from their skin. They will look much younger . . . their skin will be fresher, clearer, more charming.

Simple, isn't it?

Creme Charmosan is the answer . . . now you know why this famous Creme sells and sells and sells.

Creme Charmosan for skin youth

Greaseless. Holds powder divinely for hours. Big jars for your dressing table 2/6. Handbag tubes 1/-. Everywhere, including N.Z. It is a charm against the harm done to our skin by the sun, dust, and winds.

Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 2/6 for a large box. You can get it in all shades including sun tan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars. It brings enchantment to your skin, no matter what your age. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including New Zealand ***

Drink habit soon banished

A woman who cured her husband, writes: "I shall always be grateful for the wonderful happiness EUCRASY has brought to my home after the misery of drink." It can be given SECRETLY or taken VOLUNTARILY. Not costly. Call or write for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and Testimonials. Established 41 years.

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Germs in Your Kidneys Kill Health and Vitality

There is nothing that can make you feel older and more rundown than Kidney and Bladder disorders caused by Germs developed in your body during Colds or from Bad Teeth or Tonsils or during other infectious or bacterial diseases. Ordinary medicines don't help you much because they do not kill the Germs which are the true cause of your trouble.

Germs in your Kidneys and Urinary System cause you to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and energy destroying ailments: Getting up Nights, Excess Acidity, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Headaches, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under the Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Physical Weakness, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching Passages.

Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers from troubles due to Germs in the Urinary System all chemists now have a twin-tablet treatment called **Cystex**, which is a doctor's prescription. **Cystex** ends the underlying cause of your trouble in 3 ways: 1. It kills the Germs in the Kidneys and Urinary System. 2. It soothes and tones irritated membranes and combats pain. 3. It acts as a mild, gentle diuretic tonic to the Kidneys and helps them remove excess Uric Acid and other poisonous wastes from the blood.

Feel 10 Years Younger

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used **Cystex**. Letters in praise of it are written every day. For instance, Mr. B. Mann recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness due to germs in the urinary system caused me to suffer from headaches, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, and a rundown condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well and felt only half a man. I learned of **Cystex** and although skeptical decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy to stimulate improved health. After a short time my health and vigour were completely normal. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

Make This 8-Day Guaranteed Test

Get **Cystex** from your chemist today. Put it to the test. See what it can do for you. **Cystex** will not cost you a single penny unless it satisfies you completely and you agree that it is easily worth ten times the small cost. **Cystex** starts working in 3 hours, must alleviate your pain, make you feel younger, stronger and full of life and energy, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. During the first two or three days you probably will notice a marked improvement, but we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the tremendous good that this complete twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Ask your chemist for **Cystex** to-day. The guarantee protects you.

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 42

It was good to feel fit again, with his work reaching out to him once more in the high adventure of the new clinic. He had not realised how much his scheme meant to him until now, quite suddenly, it was near fruition.

When he returned at eleven o'clock the post had come in, a pile of letters forwarded from London. He sat down at the table with a sense of anticipation to open them. Denny was beside the fire behind the morning paper.

His first letter was from Mary Boland. As he scanned the closely-written sheets his face warmed to a smile. She began by sympathising with him, hoping he had now recovered fully. Then briefly she told him about herself. She was better, infinitely better, almost well again. Her temperature had been normal for the last five weeks. She was up, taking graduated exercise. She had put on so much weight he would scarcely recognise her. She asked him if he could not come to see her. Mr. Stillman had returned to America for several months, leaving his assistant, Mr. Marland, in charge. She could not thank him sufficiently for having sent her to Bellevue.

Andrew laid down the letter, his expression still bright with the thought of Mary's recovery. Then, throwing aside a number of circulars and advertising literature, all in flimsy envelopes with halfpenny stamps, he picked up his next letter. This was a long official-looking envelope. He opened it, drew out the stiff sheet of notepaper within.

Then the smile left his face. He stared at the letter with disbelieving eyes. His pupils widened. He turned deadly pale. For a full minute he remained motionless, staring staring at the letter.

"Denny," he said, in a low voice. "Look at this."

Eight weeks before, when Andrew set down Nurse Sharp at Notting Hill Station she went on by tube to Oxford Circus and from there walked rapidly in the direction of Queen Anne Street. She had arranged with her friend Nurse Trent, who was Doctor Hampton's receptionist, to spend the evening at the Queen's Theatre where Louis Savory, whom they both adored, was appearing in "The Duchess Declares." But since it was now quarter past eight and the performance began at eight forty-five, the margin of time left for Nurse Sharp to call for her friend and be in the upper circle of the Queen's was narrow. Moreover, instead of having leisure for a nice hot meal at the Corner House as she had planned, they would be obliged to snatch a sandwich on the way down or perhaps do without altogether.

Nurse Sharp's mood, as she thrust her way along Queen Anne Street, was that of a woman bitterly ill-used. As the events of the afternoon kept turning in her mind she seethed with indignation and resentment. Mounting the steps of No. 17c she hurriedly pressed the bell.

It was Nurse Trent who opened the door, her expression patiently reproachful. But before she could speak, Nurse Sharp pressed her arm.

"My dear," she said, speaking rapidly, "I'm ever so sorry. But what a day I've had. I'll tell you later. Just let me pop in to leave my things. If I come as I am I think we can just do it."

At that moment as the two nurses stood together in the passage, Hampton came down the stairs, groomed, shining and in his evening clothes. Seeing them he paused. Freddie could never resist an opportunity to demonstrate the charm of his personality. It was part of his technique, making people like him, getting the most out of them.

"Hello, Nurse Sharp!" Rather gaily, as he picked a cigarette from his gold case. "You look weary. And why are you both so late? Didn't I hear something from Nurse Trent about a theatre to-night?"

"Yes, doctor," said Nurse Sharp. "But I—I was detained over one of Doctor Manson's cases."

"Oh?" Freddie's tone held just a hint of interrogation.

It was enough for Nurse Sharp. Rankling from her injustices, disliking Andrew and admiring Hampton, she suddenly let herself go.

"I've never had such a time in all my life, Doctor Hampton. Never. Taking a patient from the Victoria and sneaking her out to that Bellevue place and Doctor Manson keeping me there all hours while he does a pneumothorax with an unqualified man——" She poured out the whole story of the afternoon, repressing her smarting tears of vexation with difficulty.

There was a silence when she concluded. Freddie's eyes held an odd expression.

"That was too bad, nurse," he said at length. "But I hope you won't miss your theatre. Look, Nurse Trent—you must take a taxi and charge it to me. Put it on your expense sheet. Now if you'll excuse me, I must go."

"There's a gentleman," Nurse Sharp murmured, following him admiringly with her eyes. "Come, dear, get the taxi."

Freddie drove thoughtfully to the club. Since his quarrel with Andrew he had, almost of necessity, pocketed his pride and fallen back to a closer association with Freedman and Ivory. To-night the three were dining together. And as they dined, Freddie, less in malice than from a desire to interest the other two, to pull himself up with them again, airily remarked:

"Manson seems to be playing pretty parlor tricks since he left us. I hear he's started feeding patients to that Stillman fellow."

"What!" Ivory laid down his fork.

"And co-operating, I understand." Hampton sketched a graceful version of the story.

When he finished Ivory demanded with sudden harshness:

"Is this true?"

"My dear fellow," Freddie answered in an aggrieved tone, "I had it from his own nurse not half an hour ago."

A pause followed. Ivory lowered his eyes and went on with his dinner. Yet beneath his calm he was conscious of a savage elation. He had never forgiven Manson for that final remark after the Vidler operation. Though he was not thin-skinned, Ivory had the sultry pride of a man who knows his own weakness and guards it jealously. He knew deep in his heart that he was an incompetent surgeon. But no one had ever told him with such cutting violence the full extent of his incompetence. He hated Manson for that bitter truth.

The others had been talking a few moments when he raised his head. His voice was impersonal.

"This nurse of Manson's—can you get her address?"

Freddie broke off, gazing at him across the table.

"Absolutely."

"It seems to me," Ivory reflected coolly, "that something ought to be done about this. Between you and me, Freddie, I never had much time for this Manson of yours, but that's neither here nor there. I'm thinking purely of the ethical aspect. Gadsby happened to be speaking to me about this Stillman only the other evening—we were guests at the Mayfly Dinner. He's getting into the papers—Stillman, I mean. Some ignorant jackass in Fleet Street has got together a list of alleged cures by Stillman, cases where doctors had failed, you know the usual twaddle. Gadsby is pretty hot about it all. I believe Churston was a patient of his at one time—before he ditched him for this quack. Now! Just what is going to happen if members of the profession are going to support this rank outsider? Gad! the more I think about it the less I like it. I'm going to get in touch with Gadsby straight off the handle. Waiter! Find out if Doctor Maurice Gadsby is in the club. If not, have the porter ring up and find out if he's at his house."

Hampton, for once, looked uncomfortable about his collar. He had no rancor in his disposition and no ill-will towards Manson, whom, in his easy egotistic fashion, he had always liked. He muttered:

"Don't bring me into it."

"Don't be a fool, Freddie. Are we going to let that fellow sling mud at us and then get away with this?"

The waiter returned to say that Doctor Gadsby was at home. Ivory thanked him.

"I'm afraid this means the end of my bridge, you fellows. Unless Gadsby happens to be engaged."

But Gadsby was not engaged and later that evening Ivory called upon him. Though the two were not exactly friends they were good enough acquaintances for the physician to produce his second best port and a reputable cigar. Whether or not Doctor Gadsby knew something of Ivory's reputation he was at least aware of the surgeon's social standing, which ranked high enough for Maurice Gadsby, aspirant to fashionable honors, to treat him with adequate good-fellowship.

When Ivory mentioned the object of his visit Gadsby had no need to assume interest. He leaned forward in his chair, his small eyes fastened upon Ivory, listening intently to the story.

"Well! I'm darned!" he exclaimed with unusual vehemence at the end of it. "I know this Manson. We had him for a short time on the M.F.B. and I assure you we were extremely relieved to see the end of him. A complete outsider, hasn't the manners of an errand boy. And do you actually mean to tell me that he took a case from the Victoria, it must have been one of Thoroughgood's cases—we'll hear what Thoroughgood has to say about that—and turned it over to Stillman?"

"More than that, he actually assisted Stillman at the operation."

"If that is true," Gadsby said, carefully, "the case is one for the G.M.C."

"Well," Ivory hesitated becomingly. "That was precisely my own view. But I rather held back. You see I knew this fellow at one time rather better than you. I didn't really feel like lodging the complaint myself."

"I will lodge it," said Gadsby authoritatively. "If what you tell me is indeed a fact I will lodge it personally. I should consider myself failing in my duty if I did not take immediate action. The point at issue is a vital one, Ivory. This man Stillman is a menace, not so much to the public as to the profession. I think I told you my experience of him the other night at dinner. He threatens our status, our training, our tradition. He threatens everything that we stand for. Our only remedy is to ostracise him. Then, sooner or later, he runs into disaster over the question of certification. Observe that, Ivory! Thank Heaven! we have kept that in the hands of the profession. We alone can sign a death certificate. But if—mark you—if this fellow and others like him can secure professional collaboration then we're lost. Fortunately the G.M.C. have always come down like a ton of bricks upon that sort of thing in the past. You remember the case of Jarvis, the manipulator, several years ago, when he got some cad of a doctor to anaesthetise for him. He was struck off, instanter. The more I think of that bounder Stillman the more I'm determined to make an example of this. If you'll excuse me one minute I'll ring Thoroughgood. And then to-morrow I shall want to interrogate that nurse."

He rose and telephoned Doctor Thoroughgood. On the following day, in Doctor Thoroughgood's presence, he took a signed statement from Nurse Sharp. So conclusive was her testimony he immediately put himself in touch with his solicitors, Messrs. Boon and Everton, of Bloomsbury Square. He detested Stillman, of course. But he had already a soothing premonition of the benefit likely to accrue to a public upholder of the medical morality.

While Andrew, oblivious, went to Llanthony, the process raised against him moved steadily upon its way. It is true that Freddie, coming, in dismay, on a paragraph reporting the inquest upon Christine's death, had telephoned Ivory to try to stop the case. But by then it was too late. The complaint had been lodged.

Later the Penal Cases Committee considered that complaint and upon its authority a letter was despatched summoning Andrew to attend at the November meeting of the Council to answer the charge laid against him. This was the letter which he now held in his hand, white with anxiety, confronted by the menace of its legal phrasing:

"That you, Andrew Manson, knowingly and wilfully, on August 15th, assisted one Richard Stillman, an unregistered person practising in a department of medicine, and that you associated yourself in a professional capacity with him in carrying out such practice. And that in relation thereto you have been guilty of infamous conduct in a professional respect."

Please turn to Page 46

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What Women Are Doing

Anniversary Fixtures

THE National Council of Women of N.S.W. has arranged, as part of the 150th Anniversary Celebrations, an official luncheon on Feb. 3, at which Lady Wakehurst will be guest of honor, and the principal speaker Dame Maria Ogilvie-Gordon. Miss A. Miethke (S.A.), president of the Federal Council, and Mrs. I. H. Moss (Vic.), vice-president of the International Council, will be other speakers.

The International Conference will open on February 4.

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Assistant to Director of Vocational Guidance Centre

THE board of management of the Victorian Vocational Guidance Centre has recently appointed Miss M. Hutton Jones assistant to its director, Mr. R. Whately.

Miss M. Hutton Jones —Broothern.

Miss Hutton Jones is a graduate of Melbourne University, and holds both the Master of Arts degree and the Diploma of Education.

Prior to taking over her new appointment she was a member of the staff of Queen's Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Ballarat, and has always taken an active interest in the Girl Guide movement.

In Ballarat she had her own Brownie and Guide companies for several years, and also a correspondence training for Brownie Guiders.

In her new position she will specialise in vocational guidance work, as applied particularly to girls, and she has also been directed by the board to enlist supporters of the Vocational Guidance movement as members of the advisory council of the centre.

Interesting Quartet

AN interesting quartet of young women graduates will represent West Australia as voting delegates at the Biennial Conference of the Australian Federation of University Women in Sydney next week.

Miss Margaret Battye, the W.A. president, and Miss Mollie Kingston are both lawyers. Miss Dorothy Tangney is politically prominent as founder of the University Young Laborites, organiser of schoolgirls' and Varsity students' tours, and a courageous candidate for parliament, contesting with surprising results conservative stronghold seats.

The fourth, Dr. Joan Hearman, is the State's only woman forestry officer, doing a big and important job in south-west pine plantations.

American Pianist Visiting Australia

MISS RUTH GREENWALD, who took part in a successful combined piano and lieder recital in Melbourne in December, is a recent arrival from New York, where she was musical supervisor of Public Schools.

She received her musical training at the Institute of Musical Art, and later became a master pupil of Ignatz Hilisberg and Madame Vengerova, who is head of the piano department at the Curtis Institute, Philadelphia.

Miss Victoria Wilson, who also took part in the recital, is a graduate of the Melba Conservatorium, and was awarded a special scholarship by Dame Nellie Melba.

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South African Sisters; Nurse and Dietitian

TWO interesting sisters, Misses Margaret and Martha Read, from Johannesburg, South Africa, are on their way to New Zealand with their parents for a long holiday.

Up to the time of sailing Miss Margaret Read was attached to the Salisbury Hospital in Rhodesia as chief dietitian, and hopes to confer with dietitians in Australia and New Zealand.

The nursing profession has claimed the services of her sister Martha. For the past six years she has been attached to the staff of the Johannesburg General Hospital, a thoroughly up-to-date institution. This was started first by philanthropic efforts, but the Government, realising its importance and the value of its work, now assists, and for every £1000 collected it gives £1000. By this means people many miles from a regular medical service are able to have attention.

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Conference of University Women

THE 8th Biennial Conference of the Australian Federation of University Women will take place in Sydney next week, and will be attended by four or five voting delegates from each State, as well as numerous interstate visitors.

Dame Constance D'Arcy (president) will preside, and other well-known women who will attend include Miss Preda Bage (Brisbane), Dr. Georgina Sweet (Melbourne), Mrs. H. M. Lewis, Mrs. C. E. Dolling, Dr. Violet Plummer, and Miss Eleanor Plummer (all of Adelaide).

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Signora Borgioli Visits Her Homeland

SIGNORA BORGIOLI, formerly Miss Patricia Mort, of Sydney, has accompanied her husband to Australia. Signor Borgioli is under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and will be heard in opera as well as solo recitals.

Their home is in London, but Signora Borgioli says she spends much of her time in Europe, accompanying her husband on his professional engagements there.

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N.Z. Artist Leaves For England

MRS. RICHARD WALLWORK, of Christchurch, New Zealand, will leave Sydney at the end of this week for England, via the Suez Canal. Mrs. Wallwork is one of New Zealand's best-known artists, and is renowned for her miniatures and pastel portraits.

Her husband is an artist, and both Mr. and Mrs. Wallwork have had their paintings hung in Paris and London.

Popular Hostess to Make Home in Melbourne

MRS. A. E. V. RICHARDSON, of Urrbrae, South Australia, will be greatly missed from Adelaide when she leaves to make her home in Melbourne shortly, as she has always taken a keen interest in any movements concerning youth, progress, and culture, and is widely known for her wonderful hospitality. Mrs. Richardson has just completed her second year as president of the Alliance Francaise, and has been actively connected with the Girl Guide Association, the University Wives' Club, and the Adelaide Music Salon for a number of years.

She will leave Adelaide at the beginning of the University year for Melbourne, where her husband will take up his new appointment as deputy chief executive of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

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A Champion Woman Swimmer of Queensland

MISS MARIE CUZZU, of Brisbane, is Queensland's champion swimmer, and holds the records for 50, 60, and 100 yards. She is at present training hard for the Queensland championships, which take place in Brisbane this month. Although she works hard in a city office all day, she trains every night at the baths from 5 p.m. till half-past seven. In the last five years she has won 23 cups.

Miss M. Cuzzu —Noel Maitland.

Miss Cuzzu is the only woman member on the coaching and instructional committee of the Queensland Amateur Swimming Association. This work is honorary.

She has on various occasions represented Queensland in Melbourne, Tasmania, Adelaide, and Perth, in the interstate swimming carnivals. In Adelaide she was runner-up in the national quarter-mile, and at Perth gained three thirds in Australian championships.

Strange to say, this girl who spends much of her life in the water does not like surfing, and admits to a horror of sharks. Although she finds swimming hard work, she says it is full of compensations; it has enabled her to travel and meet very interesting people.

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Successful S.A. Athlete Retires

WITH the record of holding all but one of her club championship titles, Miss Laurel Anderson will be greatly missed in the Adelaide Women's Amateur Athletic Club when she retires this month. She is to be married to Mr. Norman Bush on January 29, and will not be competing for the titles this year.

Miss Anderson has been the most outstandingly successful member of her club for a number of years, and holds the championship titles in the high jump, broad jump, 100 yards and 200 yards events, all of which will be contested at the A.W.A.A.C. championship meeting in February.

Misses Jean Haussen, Bonda Ray, Marjorie Tiesie and the club secretary, Miss Joy Powell, will be among those competing for the titles.

Gave Thirty Years' Service to Hospital

AFTER thirty years of active service for the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, Mrs. J. Sutherland, the hon. secretary, has retired, and plans to take a well-earned holiday abroad this year.

She leaves on February 1 for England and the Continent, and while there intends to see something of the work being done in the various hospitals.

During her association with the hospital, Mrs. Sutherland has made a splendid contribution towards its management and well-being, and has done a great deal in the way of organisation.

For the past seven years she has been secretary of the auxiliaries, attended all meetings and fetes, and given much material as well as moral support.

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Wife Assists Organiser of Grand Prix

MRS. G. L. MORRIS, wife of the organiser of the Grand Prix race at Lobethal, South Australia, is a very keen motorist, and is always a decorative as well as an interested spectator at motor speed meetings.

As Dulcie Davenport she was well known on both the Australian and London stage before her marriage to the honorary secretary of the Sporting Car Club in Adelaide. Mrs. Morris always accompanies her husband in Sporting Car Club runs, and in inspecting the routes for both these and the important motor races which take place in South Australia, making an excellent hostess for visiting competitors.

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To Plan Gardens

MRS. WILLIAM LEGGE, a New Zealander, has a very important task in Singapore. She has been entrusted to plan the gardens and general lay-out of the grounds at the airport.

Mrs. Legge was formerly Miss Jean Airey, only daughter of Mr. M. E. F. Airey, who retired from the position of superintendent of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company in New Zealand a few years ago, and who now lives in Nelson. Miss Airey, who frequently travelled in the Far East and at one time lived in Hongkong, when her father was stationed there, married Mr. Legge several years ago. Her husband was formerly club captain of the Singapore Flying Club, and is still a member of the committee.

Works Hard For Her Golf Club

MISS EUNICE MARCONI, of Brisbane, is a staunch worker for the Victoria Park Golf Club, of which she is a foundation member.

Miss Marconi —Dorothy Coleman

The club was formed six years ago, and for the last five years Miss Marconi has been social secretary. That means a very busy time for her, as members are very active socially and have many gatherings during the year. Until last year they held dances every month, and their success was due very largely to Miss Marconi's organising ability. She is also a very keen player—plays off a handicap of fifteen—and has won many important trophies in the weekly competitions. She is at present enjoying a golfing holiday in Sydney and the Blue Mountains.

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Woman Appointed Governor of B.B.C.

FROM overseas comes news of the appointment of Miss Margery Fry as a governor of the British Broadcasting Corporation. The appointment is for five years.

Miss Fry is a member of the well-known Quaker family. She was in France with a Quaker mission for nearly three years, working in the devastated areas. She is a former principal of Somerville College.

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Hopes to Study Scotland Yard's Language Methods

ALTHOUGH she has been teaching for a number of years (she was headmistress of Woodlands Church of England Girls' Grammar School for 15 years), Miss Dora Gillam has an insatiable enthusiasm for her work. Her special bent is languages, and she is now on her way abroad to study them in London and Paris.

One of her chief aims is to study the methods by which police are taught modern languages at Scotland Yard. With this end in view she has taken with her a letter of introduction from the South Australian Commissioner of Police to Scotland Yard officials.

Miss G. M. Maitland is expected to arrive in Adelaide by the Strathaeden from England at the end of January to take up the headmistresship of Woodlands.

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Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 44

THE case was due to be heard on the 10th November and Andrew was in London a full week before that date. He was alone, for he had asked Hope and Denny to leave him entirely to himself. And he stayed, with a bitter, melancholy sentiment, at the Museum Hotel.

Though outwardly controlled, his state of mind was desperate. He swung between dark fits of bitterness and an emotional suspense which came not only from his doubts about the future, but from the vivid remembrance of every past moment of his medical career. Six weeks ago this crisis would have found him still benumbed by the agony of Christine's death, heedless, uncaring. But now, recovered, eager and ready to begin work again, he felt the shock of it with cruel intensity. He realised, with a heavy heart, that if all his reborn hopes were killed then he, too, might just as well be dead.

These and other painful thoughts perpetually thronged his brain, producing at times a state of bewildering confusion. He could not believe that he, Andrew Manson, was in this horrible situation, really facing the dreaded nightmare of every doctor. Why was he called before the Council? Why did they wish to strike him off the register? He had done nothing disgraceful. He was guilty of no felony, no misdemeanor. All that he had done was to cure Mary Boland of consumption.

His defence was in the hands of Horner & Co., of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a firm of solicitors Denny had strongly recommended to him. At first sight Thomas Horner was not impressive, a small red-faced man with gold-rimmed glasses and a fussy manner. Through some defect in his circulation he was subject to attacks of suffusion of his skin, which gave him a self-conscious air, a peculiarity that certainly did not serve to inspire confidence. Nevertheless Horner had decided views upon the conduct of the case. When Andrew, in his first burst of agonised indignation, had wished to rush to Sir Robert Abbey, his one influential friend in London, Horner had wryly pointed out that Abbey was a member of the Council. With equal disapproval the fussy little solicitor had vetoed Andrew's frantic plea that they cable Stillman to return immediately from America. They had all the evidence that Stillman could give them and the actual presence of the unqualified practitioner could serve only to exasperate the Council members. For the same reason Marland, now acting at Bellevue, must stay away.

Gradually Andrew began to see that the legal aspect of the case was utterly different from his own. His frenzied logic as, in Horner's office, he protested his innocence, caused the solicitor disapprovingly to wrinkle up his brow. At last Horner was forced to declare:

"If there is one thing I must beg of you, Dr. Manson, it is that you will not express yourself in such terms during the hearing on Wednesday. I assure you nothing would be more fatal to our case."

Andrew stopped short, his hands clenched, his eyes burning on Horner.

"But I want them to know the truth. I want to show them that getting this girl cured was the best thing I'd done for years. After mucking about for months doing ordinary material practice I'd actually done something fine and that—that's what they're having me up for."

HORNER'S eyes behind his glasses were deeply concerned. In his vexation the blood rushed into his skin.

"Please, please, Dr. Manson. You don't understand the gravity of our position! I must take this opportunity to tell you frankly that at the best I consider our chances of—of success to be slender. Precedent is dead against us—Kent in nineteen-nine, Louden in nineteen-twelve, Fougler in nineteen-nineteen, they were all deleted for unprofessional associations. And, of course, in the famous Hexam case, in nineteen-twenty-one, Hexam was struck off for administering a general anaesthetic for Jarvis the bonesetter. Now, what I wish to entreat of you is this—answer questions in the affirmative or negative, or, failing that, as briefly as possible. For I solemnly warn you that if you launch into one of these digressions which you have recently been offering me we will unquestionably lose our case and you will be struck off the register as sure as my name is Thomas Horner."

Andrew saw dimly that he must try to hold himself in check. Here he must, like a patient laid upon the table, submit to the formal operations of the Council. But it was difficult for him to reach that passive state. The mere idea that he must forgo all attempt at self-exoneration and dully answer "yes" or "no" was more than he could bear.

On the evening of Tuesday the 9th November, when his febrile expectation of what the next day would bring had reached its zenith, he found himself unaccountably in Paddington, walking in the direction of the Vidlers' shop, driven by a strange subconscious impulse. Deeply buried in his mind lay the morbid, still unconquered, fancy that all the calamity of these last months came in punishment for Harry Vidler's death. The inference was involuntary, unadmitted. Yet it was there, springing from the deep roots of his earliest belief. He was drawn irresistibly to Vidler's widow as though the mere sight of her might help him, give him, in some strange manner, appeasement from his suffering.

IT was a wet, dark night, and there were few people in the streets. He had a sense of queer unreality, walking unrecognised in this district where he had been known so well. His own dark figure became a shadow among other phantoms all hurrying, hurrying through the teeming rain. He reached the shop just before closing time, hesitated, then, as a customer came out, hurriedly went in.

Mrs. Vidler was alone, behind the counter of the cleaning and pressing department, folding a woman's coat which had just been left with her. She wore a black skirt and an old blouse, dyed black, gaping a little at the neck. Her mourning made her somehow smaller. Suddenly she lifted her eyes and saw him.

"It's Doctor Manson," she exclaimed, her face lighting up. "How are you, doctor?"

His answer came stiffly. He saw that she knew nothing of his present trouble. He remained standing in the doorway, rigid, gazing at her, the rain dripping slowly from his hat brim.

"Come in, doctor. Why, you're drenched. It's a wicked night——"

He interrupted her, his voice strained, unreal.

"Mrs. Vidler, I've wanted to come to see you for a long time. I've often wondered how you were getting on——"

"I'm managing, doctor. Not so bad. I've a new young man in the cobbling. He's a good worker. But come in and let me give you a cup of tea."

He shook his head.

"I'm—I'm just passing." Then he went on, almost desperately, "You must miss Harry very much."

"Well, yes, I do. At least, at first I did. But it's wonderful," she even smiled at him—"how you come to get used to things."

He said rapidly, confusedly:

"I reproach myself—in a way. Oh! it all happened so suddenly for you, I've often felt you must blame me——"

"Blame you!" She shook her head. "How can you say such a thing, when you done everything, even to the home, and getting the finest surgeon——"

"But you see," he persisted huskily, a rigid coldness in all his body, "if you had done differently, perhaps if Harry had gone to hospital——"

"I wouldn't have had it any different, doctor. My Harry had the best that money could give him. Why, even his funeral, I wish you could have seen it, the wreaths. As for blaming yourself—why, many's the time I've said in this shop Harry couldn't have had a better nor a kinder nor a cleverer doctor than yourself——"

As she went on talking he saw with a conclusive pang that, though he made open confession, she would never believe him. She had her illusion of Harry's peaceful, inevitable, costly passing. It would be cruelty to shake her from this pillar to which she clung so happily. He said, after a pause:

"I'm very glad to have seen you again, Mrs. Vidler. As I've said—I wanted to look you up."

He broke off, shook hands with her, bade her good-night, and went out.

The encounter, far from reassuring or consoling him, served only to intensify his wretchedness. His mood underwent a complete revulsion. What had he expected? Forgiveness, in the best fictional tradition? Condemnation? He reflected bitterly that now she probably thought more highly of him than ever. As he tramped back through the sopping streets he had the sudden conviction that he must lose his case to-morrow. The conviction deepened to a terrifying certainty.

Not far from his hotel, in a quiet side street, he passed the open doorway of a church. Once again impulse caught him, caused him to stop, retrace his steps and enter. It was dark inside, empty and warm, as though a service had not long ended. He did not know what church it was, nor did he care. He simply sat down in the back seat of all and fixed his haggard gaze upon the dark enshrouded apse. He reflected how Christine in their estrangement had fallen back upon the thought of God. He had never been a church-goer, but now, here he was, in this unknown church. Tribulation brought people here, brought people to their senses, brought people to the thought of God.

There he sat, bowed, like a man resting at the end of a journey. His thoughts flowed outwards, not in any considered prayer, but winged with the longing of his soul. God! don't let me be struck off. Oh, God! don't let me be struck off. For perhaps half an hour he remained in this strange meditation, then he rose and went straight to his hotel.

Next morning, though he had slept heavily, he woke to an even greater sense of sick anxiety. As he dressed his hands trembled slightly. He blamed himself for having come to this hotel with its associations of his membership examination. The feeling he now experienced was exactly that pre-examination dread, intensified a hundredfold.

Downstairs he could eat no breakfast. The time of his case was eleven o'clock and Horner had asked him to be early. He estimated it would take him not more than twenty minutes to get to Hallam Street and he fretted, in nervous pretence, with the newspapers in the hotel lounge until half-past ten. But when he started his taxi was caught in a long traffic jam due to an obstruction in Oxford Street. It was striking eleven when he reached the G.M.C. offices.

HE hurried into the Council Chamber with only a disturbed impression of its size, of the high table where the Council sat with the President, Sir Jenner Halliday, in the chair. Seated at the far end were the participants in his own case, oddly like actors waiting for their cue. Horner was there, Mary Boland, accompanied by her father. Nurse Sharp, Doctor Thoroughgood, Mr. Boon, Ward Sister Myles—his glance travelled along the line of chairs. Then hastily he seated himself beside Horner.

"I thought I told you to be early," the solicitor said in an aggrieved tone. "This other case is almost over. With the Council it's fatal to be late."

Andrew made no answer. As Horner had said, the President was even now pronouncing judgment on the case before his own, an adverse judgment, erasure from the register. Andrew could not keep his eye from the doctor convicted of some drab misdemeanor, a seedy down-at-heel individual who looked as though he had struggled hard to make a living. His utterly hopeless expression, as he stood condemned by this august body of his fellows, sent a shiver over Andrew.

But he had no time for thought, for more than a passing wave of pity. The next minute his own case was called. His heart contracted as the proceedings began.

The charge was formally read through. Then Mr. George Boon, the prosecuting solicitor, rose to open. He was a thin, precise, frock-coated figure, clean shaven, with a wide black ribbon to his eyeglasses. His voice came deliberately.

"Mr. President, gentlemen, this case which you are about to consider has, I submit, nothing to do with any theory of medicine as defined under Section Twenty-eight of the Medical Act. On the contrary, it exhibits a clear-cut instance of professional association with an unregistered person, a tendency which, I may perhaps observe, the Council has recently had cause to deplore.

"The facts of the case are these. The patient, Mary Boland, suffering from apical phthisis, was admitted to the wards of Doctor Thoroughgood at the Victoria Chest Hospital on July 18. There she remained under the care of Doctor Thoroughgood until September 14, when she discharged herself on the pretext that she wished to return to her home. I say pretext because, on the day of her discharge, instead of returning home, the patient was met at the lodge of the hospital by Doctor Manson, who immediately took her to an institution by the name of Bellevue which purports, I believe, to undertake the cure of pulmonary disorders.

"On arrival at this place, Bellevue, the patient was put to bed and examined by Doctor Manson in conjunction with the proprietor of the establishment, Mr. Richard Stillman, an unqualified person and—er—I understand, an alien. Upon examination, it was decided in consultation—I particularly call the Council to mark that phrase—in consultation, by Doctor Manson and Mr. Stillman, to operate upon the patient and to induce the condition of pneumothorax. Thereupon Doctor Manson administered the local anaesthetic and the induction was performed by Doctor Manson and Mr. Stillman.

"Now, gentlemen, having briefly outlined the case, I propose with your permission to call further evidence. Doctor Eustace Thoroughgood, please."

Please turn to Page 47

THIS HOUR

This hour is mine; a little island kept
For my delight, out of the hurts of day.
This hour is mine . . . Yesterday may have wept,
To-morrow frowns, but here I have my hour.
Nor frowns nor tears can take its Peace away.

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THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 46

DR. THOROUGHGOOD rose and came forward. Removing his eyeglasses, and holding them in readiness to emphasise his points, Boon began his interrogation.

"Doctor Thoroughgood, I have no wish to embarrass you. We are well aware of your reputation, I might say your eminence, as a consulting physician upon diseases of the lungs, and I have no doubt you may be actuated by a sense of leniency towards your junior colleague, but, Doctor Thoroughgood, is it not the fact that on Saturday, the morning of the 10th of September, Doctor Manson pressed you to a consultation upon this patient Mary Boland?"

"Yes."

"And is it not also the fact that in the course of this consultation he pressed you to adopt a line of treatment which you thought to be unwise?"

"He wished me to perform a P.T."

"Exactly! And in the best interests of the patient you refused."

"I did."

"Was Doctor Manson's manner in any way peculiar when you refused?"

"Well——" Thoroughgood hesitated.

"Please, Doctor Thoroughgood! We respect your natural reluctance."

"He didn't seem altogether himself that morning. He seemed to disagree with my decision."

"Thank you, Doctor Thoroughgood. You had no reason to imagine that the patient was dissatisfied with her treatment at the hospital"—at the mere idea a watery smile touched Boon's arid face—"that she had any grounds for complaint against you or the staff?"

"None whatever. She always seemed well pleased, happy, and contented."

"Thank you, Doctor Thoroughgood." Boon picked up his next paper. "And now, Ward Sister Myles, please."

Doctor Thoroughgood sat down. Ward Sister Myles came forward. Boon resumed:

"Sister Myles, on the forenoon of Monday, the 12th of September, the next day but one after this consultation between Doctor Thoroughgood and Doctor Manson, did Doctor Manson call to see the patient?"

"He did."

"Was it the usual hour for him to call?"

"No."

"Did he examine the patient?"

"No. We had no screens that morning. He just sat and talked with her."

"EXACTLY, Sister — a long and earnest conversation, if I may use the wording of your statutory declaration. But tell us, Sister, in your own words now, what took place immediately subsequent to Doctor Manson's departure."

"About half an hour after, Number Seventeen, that's to say, Mary Boland, said to me, 'Sister, I've been thinking things over and I've made up my mind to go. You've been very kind to me. But I want to leave next Wednesday.'"

Boon interrupted quickly.

"Next Wednesday. Thank you, Sister. It was that point I wished to establish. That will be all at present."

Ward Sister Myles stepped back.

The solicitor made a politely satisfied gesture with his beribboned eyeglasses.

"And now—Nurse Sharp, please." A pause. "Nurse Sharp. You are in a position to bear out the statement relating to Doctor Manson's movements on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 14th of September."

"Yes, I was there!"

"I gather from your tone, Nurse Sharp, that you were there unwillingly."

"When I found out where we were going and who this man Stillman was, not a doctor or anything, I was——"

"Shocked," Boon suggested.

"Yes, I was," shot out Nurse Sharp. "I've never had to do with anybody but proper doctors, real specialists, all my life."

"Exactly," Boon purred. "Now, Nurse Sharp, there is just one point which I wish you to make quite clear once again for the benefit of the Council. Did Doctor Manson actually co-operate with Mr. Stillman in —in performing this operation?"

"He did," Nurse Sharp answered vindictively.

At this point Abbey leaned forward and put a question suavely, through the President.

"Is it not the case, Nurse Sharp, that when the events in question took place you were under notice to Doctor Manson?"

Nurse Sharp reddened, violently, lost her composure and stammered: "Yes, I suppose so."

As she sat down a minute later Andrew was conscious of a faint spark of warmth—Abbey, at least, remained his friend.

Boon turned to the Council table, mildly aggrieved at the interruption.

"Mr. President, gentlemen, I might continue to call witnesses, but I am too sensible of the value of the Council's time. Moreover, I submit that I have proved my case conclusively. There seems not the slightest doubt that the patient Mary Boland was removed, entirely through the connivance of Doctor Manson, from the care of an eminent specialist in one of the best hospitals in London to this questionable institute—which in itself constitutes a grave breach of professional conduct—and that there Doctor Manson deliberately associated himself with the unqualified proprietor of this institute in the performance of a dangerous operation already stated to be contraindicated by Doctor Thoroughgood, the specialist ethically responsible for the case. Mr. President, gentlemen, here, I submit, we are not dealing, as might appear at first sight, with an isolated instance, an accidental misconduct, but with a planned, preconceived, and almost systematic infringement of the medical code."

Mr. Boon sat down, well pleased, and began to polish his glasses. There was a moment's silence. Andrew kept his eyes firmly upon the floor. It had been torture for him to endure the biased presentation of the case. Bitterly he told himself they were treating him like some hole-and-corner criminal. Then his solicitor came forward and prepared to address the Council.

As usual, Horner seemed flustered, his face was red and he had difficulty in arranging his papers. Yet, strangely, this seemed to gain him the indulgence of the Council. The President said:

"Yes, Mr. Horner?"

Horner cleared his throat.

"May it please you, Mr. President, gentlemen—I am not in dispute with the evidence brought by Mr. Boon. I have no wish to go behind the facts. But the manner of their interpretation gravely concerns us. There are, besides, certain additional points which throw a complexion upon the case much more favorable to my client.

"IT has not yet been stated that Miss Boland was primarily Doctor Manson's patient, since she consulted him, prior to seeing Doctor Thoroughgood, on the 11th of July. Further, Doctor Manson was personally interested in the case. Miss Boland is the daughter of a close friend. Thus, all along, he regarded her as his own responsibity. We must frankly admit that Doctor Manson's action was completely misguided. But I suggest respectfully it was neither dishonorable nor malicious.

"We have heard of this slight difference of opinion over the question of treatment between Doctor Thoroughgood and Doctor Manson. Bearing in mind Doctor Manson's great interest in the case, it was not unnatural for him to wish to take it back into his own hands. Naturally, he wished to cause his senior colleague no distress. That, and nothing more, was the reason of the subterfuge upon which Mr. Boon has laid such stress." Here Horner paused, pulled out a handkerchief and coughed. He had the air of a man approaching a more difficult hurdle. "And now we come to the matter of association, of Mr. Stillman and Bellevue. I assume members of the Council are not ignorant of Mr. Stillman's name. Although unqualified, he enjoys a certain reputation, and is even reported to have brought about certain obscure cures."

The President interrupted gravely:

"Mr. Horner, what can you, a layman, know of these matters?"

"I agree, sir," Horner said hurriedly. "My real point is that Mr. Stillman would appear to be a man of character. It so happens that he introduced himself to Doctor Manson many years ago through a letter complimenting Doctor Manson upon some research work he had done upon the lungs. The two met later on a purely unprofessional footing when Mr. Stillman came here to establish his clinic. Thus, though it was ill-considered, it was not unnatural that Doctor Manson, seeking a place where he could himself give treatment to Miss Boland, should avail himself of the convenience offered him at Bellevue. My friend Mr. Boon has referred to Bellevue as a 'questionable' establishment. On that point I feel the Council might be interested to hear evidence. Miss Boland, please."

AS Mary rose the scrutiny of the Council members fell upon her with marked curiosity. Though she was nervous and kept her gaze on Horner, not once glancing at Andrew, she seemed well, in normal health.

"Miss Boland," said Horner, "I want you to tell us frankly—did you find anything to complain of while you were a patient at Bellevue?"

"No! Quite the reverse." Andrew saw at once that she had been carefully instructed beforehand. Her answer came with guarded moderation.

"You suffered no ill effects?"

"On the contrary. I am better."

"In fact, the treatment carried out there was really the treatment Doctor Manson suggested for you at your first interview with him on—let me see—on July the 11th."

"Yes."

"Is this relevant?" the President asked.

"I have finished with this witness, sir," Horner said quickly. As Mary sat down he threw out his hands towards the Council table in his deprecatory style. "What I am venturing to suggest, gentlemen, is that the treatment effected at Bellevue was in actuality Doctor Manson's treatment carried out—unethically perhaps—by other persons. There was, I contend, within the meaning of the act, no professional co-operation between Stillman and Doctor Manson. I should like to call Doctor Manson."

Andrew stood up, acutely conscious of his position, of every eye directed towards him. He was pale and drawn. A sense of cold emptiness lay in the pit of his stomach. He heard Horner address him.

"Doctor Manson, you received no financial gain in respect of the alleged co-operation with Mr. Stillman?"

"Not a penny."

"You had no ulterior motive, no base objective, in doing as you did?"

"No."

"You meant no reflection on your senior colleague, Doctor Thoroughgood?"

"No. We got on well together. It was just—our opinions did not coincide in this case."

"Exactly." Horner intervened rather hastily. "You can assure the Council then, honestly and sincerely, that you had no intention of offending against the medical code nor the remotest idea that your conduct was in any degree infamous."

"That is the absolute truth."

Horner suppressed a sigh of relief as, with a nod, he dismissed Andrew. Though he had felt himself obliged to produce this evidence he had feared his client's impetuosity. But now it was safely over, and he felt that, if his summing up were brief, they might now possibly have a slender chance of success. He said with a contrite air:

"I have no wish to keep the Council further. I have tried to show that Dr. Manson made merely an unhappy mistake. I appeal, not only to the justice, but to the mercy of the Council. And I should like finally to draw the Council's attention to my client's attainments. His past history is one of which, any man might be proud. We are all aware of cases in which brilliant men have been guilty of a single error, and, failing to secure mercy, their careers were eclipsed. I hope, and indeed I pray, that this case which you are about to judge may not be such as these."

The apology and humility in Horner's tone were quite admirable in their effect upon the Council. But almost at once Boon was on his feet again, craving the indulgence of the President.

"With your permission, sir, there are one or two questions I should like to put to Dr. Manson." He swung round, inviting Andrew to his feet by an upward movement of his eyeglasses. "Dr. Manson, your last answer was scarcely clear to me. You say you had no knowledge that your conduct was in any degree infamous. Yet you did know that Mr. Stillman was not a qualified gentleman."

Andrew considered Boon from beneath his brows. The attitude of the finicky solicitor had, during the entire hearing, made him feel guilty of some disgraceful act. A slow spark kindled in the chilly void within him. He said distinctly:

"Yes, I knew he was not a doctor."

The little wintry smirk of satisfaction showed on Boon's face. He said goadingly:

"I see. I see. Yet even that did not deter you."

"Even that didn't," echoed Andrew with sudden bitterness. He felt his control going. He took a long breath. "Mr. Boon, I've listened to you asking a great many questions. Will you allow me to ask you one? Have you heard of Louis Pasteur?"

"Yes," Boon was startled into the reply. "Who hasn't!"

Please turn to Page 48

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THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 47

"EXACTLY! Who hasn't? You are probably unaware of the fact, Mr. Boon, but perhaps you will allow me to tell you that Louis Pasteur, the greatest figure of all in scientific medicine, was not a doctor. Nor was Ehrlich—the man who gave medicine the best and most specific remedy in its entire history. Nor was Haffkine—who fought the plague in India better than any qualified gentleman has ever done. Nor was Metchnikoff, inferior only to Pasteur in his greatness. Forgive me for reminding you of these elementary facts, Mr. Boon. They may show you that every man fighting disease who hasn't got his name on the register isn't necessarily a knave or a fool!"

Electric silence. Hitherto the proceedings had dragged along in an atmosphere of pompous dreariness, a musty staleness, like a second-hand law court. But now every member at the Council table sat erect. Abbey, in particular, had his eyes upon Andrew with a strange intentness. A moment passed.

Horner, with his hand before his face, groaned in dismay. Now, indeed, he knew the case was lost. Boon, though horribly discomfited, made an effort to recover himself.

"Yes, yes, these are illustrious names, we know. Surely you don't compare Stillman with them?"

"Why not?" Andrew rushed on in burning indignation. "They're only illustrious because they're dead. Virchow laughed at Koch in his lifetime—abused him! We don't abuse him now. We abuse men like Spahlinger and Stillman. There's another example for you—Spahlinger—a great and original scientific thinker. He's not a doctor. He has no medical degree. But he's done more for medicine than thousands of men with degrees, men who ride about in motor-cars and charge their fees, free as air, while Spahlinger is opposed and disparaged and accused, allowed to spend his fortune in research and treatment. And then left to struggle on in poverty."

"Are we to take it," Boon managed a sneer, "that you have an equal admiration for Richard Stillman?"

"Yes! He's a great man, a man who has devoted his whole life to benefiting mankind. He's had to fight jealousy and prejudice and misrepresentation, too. In his own country he has overcome it. But apparently not here. Yet I'm convinced that he's done more against tuberculosis than any man living in this country. He's outside the profession. Yes! But there are plenty inside it who have been running up against T.B. all their lives and have never done an atom of good in fighting it."

There was sensation in the long high room. Mary Boland's eyes now fixed on Andrew were shining between admiration and anxiety. Horner, slowly, and sadly, was gathering his papers, slipping them into his leather case.

The president intervened.

"Do you realise what you are saying?"

"I do." Andrew gripped the back of his chair tensely, aware that he had been carried into grave indiscretion but determined to stand by his opinions. Breathing quickly, strung to breaking pitch, a queer kind of recklessness took hold of him. If they were going to strike him off, let him give them cause to do so. He rushed on, "I've listened to the pleading that's been going on to-day on my behalf and all the time I've been asking myself what harm I've done. I don't want to work with quacks. I don't believe in bogus remedies. That's why I don't open half the highly scientific advertisements that come pouring into my letter-box by every post. I know I am speaking more strongly than I should, but I can't help it. We're not nearly liberal enough. If we go on trying to make out that everything's wrong outside the profession, and everything is right within, it means the death of scientific progress. We'll just turn into a tight little trade protection society. It's high time we started putting our own house in order, and I don't mean the superficial things either. Go to the beginning, think of the hopelessly inadequate training doctors get. When I qualified I was more of a menace to society than anything else. All I knew was the names of a few diseases and the drugs I was supposed to give for them. I couldn't even lock a pair of midwifery forceps. Anything I know I've learned since then. But how many doctors do learn anything beyond the ordinary rudiments they pick up in practice? They haven't got time, poor devils, they're rushed off their feet.

"THAT'S where our whole organisation is rotten. We ought to be arranged in scientific units. There ought to be compulsory post-graduate classes. There ought to be a great attempt to bring science into the front line, to do away with the old bottle-of-medicine idea, give every practitioner a chance to study, to co-operate in research. And what about commercialism?—the useless guinea-chasing treatments, the unnecessary operations, the crowds of worthless pseudo-scientific proprietary preparations we use—isn't it time some of these were eliminated? The whole profession is far too tolerant and smug. Structurally we're static. We never think of advancing, altering our system. We say we'll do things and we don't. For years we've been bleating about the sweated conditions under which our nurses work—the wretched pittances we pay them. Well? They're still being sweated, still paid their pittances. That's just an example. What I really mean is deeper than that. We don't give our pioneers a chance. Doctor Hexam, the man who was brave enough to give anaesthetics for Jarvis, the manipulator, when he was beginning his work, got struck off the register. Ten years later when Jarvis had cured hundreds of cases which had baffled the best surgeons in London, when he had been given a knighthood, when all the 'best people' proclaimed him a genius, then we crawled back and gave him an honorary M.D. By that time Hexam was dead of a broken heart. I know I have made plenty of mistakes, and bad mistakes, in practice. And I regret them. But I made no mistake with Richard Stillman. And I don't regret what I did with him. All I ask you to do is to look at Mary Boland. She had apical phthisis when she went to Stillman. Now she's cured. If you want any justification of my infamous conduct here it is, in this room, before you."

Quite abruptly he ended and sat down. At the high Council table there was queer light upon Abbey's face. Boon, still upon his feet, gazed at Manson with mixed feelings. Then, reflecting vengefully that he had at least given this upstart doctor enough rope to hang himself with, he bowed to the President and took his chair.

For a minute a peculiar silence filled the chamber, then the President made the customary declaration.

"I ask all strangers to withdraw."

Andrew went out with the rest. Now his recklessness was gone and his head, his whole body was throbbing like an overtaxed machine. The atmosphere of the council chamber stifled him. He could not endure the presence of Horner, Boland, Mary and the other witnesses. He dreaded especially that melancholy reproach on the face of his solicitor. He knew he had behaved like a fool, a wretched declamatory fool. Now he saw his honesty as sheer madness. Yes, it was madness to attempt to harangue the Council as he had done. He ought to have been not a doctor but a stump orator in Hyde Park. Well! Soon he would cease to be a doctor. They would simply wipe him off the list.

He went into the cloak-room, desiring only to be alone, and sat on the edge of one of the washbasins, mechanically feeling for a cigarette. But the smoke was tasteless on his parched tongue and he crushed the cigarette beneath his heel. It was strange, despite the hard things, the true things he had said of the profession a few moments ago, how miserable he should feel at being cast out from it. He realised that he might find work with Stillman. But this was not the work he wanted. No! He wished to be with Denny and Hope, to develop his own bent, drive the spearhead of his scheme into the hide of apathy and conservatism. But all this must be done from within the profession, it could never, in England, never, never be accomplished from outside. Now Denny and Hope must man the Trojan horse alone. A great wave of bitterness swept over him. The future stretched out before him desolately. He had already that most painful sense of all—the feeling of exclusion—and allied to it, the knowledge that he was finished, done for—this was the end.

THE sound of people moving in the corridor brought him wearily to his feet. As he joined them and re-entered the council chamber he told himself sternly that only one thing remained to him. He must not grovel. He prayed that he would give no sign of subservience, of weakness. With his eyes fixed firmly on the floor immediately before him, he saw no one, gave no glance towards the high table, remained passive, motionless. All the trivial sounds of the room re-echoed maddeningly about him—the scraping of chairs, the coughing, whispering, even the incredible sound of someone tapping idly with a pencil.

BUT suddenly there was silence. A spasm of rigidity took hold of Andrew. Now, he thought, now it is coming! The President spoke. He spoke slowly, impressively.

"Andrew Manson, I have to inform you that the Council has given very careful consideration to the charge brought against you and to the evidence brought in support of it. The Council is of opinion that, despite the peculiar circumstances of the case and your own particularly unorthodox presentation of it, you were acting in good faith and were sincerely desirous of complying with the spirit of the law demanding a high standard of professional conduct. I have to inform you, accordingly, that the Council has not seen fit to direct the Registrar to erase your name."

For one dazed second he did not comprehend. Then a sudden shivering thrill passed over him. They had not struck him off. He was free, clear, vindicated.

He raised his head shakily towards the Council table. Of all the faces, strangely blurred, turned towards his own, the one he saw most distinctly was that of Robert Abbey. The understanding in Abbey's eyes distressed him even more. He knew, in one illuminating flash, that it was Abbey who had got him off. Gone now was his pretence of indifference. He muttered feebly—and though he addressed the President it was to Abbey that he spoke:

"Thank you, sir."

The President said:

"That terminates the case."

Andrew stood up, instantly surrounded by his friends, by Con, Mary, the astounded Mr. Horner, by people he had never seen before, who now shook him warmly by the hand. Somehow he was in the street outside, still being beaten about the shoulders by Con, oddly reassured in his nervous confusion by the passing buses, the normal stream of traffic, recaptured every now and then, with a start of joy, the unbelievable ecstasy of his release. He looked down unexpectedly to see Mary gazing up at him, her eyes still filled with tears.

"If they'd done anything to you—after all you've done for me, I'd—oh! I'd have killed that old president."

"In the name of Heaven!" Con irrepressibly declared. "I don't know what ye were worrying about! The minute old Manson started to get goin', sure, I knew he would knock the stuffing outa them."

Andrew smiled weakly, doubtfully, joyously.

The three reached the Museum Hotel after one o'clock. And there, waiting in the lounge, was Denny. He sauntered towards them, gravely smiling. Horner had telephoned the news. But he had no comment to make. He merely said:

"I'm hungry. But we can't feed here. Come along, all of you, and lunch with me."

They lunched at the Connaught Restaurant. Though no flicker of emotion crossed Philip's face, though he talked mainly of motor-cars to Con, he made it a happy celebration. Afterwards he said to Andrew:

"Our train leaves at four o'clock. Hope's in Stanborough—at the hotel, waiting on us. We can get that property dirt cheap. I've got some shopping to do. But I'll meet you at Euston at ten to four!"

Andrew gazed at Denny, conscious of his friendship, of all that he owed him since the first moment of their meeting, in the little Blaenelly surgery. He said suddenly:

"Supposing I'd been struck off?"

"You're not." Philip shook his head. "And I'll see to it that you never will be."

When Denny left to make his purchases Andrew accompanied Con and Mary to their train at Paddington. As they waited on the platform, rather silent now, he repeated the invitation he had already given them.

"You must come and see us at Stanborough."

"We will that," Con assured him. "In the spring—whenever I get the little bus tuned up."

When their train steamed out he still had an hour to spare. But there was no doubt in his mind as to what he wished to do. Instinctively, he boarded a bus and soon he was in Kensal Green. He entered the cemetery, stood a long time at Christine's grave, thinking of many things. It was a bright, fresh afternoon, with that crispness in the breeze which she had always loved. Above him, on the branch of a grimy tree, a sparrow chirped merrily. When at last he turned away, hastening for fear he should be late, there, in the sky before him, a bank of cloud laid brightly, bearing the shape of battlements.

(Copyright)

"CONSTIPATION was ruining my health—then I gave ALL-BRAN a trial"

says Mrs. D. Taylor of Summergold Kennels, Woodville Road, Villawood, N.S.W.

"I want to write and tell you what benefit my husband and I have found in your Kellogg's All-Bran. We used to always have to take medicines, and then one day I read one of your All-Bran advertisements, and I decided to give All-Bran a trial. Now my husband and I are both in much better health, and need take no laxatives. I feel sure that if people only knew of Kellogg's All-Bran, they wouldn't waste time with medicines. Thanking you for such a lovely cereal."

Common Constipation is Caused by Lack of "Bulk" in our Diet.

Your doctor will tell you that common constipation is usually caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. Bulk is the fibrous element you get in certain rough grains, vegetables and fruit. Nature *needs* this "bulk" to exercise the bowels and keep them regular.

But, unfortunately, most of the foods we eat such as white bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk and butter, contain little or no "bulk."

All-Bran Supplies the "Bulk" Your System Needs. Scientists have proved that Bran supplies the best possible type of "bulk". Acting upon this research, Kellogg's have produced All-Bran — a nut-sweet breakfast cereal which gives you the most effective type of "bulk" in a concentrated form. As All-Bran passes through the system, it forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently cleans the alimentary tract. The peristaltic action of the bowels is resumed in a natural manner.

Order some Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day — and you will be free of constipation by this time next week.

X I have examined these testimonials with the original letters, and declare these testimonials to be genuine in every particular.

"Constipation Was a Real Nightmare Until I Tried All-Bran," writes Mr. A.R. of Ashburner Street, Manly, Sydney. "Towards the end of last year I was nervy, sluggish and always on edge. I saw my doctor and he traced my trouble to constipation. I told him I had tried all sorts of laxatives and medicines but they left me worse than before. Now I'm more regular than I've been for some years, and all my sluggishness is gone. Kellogg's All-Bran is my stand-by now—I don't have to force myself any longer."

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Cures Constipation the Natural Way

● Hollywood "Dick" — *the REAL low-down from Hollywood; Mondays at 8.15 p.m. — by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a national relay* — 2CH, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 4BK-AK, 3DB-LK, *and* 5AD-MU-PI-SE.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

January 15, 1937. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

NO LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE will pass lightly over this glorious landscape garden study. A natural-color picture, taken by our own photographer, it will inspire home lovers and gardening enthusiasts. Forethought is evidenced in the planning . . . Note the colorful stocks ringing the blue of forget-me-nots, the broad sweep of perfectly-kept lawn—and the magnificence of our own Australian trees.

Stocks . . . Password to Fragrance and Beauty

For Late Winter and Early Spring Glory . . .

Says the OLD GARDENER

ENTHUSIASTIC gardeners are strongly advised to sow seeds of stocks at once. Here, the Old Gardener tells you how to sow, how to plant and tend this fragrant favorite. Follow his advice and your garden will be a mass of color.

TO have stocks at their best, the seed should be sown early. Get it in immediately, for stocks love the cold weather.

Select the very best seed obtainable, even if you have to pay a little more for it. Giant Imperial is a beautiful strain, and can be had in a variety of colors.

Choose a semi-shaded portion of the garden for the seed-bed, where it will receive a fair amount of morning sun and be sheltered through the hotter part of the day. Dig this over well, remove all weeds. Break the bed up into a fine tilth, make perfectly level, then give a thorough soaking. A good plan is to place boards or bricks around the bed. This keeps the soil from being washed away.

After having thoroughly soaked the bed, leave for about an hour, then sprinkle the seeds thinly on the surface, and cover lightly with, for preference, old animal manure rubbed through a fine sieve. Give the surface, then, a light watering.

After completing this, cover the seed-bed with an old bag. Remember, the darker you keep the seed-bed the quicker the germination takes place. In a few days the young plants will be through. Covering must then be removed gradually.

Many people do their seed-raising in boxes, but I prefer the open ground as the soil does not dry out as quickly as the boxes.

Never allow the bed or boxes on any account to become dry, and be sure and not have them too wet.

When the young plants have attained their third leaf they should be pricked out into boxes.

Boxes should be from a foot to eighteen inches square. They must be thoroughly crocked with cinders, broken pieces of stone, or any such material suitable for drainage purposes. Have plenty of holes bored in the bottom to allow for the draining-off of all excess water.

On no account must the water be allowed to collect and remain in the box. If so, the soil will become positively sour. This results in the young plants becoming sickly, leaves turning yellow, and decay setting in in the roots.

After the boxes have been thoroughly crocked and prepared, secure some good loamy soil free from all lumps. A good idea is to pass it through a sieve. Fill the boxes with this soil and prick the plants out of the seed-bed into the boxes, spacing the plants an inch each way.

When pricked out, give them a good watering and place them in a semi-shaded position.

Constant attention must be given them from then on until transplanting time. Water sparingly. Keep the soil just damp in the boxes; not too wet.

The time taken in pricking out from the nursery-beds into the boxes is well worth the trouble, as they grow to strong, healthy plants, and produce a good second root system.

If left in the nursery-beds, they become thin and drawn, with a very weak root, and when transplanted to their permanent position many weeks elapse before they begin to make a move at all. But with the box system they can be carried to the bed where they are to be transplanted, given a good watering an hour beforehand, and transplanting can be done more simply, and without giving any of the plants a set-back in the operation.

The plants can be easily removed by cutting round them with a knife and removing the whole block of soil with them.

While the plants are growing in the nursery-boxes, set to work and prepare the beds where the display is to be.

Select a good, open, sunny position facing the north or north-east.

The most essential thing is to see that the bed is well drained. Stocks will not stand a bed that becomes saturated with water. Good, free, open soil is the ideal bed for them.

If this cannot be found, the bed will have to be artificially drained.

The bed then should be well dug, incorporating with the soil plenty of farmyard, animal or fowl manure.

Stocks love rich soil, so don't be sparing with the manure.

Have the bed raked perfectly level; then, just before planting time, give a good dressing of potash.

This also helps to produce beautiful, rich, and lasting colors in the flowers.

Building Up Sandy Soil

LOOSE, sandy soils require all the decomposed animal manure, rotted lawn clippings, weeds, etc., that you can possibly give them. Make a pit and throw in everything that will rot down for the garden—it will prove a real asset.

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Learn How to BEAUTIFY Your EYES

Care for their loveliness with common-sense treatment and emphasise their attraction with subtle make-up.

By JANET

SHINING through the brown, blue, grey, or green of your eyes is your particular personality. Those so-called "mirrors of the soul" reflect your attitude towards life, your emotions, and your intelligence.

THERE'S witchery, too, in lovely eyes. They may be enigmatic, magnetic, mysterious, vital . . . They may hold a wistful smile in their depths or they may sparkle with irresistible good humor.

All of which only serves to emphasise the enormous importance of eyes and the necessity for giving them every possible care to not only retain their loveliness, but to make them even more beautiful.

Eyes are a barometer indicating the condition of your health. Any organic trouble causes dullness of the eyes and affects the sight immediately. And the most beautiful face will prove uninteresting if the eyes are lustreless. The remedy in this case is to find the cause of ill-health and then its cure.

Sometimes eyes are dull and uninteresting from sheer neglect. Some women will spend fortunes on their faces and their bodies, but quite overlook caring for their eyes. Regular facials and hair waves, cosmetics of every sort are indulged in, but the eyes are forgotten.

Yet it takes very little daily care and make-up to transform even nondescript eyes into features of beauty.

FIRST of all, eyes need exercise and relaxation in the same way as the body does. The eyes are called upon to do most strenuous work every day. Long hours spent at a desk, in factory or store, sewing or reading take heavy toll upon the beauty of the eyes. And Nature never intended that eyes should stare for long stretches at a time at objects within very short range.

An exercise that is good for the muscles of the eyes and that you can do for a few minutes every day is to imagine a large letter X within the line of vision.

Open the eyes to full size and swing the pupils across the X from right to left, and then from left to right, first down the X and then in the upward direction. Repeat these little movements three times to begin with, and then increase to five times.

A beauty expert who has specialised in the care of the eyes claims that you cannot only improve your eyesight and make the eyes lovelier in appearance, but that with constant care you can keep at bay for years lines and other disfigurements that come with old age.

ABOVE: Relaxing the eyes regularly is essential if you want to retain their youthful loveliness. This can be done by soaking two pads of cotton-wool in witch-hazel, placing over the eyes, and holding in place with a masque.

Worth Noting

HERE is what she advises: Never bathe the eyes and then go out. Rest them for a few minutes first. Never use strong astringents on the eyes. Instead of eliminating crowsfeet, they tend to dry the skin and paralyse the pores. In place of the eye bath and astringent use an enamel basin holding a pint of hot water. To this add a teaspoon of salt. Have the water as hot as can be borne and douche the eyes with the hands several times. Then bathe with cold water and pat dry.

Now saturate two little pads of cotton-wool in witch-hazel and place over the eyes. The pads can be held in place by a bandage or, better still, a masque specially made for the purpose. With pads over the eyes lie down and relax for at least ten minutes. Do this whenever the eyes feel tired, day or night.

This is especially good when you want to brighten up for a party after a hard day.

In addition to this bathing and relaxing treatment, never go to bed at night without using a good cream on the skin surrounding the eyes, and an ointment on the lashes for promoting their growth.

In addition to these preparations you can also buy now the masque already mentioned which has been designed to hold the cotton-wool pads soaked in witch-hazel over the eyes while you lie down.

The pictures on this page show you what the masque looks like and how it is placed over the eyes. Inflamed lids require special treatment with a suitable lotion. This may be used on the cotton-wool pads instead of the witch-hazel.

WHEN applying eye make-up use the greatest care. Don't overdo it or you will give the eyes a hard, artificial look. Choose your eye-shadow and mascara to harmonise with your coloring and the coloring of your eyes. As a rule, brown or grey eye-shadow is best for daytime, but for night you can be more adventurous and experiment with blue, green, or even silver and other exotic tints.

Or you may prefer to dispense with eye-shadow, especially if you already have natural shadows round the eyes, and add a touch of "dewiness" by brushing the lids with the merest trace of brilliantine.

When you apply mascara, do it ever so lightly. Brush each lash and apply the mascara to the tips only. This will give the eyes a starry appearance. But whatever you do, see that there are no lashes sticking together w[illegible] mascara. Use, if necessary, anot[illegible] lash-brush without mascara on it [illegible] separate the lashes.

If your lashes are sparse and p[illegible] remember that using a suitable [illegible]ment at night will greatly prom[illegible] growth and give them a silky appe[illegible]ance. A daily brush with cold tea w[illegible] also help to darken them.

ABOVE: There's amazing attraction in beautiful eyes. Phyllis Brooks, [illegible] Century-Fox player, who gazes at you here with such fascinating intens[illegible] uses brown mascara on her lashes, and a little eye-shadow on the lids [illegible] emphasise the loveliness of her eyes.

IRENE

for lovely Eyelashes

Don't deny yourself the added beauty that Irene will give your eyes. YOU can have the long, dark, silky eyelashes that have been the hall-mark of beautiful women all down the ages.

Irene is a harmless, streak-proof mascara. It will make your lashes grow amazingly. You can have your lashes black or brown, or blue or green, as your colouring dictates. Irene works wonders. Try it.

All Chemists and Toilet Goods Counters 1/6.

1/6 IRENE *Mascara*

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Some Instructions for Weaning Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

The process of weaning baby from the breast to humanised cow's milk should take place between the 9th and 12th months, unless baby's 9th month falls in the height of summer, when the commencement of weaning should be put off, if possible, for a month or two.

MANY babies are weaned much earlier than this for quite inadequate reasons. For instance, some babies are weaned because their mothers contract influenza or other feverish diseases. This is quite unnecessary, as the milk can be drawn off by hand-expression or breast pump at the regular feeding times till the mother's temperature is back to normal, when baby should be once more put to the breast. (Baby meantime should be fed with diluted humanised milk.)

Even should the mother have to have an operation while nursing baby the child should be put back to the breast as soon as the mother's condition allows.

Perhaps the most frequent cause of early weaning is a worried and nervous condition of the mother.

A baby who is fed on "worried" human milk will often do better if weaned gradually on to a suitable milk mixture.

In such cases, it is often enough for the mother to partially feed her baby, making up the deficiency of her milk supply with humanised milk, given by bottle at the end of each feed. In other cases, it is wiser to wean over a period of five or six weeks; for no woman should make herself a martyr, or cause upheaval to the rest of her family out of a stubborn determination to go on feeding naturally at all costs. Breast-feeding should be a happy procedure—not a continual nerve-racking strain.

Heed This Advice

IF a baby cries and is restless at night, "returns" some of his food after meals, has more motions than usual, and puts on too much weight, you may be sure he is being overfed.

Do not blame the quality of your milk, but simply give him a little less time at the breast.

Above all, do not give him a dummy to pacify him. A dummy will only add to his troubles, as, through its use, a wrong rhythm of sucking is set up. Baby wastes energy and saliva sucking the dummy and will not suck so well at the breast at proper feeding times.

No correctly handled baby cries at night. Find out what is wrong with him. The use of a dummy is a lazy habit, and only makes matters worse.

Frequently the use of a dummy is the cause of early weaning, for the child, having spent his energy in sucking the comforter, cannot give to the breasts the vigorous stimulation they require for the production of milk. Very soon the milk supply falls off, and the mother has to complement the natural food with modified cow's m[illegible] or wean fully.

The change from complete natu[illegible] feeding to complete artificial feed[illegible] should never be made in less than [illegible] weeks, except for urgent reasons.

Gradual Process

IT is best to wean over a period [illegible] six weeks, because is the process [illegible] a gradual one baby's digestion will [illegible] be upset and the mother will not suf[illegible] from the discomfort of over-full [illegible] breasts.

The first week of weaning is a p[illegible]paratory week in which the baby [illegible] educated to swallow a new food. [illegible] not expect him to "take to" [illegible] humanised milk right from the st[illegible] A little patience will be needed. [illegible] things will be easier for you if ba[illegible] has previously been used to hav[illegible] his daily drink of boiled water fr[illegible] a bottle, or from cup and spoon.

If weaning is begun before the six[illegible] month, give the artificial food [illegible] bottle and teat; if after the six[illegible] month, it is better to teach baby [illegible] take his food from cup and spoon, p[illegible]vided he has already cut some teeth.

If baby is up to the normal weig[illegible] and going ahead well, the 10 o'c[illegible] feeding should be discontinued a[illegible] he is weaned. He will then have [illegible] four meals a day, but will take p[illegible]portionately more milk mixture [illegible] each feed, so that he will still be t[illegible]ing his total number of ounces for [illegible] 24 hours.

At nine months, whether baby [illegible] weaned or not, he should be given [illegible] hard crusts or crisp toast. This [illegible] best given about ten minutes bef[illegible] feeding time—not between me[illegible] Give him nothing between meals [illegible] boiled water and fruit juice.

Boil all milk given to baby, esp[illegible]ally during the summer.

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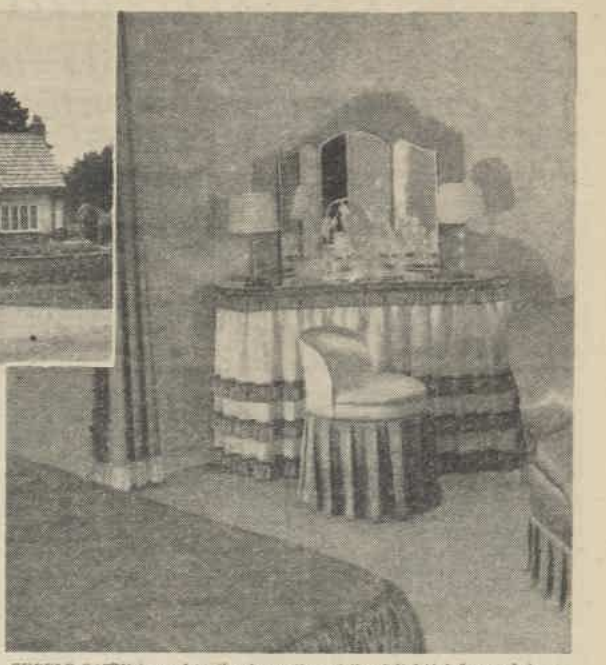
FLOUNCE Them in SILK or CRISP COTTONS

New and aptivating ways of ecorating old-world ressing-tables

By Our Home Decorator

THE architectural style of this spacious South Australian home will interest home-lovers everywhere. Quite a picturesque touch is given by the garden wall and the attractive gate. Natural stone, you will note, has also been introduced into the shoulder of the chimney.



SUPPLE SATIN is used in the decoration of the delightful flounced dressing-table illustrated above. The bedspread, likewise the satin employed in the well-padded and inviting lounge, is carried out in ice-blue, the same color as that used for the frills. The top of the table is of glass and the triple mirror reflects light, and color, and movement. This, by the way, is the charming room of Maureen O'Sullivan, lovely M.-G.-M. star.

ROOMS, like faces, gain piquancy from ght changes in treatment make-up. Even such a le thing as a smart, new ffure can bring fresh arm and interest to a e. Similarly, a decoive bedspread or a sp, new skirt for the ssing-table can do much a bedroom.

HERE are five delightfully different types of flounced ssing-tables illustrated on page. The designs have come abroad and each and every one

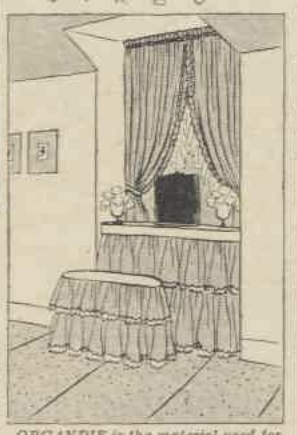
LEFT: Loveliness at little cost . . . soft powder-blue silk covers a humble kitchen table. Satin ribbon conceals the edge of the table. Posies give a dainty finish.

DESIGNED for sweet sixteen's oom. Ivory chintz allied with illy curtains. The top of the table is painted to match.

ld be copied by any girl or woman all deft with the needle.

Three of the designs I brought back m me from America. American men simply adore these frilly afn. They invariably decorate sweet teen's room, the guest room and, y often, grace the master bedroom, the main bedroom is called over ere.

The one shown immediately above orated a young girl's room. The ney-shaped top was cut from a e piece of pine, about three feet g. The skirt was made from white ntz, gathered and stitched to a d which, in turn, was tacked to edge of the table with small tacks. e very full flounce was decorated h ball fringe. A four-inch band buckram covered with closely-rred chintz and edged with ball nge conceals the tacks which hold e skirt to the table. This band is tened to the table with small tacks den beneath the tape of the fringe



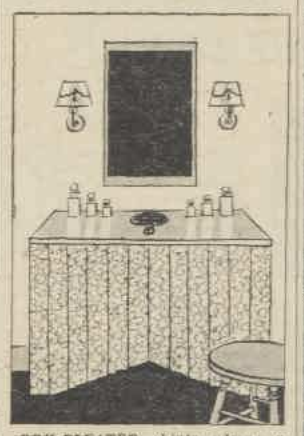
ORGANDIE is the material used for this flounced dressing-table and little stool. The flounces are finished with rick-rack braid.

and, being stiff, stands up above the edge of the table.

The exquisite-looking flounce decorating the long dressing-table, illustrated top-centre, is made of soft pleated powder-blue silk. Satin ribbon of the same shade conceals the edge of the table and is caught up at intervals with pink posies. A humble kitchen table is hidden behind this dainty dress.

Beneath this table you see another flounced with organdie. The little stool matches perfectly. Rick-rack braid is the sole adornment. This crisp and dainty dress launders perfectly.

A home-made cupboard containing shelves for shoes and other odds and ends is the foundation for the attractive dressing-table with the box-pleated skirt showing in the sketch below. Glazed chintz was the fabric employed. Unlike the others illustrated this divided skirt does not sweep the floor, but runs to a point in the centre. The top of the table was enamelled to match the deeper color of the fabric. The frame of the mirror harmonises with the table-top.



BOX-PLEATED chintz adorns a home-made cupboard, and turns it into an attractive dressing-table for a guest room.

Enchanting

IN the top right picture you glimpse a most charming and feminine room. The color scheme is delicate, but enchanting—ice-blue and white.

White satin, soft and supple, is the fabric chosen for the dressing-table skirt, while the three rows of frills and the shirred band at top are fashioned of ice-blue satin.

The bedspread, curtains, and coverings on the lounge and chairs repeat this lovely shade of blue.

A sheet of glass covers the dressing-table top. This is placed over white satin and keeps it immaculate.

I have quite a collection of designs for these dressing-tables, so full of old-world charm. Some of them would be ideal for the young girl's room, and at a later date I will feature them on this page.

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with VELMOL

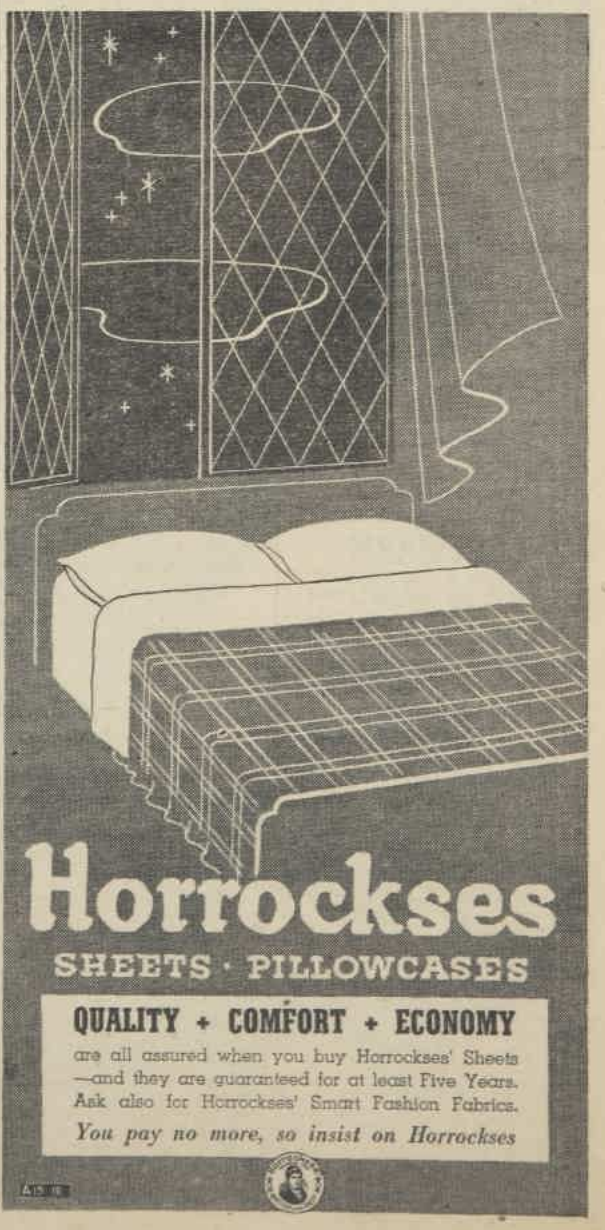
IT works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave . . . and takes but ur minutes!

It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save me and expense. And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and a ttle VELMOL.

A Velmol Damp-set keeps hair fasidiously fresh . . . never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm." last a lot longer.

Ask for VELMOL.

All Chemists or Stores . . . 2/-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are all assured when you buy Horrockses' Sheets —and they are guaranteed for at least Five Years. Ask also for Horrockses' Smart Fashion Fabrics.
You pay no more, so insist on Horrockses

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Needlework Notions

FOR HOME *and Personal* ADORNMENT

Smartly designed patterns and exclusive embroidery transfers for the house coat and 3-piece trousseau set, illustrated. Also available the traced linen cushion covers pictured on this page.

HOUSE COATS became the craze in America last summer. Smart to the eye, nice to wear, cool and crisp-looking, they are finding favor in the eyes of Australian women.

INSTEAD of slipping into a dresing-gown or kimono on arising you now don a house—or morning—coat if you would look and feel smart.

No woman looks well preparing breakfast in a kimono, cutting the lunches for the schoolchildren, and doing the hundred-and-one jobs required before "shooing" the family off for the day. And by the same token, no woman feels her best.

No wonder American women took to house coats like ducks to water. They liked them so much that dainty versions were introduced for suppers at home.

The house coat you see on this page has quite a tailored air about it and yet you will find it very simple to make. Full instructions for cutting and making are enclosed with each pattern, which is obtainable in sizes to fit the 32 to 38-inch bust. The pattern costs 1/1, and is obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Decorative Transfer

THE magnificent peacock transfer design would make a perfect finish for this house coat if fashioned of black, green, blue or deep-red material. Work the body, head and neck in deep blue in F427, F511, or F565 Anchor thread; wings in F477 or F478; beak and legs black; eye brown; crest of the head green with a thread of gold; tail feathers in blue, green and gold. Flowers may be worked in rose or purple; wall in fawn or brick.

This peacock transfer measures 20 x 20 inches, and costs 1/3.

SKETCH shows the new and popular house or morning coat. Pattern costs 1/1; peacock transfer design 1/3, from our Needlework Department.

WHAT could be nicer for your home? Two cushions both carrying exquisite designs. Square cushion cover measures 18 x 18 inches; oblong cushion, 18 x 21 inches. Both are obtainable from our Needlework Department, in linen, crash or Cesarine.

CUSHION COVERS

On your left you glimpse, in miniature, the two delightful cushion covers traced in readiness for swift, lovely embroidery.

THE square cushion measures 18 x 18 inches and carries the sweet pea garland which may be worked in vivid or pastel shades, according to the color scheme of your living-room. You may work the design in satin-stitch and long-and-short stitch; a deep buttonholing worked round the edges of flowers and leaves is effective.

In the case of the daffodil design which decorates the oblong cushion, the larger flowers are worked in satin-stitch in shades ranging from light to bright yellow. The leaves are satin-stitched in green and the smaller blooms in shades of orange, brown, and cream.

These cushion covers are obtainable in cream linen or in good quality crash for 3/6 each.

In cream, blue or green Cesarine they cost 2/9 each.

Postage is free.

SAVE FUEL—WASH WHITES QUICKER

by Rinso

2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD

Here is the marvellous short-cut method...the RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL.

SCIENTIFIC METHODS NOW INVADE HOME LAUNDRY, CUTTING OUT WASTAGE OF TIME, WORK, FUEL.

The good news has spread like wildfire about the Rinso 2-minute boil method . . . how it saves at least half-an-hour's fuel on every copperful, how it ends all hard rubbing and gets the wash out hours earlier yet leaves the clothes cleaner, sweeter, whiter . . . as thousands of women have proved!

LUKEWARM RINSO SUDS—WONDERFUL FOR SILKS, COLOURS, WOOLLENS!

Use rich, lukewarm Rinso suds and give coloured clothes, silks and woollens a few minutes' run-through *without rubbing*. The Rinso suds are so rich they swirl the dirt out swiftly yet gently, leaving silks new-looking, colours brilliant, woollens soft and fleecy.

One

Make good Rinso suds in warm water (about 1 heaped tablespoon to a gallon — more in hard water.) Soak white articles for 30 minutes rubbing a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.

Two

Bring to the boil and BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES ONLY.

Three

Rinse thoroughly.

NOTE: Very dirty clothes should be left to soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

A LEVER PRODUCT

4.218.15

You'll Want to Make These!

Patterns and Net Applique Transfer available on application

EVERY girl will want this slim and figure-fitting set, with bias-cut tops, comprising nightgown, slip, and panties.

If you are destined to be an Easter bride, this is the ideal set to grace your box.

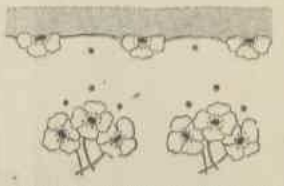
Patterns are obtainable in sizes ranging from 32 to 38-inch bust, and full instructions for cutting and making accompany patterns. The set costs 2/6, post free, from our Needlework Department.

In case you require only a ravishing nightgown or a charming slip, or well-fitting panties, patterns may be had separately for 1/1 each.

To make these garments look enchanting, send also for the net applique transfer. This transfer design measures 15 x 15 inches and includes sufficient motifs to beautify each garment. Price 1/-, post free.

Folded net is tacked at the back of the cut edges of the garments and the design stamped on the silk or satin used. After the pattern is worked the spare silk or cotton is cut away, leaving the net fold to form the edge united to the material by the embroidery.

PATTERNS of this most delightful set may be had on application for 2/6. Pattern of any one garment can be had for 1/1. Postage is free.



SHOWING portion of the lovely and generous net applique transfer designed to beautify the lingerie set shown at right. Transfer costs 1/-, post free, from our Needlework Department.

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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Delightful Modes for New Season's Florals and Patterned Materials

GAY FLORAL

WW1990.—You will be delighted with the excellent cut of this afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC COAT

WW1993.—Slim fitting, and trim, this coat has scalloped lapels. Cut in sizes 38-inch to 42-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHIC SUN SUIT

WW1995.—Delightful sun suit for beach wear. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 1 1-8th yards for blouse, and 1¼ yards for shorts, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART PLAYSUIT

WW1994.—Ideal for the holidays. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 1 7-8th yards for shirt, 2 1-8th yards for skirt, and 1¼ yards for shorts, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHILD'S FROCK

WW1996.—Very simple, yet so charming. Cut in sizes 4-10 years. Material required: 1 7-8th yards, 36 inches wide, and ¼ yard, 36 inches contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

PLEASE NOTE

TO ENSURE prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

PLEASING BLOUSE

WW1997.—Chic blouse, with patch pockets and revers. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

STREET MODE

WW1991.—V-shaped front and slim-fitting hipline are smart features for the daytime frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHARMING STYLE

WW1992.—You will feel very well dressed in this charming figured crepe frock. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 36-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8th yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

BABE'S LAYETTE

Complete Patterns Available in Three Sizes Cost 3d.

A COMPLETE layette for baby is provided for in this week's splendid three-in-one concession pattern, price 3d.

Pattern consists of nightgown, bib, petticoat, frock as illustrated at right, and is obtainable in three sizes, 6 months, 12 months, and 18 months.

To obtain pattern, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide: For nightgown 1¼ yards; for bib 3-8 yard; for petticoat 5-8 yard; for frock 1 1-8 yards.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which one you want. A 3d STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 368A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 400F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4709YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney Office.
Should you desire to call for the pattern please see address of our office, which will be found on page 2.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STATE .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 15/1/38

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Why do fashions change?

Just to make things harder for husbands. But fashions in food don't alter. A sandwich of Peck's Anchovette or Salmon and Shrimp is always the favourite snack —with men because of that tempting flavour, with women because it's so easily served, so invariably liked.

Peck's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

THIS WEEK'S PRIZEWINNERS

Home-tested Entries in The Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Competition

More and more women all over Australia are realising how valuable our recipe competition is to themselves and to others.

IN ORDER that your icing will have that smooth, professional look, pour it over the cake like this.

Readers learn new and good recipes and winners receive monetary reward for the slight trouble involved.

A first prize of £1 and consolation prizes at 2/6 are given away weekly for good recipes.

TO enter the competition just write out the finest recipe in your possession, attach your name and address, and send to us. No coupon required. Simply mark it "Best Recipe Competition."

You will like these recipes, prize-winners in this week's contest:

THE SNOWMAN

(A Novel Cake for a Kiddies' Party)

Cream well together 5oz. butter and the grated rind of one lemon; add 5oz. sugar gradually, then 4 eggs well beaten. Add 8oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and a pinch of salt, sifted together. Add a little lemon essence if liked.

Place the mixture into a basin-shaped mould, and bake in a moderate oven for about 45 minutes. When cold ice with the following icing: Sift 1lb. icing sugar into a bowl, mix with it 4oz. desiccated coconut, 1 tablespoon milk, and enough beaten egg-white to make a stiff paste. Turn the cake upside down and cover it roughly with the paste. Place a head on the top, made out of tennis ball covered with paste, paint the eyes, etc., with a little melted chocolate, and put a small high hat on the head made out of stiff black paper. The buttons can also be painted down the front with the chocolate. This is quite a novel cake, and the kiddies just love it.

First Prize of £1 to Miss F. Bennett, 37 Gladstone Avenue, Armadale SE3, Vic.

GINGER FLUFF

Four eggs, ¾ cup sugar, ¼ cup arrowroot or cornflour, 2 dessertspoons plain flour, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup.

Beat eggs and sugar together for 20 minutes. Sift together all dry ingredients (twice), and add to mixture; then add golden syrup. Pour into two large sandwich tins and bake in moderately hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Filled with cream, it makes a delightful sponge. If a revolving egg-beater is used the mixture will be lighter and less than 20 minutes' beating will be necessary.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Sutherland, 7 Edben St., Ballarat East, Vic.

NOVEL VEGETABLE PUDDING

Quarter-pound potatoes, ½lb. sugar, 6oz. sultanas, 1lb. wholemeal flour, 2 egg-yolks, ½lb. grated carrots, 4oz. suet, 1oz. candied peel, 3 tablespoons water.

Grate suet, shred peel, and mix all dry ingredients together. Beat egg-yolks, and stir in the water. Beat, turn into greased basin, cover with greased paper, and steam for 3 hours. Serve with custard sauce or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

FRUIT CRACKNELS

Ten ounces flour, 6oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. crystallised fruits, 2oz. crystallised orange slices (decoration), ½ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Rub butter into flour, add sugar and finely chopped fruits with the cinnamon and cream of tartar. Beat the egg, put into the middle of the mixture, and knead into a firm paste. Roll out on a floured board and stamp into rounds. Put on a buttered baking sheet, brush with yolk of egg, decorate with a thin slice of crystallised orange, and bake in a moderate oven for 6 or 8 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. M. Bell, c/o Mrs. Margaret Preston, Preston, Berowra, N.S.W.

SPANISH TRIFLE

Boil to a syrup 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water, and 1 dessertspoon vanilla essence. Peel and halve 3 large apples and simmer gently in the syrup till just cooked, but not broken. Lift gently and place in shallow glass dish. Add one dessertspoon gelatine to liquid and pour over apples.

When set, decorate each half-apple with whipped cream and finely-chopped walnut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

GARLIC SAUSAGE

(Delicious for summer meals and picnics)

Mince 1lb. cooked left-over parts of fresh or pickled pork (fat, skin, gristle, etc.). If none on hand, bacon can be used; 1lb. fresh mince meat, 1 teaspoon minced garlic (about 5 or 6 sections of 1 knob of garlic), 2 cups breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, pepper and salt to taste.

Beat eggs, and mix all thoroughly. Form into roll, tie up firmly in pudding cloth. Cook in plenty of boiling water for 2 hours. Leave in cloth till cold and set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to D. Lyon, 7 George St., Wallsend, N.S.W.

BRANDY PEACHES

Skin some peaches and cook them in butter in a rather deep aluminium frying pan. Keep them basted with butter until they get a lovely brown—time, 15 to 20 minutes.

Drain them and send to the table on a hot dish with a small jug of hot brandy. Pour this over the peaches and set alight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Cole, Fisher Street, Manly E2, Qld.

DEVILLED EGG SALAD IN TOMATO CUPS

Eight medium-sized tomatoes, 16 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup minced celery, 8 teaspoons French dressing, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup lemon juice, 4 teaspoons prepared mustard, ½ cup mayonnaise, dash cayenne, 1 head lettuce.

Wash and remove the stem end of the tomatoes, then cut each tomato into fourths without cutting all the way through. Press back the petals to form a poinsettia. Sprinkle on the inside with salt, pepper and some French dressing. Let chill. Meanwhile, chop the shelled, hard-boiled eggs and add the celery, onion, French dressing, salt, lemon juice, mayonnaise, mustard, and cayenne. Mix well and heap some of this mixture in the centre of the tomatoes, which have been arranged on individual dishes on beds of lettuce. When serving, pass French dressing, if desired. This serves eight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

Have you a recipe for a delicious and unusual cake, savory, casserole or any dish that you would like other readers to know about? Send it to us. It may win you a handsome cash prize in our Best Recipe Competition.

ALGERIAN SALAD

Seven or eight stuffed olives, 1 pint boiled green peas, 1 small onion, lettuce leaves, French dressing.

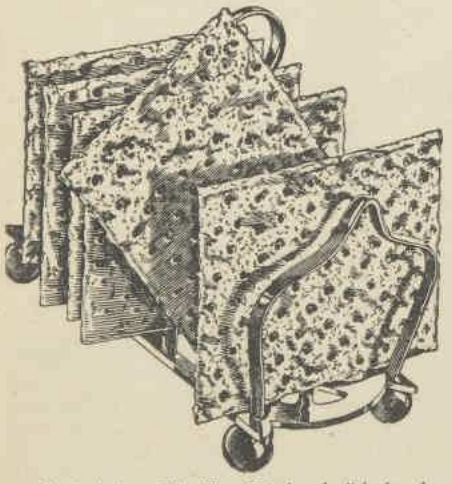
Peel and mince onion, and mince the olives, then mix with well-drained peas. Moisten with French dressing and stand in a cool place for 1 hour. Drain well. Arrange on six salad plates, lined with lettuce leaves.

French Dressing: Two tablespoons dry mustard, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 teacup malt vinegar, 1 tablespoon olive oil.

Mix mustard with sugar. Stir in beaten egg, and when smooth add vinegar gradually, beating till smooth. Turn into a saucepan and stir over gas for 3 or 4 minutes. When cool stir in olive oil.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Homan, 82 Scarborough St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

Now it's WARMER *give stodgy foods a miss*



Eat Peek Frean Vita-Weat Crispbread—"the bread that lets your stomach travel light." It's made of the same good wheat as ordinary bread, but there's no unconverted starch in Vita-Weat to give you that stuffy, overfed feeling of starch-heaviness. Keep to Vita-Weat and stay in the swim this summer.

PEEK FREAN **Vita-Weat** CRISPBREAD

"GEE, THEY'RE GOOD"

Children and grown-ups alike will relish these crunchy, wholesome delightfully - flavoured —

CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

A NEW COPHA Recipe

5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups) *8 ozs. Icing Sugar* *2½ ozs. Cocoa* (3 tablespoons) *2½ ozs. Fine Coconut* (1 cup) *8 ozs. COPHA*

Mix dry ingredients, melt COPHA and pour over same. Thoroughly mix and spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity makes 2½ to 3 dozen.

USE COPHA FOR ALL YOUR COOKING

Cakes, puddings, pastries, sweets—all are lighter, more digestible, better-flavoured when made with Copha, the pure vegetable shortening. Use Copha for cooking vegetables, too—and retain all the health-giving minerals and salts.

COPHA BOOKLETS Other excellent Recipes found in the COPHA RECIPE BOOK.

Send for a copy to DEPARTMENT C/ WW EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD. BOX 2625 EE, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Ask also for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Booklet which tells about the new method of cooking vegetables for better health value. Both books are free and post free.

s2.40.32N

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SUMMER *Fruits*

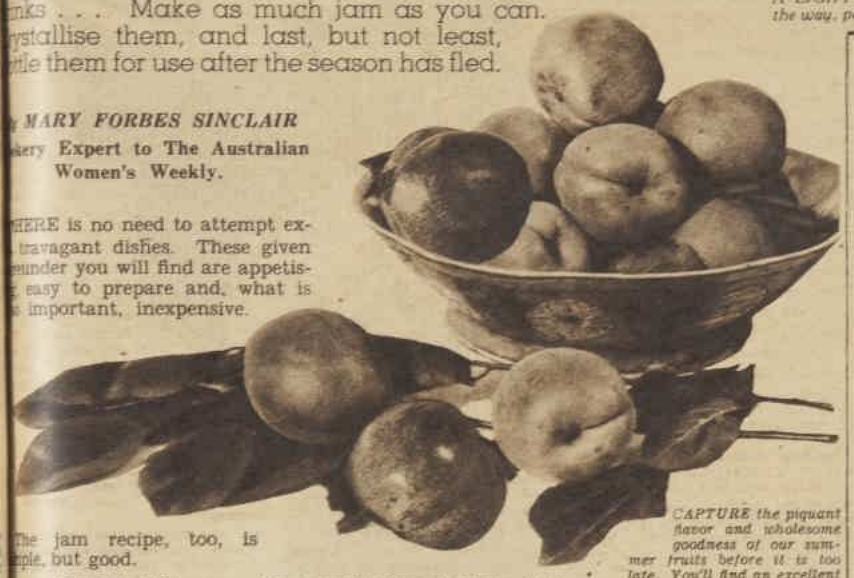
Apricots, plums, peaches are plentiful just now . . . . Make the most of them!

IN addition to turning the luscious summer fruits into "stewed" fruit or pies and tarts for dessert, use them for souffles, charlottes, salads, thirst-quenching drinks . . . Make as much jam as you can. Crystallise them, and last, but not least, bottle them for use after the season has fled.

A LIGHT-HEARTED SWEET is apricot charlotte. Serve it ice cold. By the way, peaches or plums could be substituted for apricots. See recipe on this page.

By MARY FORBES SINCLAIR
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THERE is no need to attempt extravagant dishes. These given hereunder you will find are appetising, easy to prepare and, what is most important, inexpensive.



CAPTURE the piquant flavor and wholesome goodness of our summer fruits before it is too late. You'll find an excellent recipe for jam on this page. Don't fail to try it out.

The jam recipe, too, is simple, but good.

PEACH SALAD

Six halves of peaches, lemon juice, 1 tablespoons finely-chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, lettuce leaves.

Add the celery, nuts and half the juice to the mayonnaise. Sprinkle peaches with a little lemon juice, allow to stand for 15 minutes, and place half in each lettuce leaf, generously with the mayonnaise mixture. Sprinkle with the remainder of grated cheese, garnish with whole walnuts. Serve very cold.

PEACH FRITTERS

Peaches, 4oz. self-raising flour, milk, 1 teaspoon custard powder, icing sugar, lemon.

Halve peaches, cut in halves, remove stones. Sprinkle with little sugar and lemon. Make the batter with milk and custard powder. Beat. Dip peaches into the batter, drop into boiling fat. Fry till golden brown. Drain well on paper. Place at once on paper d'oyley. Dredge with icing sugar and garnish with slices of lemon.

PEACH CUP

Half-dozen peaches, 2 oranges, pineapple, lemon juice, 1 cup cream, whipped cream.

Peel the peaches, oranges, and pineapple and cut into small pieces, add sugar and lemon juice. Mix well, allow to stand on ice for 2 hours. Place in glass cups, garnish with roses of whipped cream, decorate with 1 cherry. Serve immediately.

PICKLED PEACHES

Nine dozen peaches, sugar, cloves, stick cinnamon, 3 cups vinegar.

Peel the peaches. If large, cut into halves. Cook in vinegar for a few minutes without breaking. Drain. Place peaches in jars. Add sugar, cloves and cinnamon to vinegar. Boil 5 minutes. Strain. Boil up again and pour at once onto peaches. Cover when cold and store in cool place.

JAM

When making peach, plum and pear jam—

Peel and stone peaches and cut in halves. Wipe apricots and plums. Remove stones from apricots and cut in halves. If slip-stone plums, take the stones. If not, remove as they rise to the top in cooking. Allow sugar to each lb. of fruit.

Place fruit in preserving pan, sprinkle with little sugar. Leave all night. Next day boil about 20 minutes. Add sugar, stir till dissolved, then boil quickly till it sets when a small quantity is tested on cold plate. Bottle at once and tie down while hot.

PLUM SAUCE

Six pounds of plums, 3lb. sugar, 3 pints vinegar, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 1 teaspoon salt, ½oz. allspice, ½oz. cloves, handful bruised ginger.

Boil all the ingredients well together till the stones separate. Strain through a colander. Bottle and cork tightly.

PLUM MERINGUE PUDDING

Two pounds plums, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, extra sugar.

Place the plums, after removing stalks and washing, in an enamel saucepan. Add the sugar and about 2 tablespoons water and cook slowly till soft. Then remove the stones and rub through a sieve. Separate the yolks and whites, add yolks and butter to the plum puree. Pour into greased pie-dish and bake in slow oven till set. Beat whites stiffly, add the sugar. Heap roughly over the pudding, return to the oven to slightly brown. Serve hot or cold with boiled custard.

WHEN MAKING JAM

DO not skim. Skimming removes the pectin content which preserves the jam. This applies to all fruit except strawberries, which have no pectin content and therefore do not "jell" as quickly as other fruits.

PLUM HONEYCOMB

Half pint lemon jelly, 1 cup plum pulp, 1 stale sponge cake, carmine, essence of almond.

Make the lemon jelly, and when beginning to set add the finely-crumbed sponge cake, plum pulp, almond essence or finely-chopped almond. Add some carmine to make a nice shade. Pour into a wetted mould and leave on ice till set. Unmould carefully. Serve on a glass dish garnished with whipped cream.

APRICOT SHORTCAKE

Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 12oz. self-raising flour, stewed apricots.

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, then milk, lastly well-sifted flour, making into a dry dough. Turn on to floured board. Cut in halves, roll half out into square about eight inches. Lay in greased swiss-roll tin. Lay the apricots on the dough. Roll out other half and cover the apricots. Mark into squares with back of knife. Glaze and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into marked squares and serve hot or cold.

APRICOT SOUFFLE

Stewed apricots, 6oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, ½ pint cream, ½oz. gelatine.

Soak gelatine in ½ pint of the apricot syrup for 1 hour before using. Beat yolks of eggs, add sugar and heat over saucepan of boiling water. Rub apricots through sieve. Dissolve gelatine, and add to eggs and sugar, add apricot puree and partly-whipped cream. Beat over ice till beginning to set, add stiffly-beaten whites. Pour into prepared mould which has been sprinkled with chopped nuts. Place in ice-chest for 3 or 4 hours before serving. A little red currant jelly may be dissolved in a little boiling water and cooled; pour over the cream before serving, then sprinkle with chopped nuts.

APRICOT CHARLOTTE

Stewed apricots, sponge cake crumbs, 1 pkt. jelly crystals, cream.

Place half the apricots in a glass dish. On this put cake crumbs to half-inch thick. Cover with remainder of apricots. Make jelly with water and crystals, and when quite cold, but not set, pour onto apricots. Leave on ice till firm. Decorate with flavored whipped cream before serving.

APRICOT MERINGUE PIE

Two cups of stewed apricots, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ tablespoon cornflour, sugar to taste, yolks 2 eggs, 6oz. shortcrust, whites of eggs and sugar for meringue.

Soak apricots in 3 cups water overnight, add sugar and cook very gently till soft, then rub through sieve, return to saucepan, add blended cornflour and butter. Cook for 2 minutes, after it boils. When cool, add yolks and sugar, if required. Line a sandwich tin with the pastry, prick centre, and bake. Pour apricot puree into pastry shell, cover with meringue and place in cool oven to slightly brown. Serve either hot or cold.

"Another day started — oh dear, I dread that breakfast struggle! I just can't face another tantrum and yet Tommy must be made to eat."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Page," says the next door neighbour. "We're off to the country and I hate leaving food in the house. Will you take this new packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles? I'm sure Tommy likes them — my Peter won't eat anything else! He likes to hear that 'SNAP!' 'CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on!"

"Can I have some more Rice Bubbles, Mum?"
"Can you have more, my angel — you can have as much as you like!" replies Mother, thrilled that all her breakfast worries are over. "I'll bless my neighbour the rest of my life — those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles have made a new boy of Tommy!" No wonder, Mrs. Page — Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are full of nourishment, and they're so deliciously appealing to "cranky" appetites. Ready to serve — order some to-day!

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

HARBOR HOUSE

By JOYCE WEST

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Complete Book-Length Novel

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HARBOR HOUSE

By JOYCE WEST

RIVER ROAD is the residential quarter of Shore Town. The settlement is a leisurely growth upon a low point of land outthrust into the harbor, and the road runs a sandy and idle course from the motor camp beach on the east to the pines and white ledges of Little River on the west. Cows graze on the green strip by the telegraph poles; the seagulls come in to drowse and whimper in the sunshine. From no point are you out of view of the water. The more exclusive folk live on River Road, the postmaster, a retired colonel, the doctor, and the bank manager, a lawyer with a past, and a rubber planter from Malay States with a glass-house full of orchids. The architecture is a curious mingling of new and old. New white summer cottages and important green-roofed bungalows lie with only a cow-paddock between them and the small, staring houses whose windows probably watched the red-coat soldiers march through Shore Town.

The last gate at the west end of the road is old and heavy, of wrought-iron, bearing an ancient plate with almost obliterated lettering: "Harbor House." Above the old plate is a new inscription in arrogantly-burnished brass: "Lacy Gardner, M.D., F.R.C.S."

Behind the old plate lie almost seventy years of a story.

Somewhere back in the days of the Maori Wars, a certain Captain Lacy Redmond Gardner arrived in New Zealand. He was an old man; he had seen hard service in India; the idea of suburban life on half-pay in England presented no special attractions. New Zealand was in a state of unrest, but Gardner accepted the fact casually.

Spending a night at a Maori camp, he overheard talk of a plot for an attack by hostile forces, and he stole a horse and rode forty miles, in the darkness, over swamp country, to warn the British garrison. For this gallant ride, and for his part in the fighting that followed, Lacy Redmond Gardner's name was inscribed somewhere in the records of officialdom, and the following year, when the country was quiet, and all formalities duly complied with, the Crown had pleasure in presenting to "this gallant officer" a plot of ten acres of land situated above the mission station and trading port of Shore Town.

With Captain Gardner to think was to act. He immediately sent Home for his family, and set about erecting a house. He acquired timber rights to a small strip of kauri bush, and began to set up a saw-pit. It was at this stage that he had trouble with the Maoris. He had, all unknowingly, purchased trees that were tapu, sacred to the Maoris by some inexplicable and inviolate laws. Gardner was neither a timid nor a superstitious man. He secured an escort of military police, felled his trees, and cut them up, and proceeded to build of heart-kauri a story-and-a-half house with gable windows overlooking the harbor.

For his brass name-plate, Gardner sent an order home to England, and proudly affixed the legend to the gate, christening his new home Harbor House.

Seventy years of sun and rain have almost obliterated the lettering from the old name-plate, and for almost that time Captain Lacy Redmond Gardner has been sleeping beneath a weathered headstone in the old Shore Town Military Cemetery.

The original holding has been cut to a bare three acres, and a blatantly new brick house with a portico stares arrogantly at the next-door hedge. Only within the tall clipped hedges there lingers some remnant of the Old-World enchantment.

The west boundary is the sea, and the high spring tides creep to the very roots of the great pine giants. In a dip facing kindly north is the apple orchard, where in season the pink and white blossom lies like drift snow, and the sunny air is full of the sound of bees and the chuckle of the running tide. In the corner are brown stately pear trees, and pale green quinces dragged down by seasons of prolific bearing. Against the hedge is a row of six persimmon trees, queer and grey and leafless in the harvest season, holding their golden fairy apples against the blue tender autumn heavens. There are peaches and walnuts, and sprawling fig-trees, and a long fence sagging beneath the prodigal sweetness of grapes and heavy passion vines. There are loquats, and lemons, and sweet wild Spanish cherries, and the ten famous Harbor House orange trees, ancient, blasted-looking trunks that bear golden, thin-skinned globes as sweet as honey.

Frost never lights in the Harbor House garden. The scarlet poinsettias lean like young trees against the low verandah roof, and the purple bougainvillea spreads its royal cloak upon the fences. Pink and white oleanders bloom in season, the sickly-sweet mandevillia, the frail, flaunting blood-red blooms of the hybiscus. At the gate is a jacaranda, thirty feet high, with fairy flowers as blue as Heaven.

At its base is a cannon-ball, pitted with rust and age. It was fired from a muzzle-loading cannon nearly eighty years ago, but it serves as a door-stop, now, to the garage that houses a modern high-powered car.

It was late, and the game between Shore Town and Country almost over. The partisan shouts of the supporters rang high across the ground, but some few less concerned spectators turned to look at the two newcomers who entered by the turnstile gate . . . the one a lean-built dark young man in muddy riding clothes, his companion squarer, heavier, emphatically a different type.

"Ah . . . our friend seems to have taken a toss!" ejaculated the woman in red, impartially, to one or other of her two companions.

"He's a crazy rider," said the man on her left hand, "and a crazy man in a car. He'll come to grief one of these fine days, will Lacy Gardner!"

"I consider that unfair!" protested the woman in the red coat, "when it's always fits . . . or appendicitis . . . or babies. . ."

The man on her other hand turned his attention from the game with a quick gleam of interest.

"Are you speaking of Doctor Lacy Gardner? Which is he?"

Lucy Gardner's fair champion pointed a finger.

"The one in boots and breeches. The other is his twin brother, Lin Gardner. They don't look much like twins, do they, Mr. Stathom?"

"No . . ," Stathom said.

"Lacy's a Gardner . . ." she mused. "Lin's like his mother . . ."

"I knew his mother," Stathom said. "At least I heard her sing."

The woman in red gestured expressively.

"THAT was a tragedy. But then the story of the house is that! Lacy Gardner has an exquisite voice, but he is not very generous about allowing it to be heard."

The dark man grunted.

"He may have a good enough voice . . ."

"You're not going to deny, Mr. Lambert, that he's a clever doctor?" the woman flashed.

Lambert shrugged.

"If he's clever, what's he doing in a hole like this? He's a callous devil, anyway . . ."

She gestured hopelessly.

"Oh, you don't like him! Either people do like Lacy Gardner . . . or else they don't!"

She lowered her voice discreetly, for the pair had skirted the field. A greyhound dog stalked sedately at Lacy Gardner's heels.

"Good evening, Doctor!" she called, "did your skill manage to patch up Master Cub this afternoon?"

"Good evening, Mrs. Allen. Yes, I don't think his looks will be permanently impaired . . ." Gardner said with a half-smile and nod, without stopping.

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"Cub is the young brother . . ." Mrs. Allen said thoughtfully, after a minute.

Lambert shrugged unnecessarily.

Lacy Gardner had joined a woman who stood, with a little group, beside an injured player. She wore a dark coat, and was bareheaded. She was tall, her red-gold head almost on a level with his.

"Do you think her beautiful?" demanded Mrs. Allen. "Mrs. Bridgeman, I mean . . . talking to Lacy Gardner now?"

Stathom looked obediently.

"Yes . . . I suppose so. But I think I prefer a happier style of beauty . . ."

Mrs. Allen spread scarlet-tipped fingers in an expressive gesture.

"What would you expect?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Stathom said truthfully. "I never set eyes on Mrs. Bridgeman in my life before. You forget I'm only a visitor."

"Oh, in that case, of course . . ." Mrs. Allen said vaguely.

"She used to be a nurse . . ." the woman in red said dreamily. "I believe Lacy and she worked in the same hospital . . . that was years ago . . . and then she married Malcolm Bridgeman . . . she plays the piano most beautifully; she always accompanies Lacy . . . they go together . . . beautifully . . ."

The dark man called Lambert grunted.

"Would you mind . . ." said Stathom discreetly, "explaining what you started to say about a tragedy being the story of the house . . ."

"I forgot you didn't know that!" ejaculated Mrs. Allen. "It's such an old story. Harbor House the place is called . . . it dates away back to the Maori war days . . . I don't know the exact story, but people say there's a Maori curse on it. Of course, I'm not superstitious . . . but anyway Lacy's uncle, his father's eldest brother, left his wife and ran away with another woman . . . and then there was the tragedy of Lacy's mother . . ."

"But what is the curse?" Stathom said, as she paused, out of breath.

"I've just been telling you . . ." Mrs. Allen exclaimed.

The referee's whistle shrilled the last long blast of Time. It was beginning to rain, and Mrs. Allen, with a small shiver, drew her coat around her tighter.

"What's the matter now?" she exclaimed.

A man on a foam-splashed horse was pushing his way unceremoniously through the thinning fringe of the spectators.

"Doctor Gardner there?" he shouted. "I'm looking for Doctor Gardner."

Gardner had got the injured player on his feet now, with an emergency sling on his arm, and two of his companions supporting him.

"What's the matter?" Gardner called.

"Accident up at the timber camp on the Mairi!" the horseman said. He threw down his reins, and the horse swayed and shook its head. "Man hurt with a falling tree . . . the telephone line's down . . . we couldn't raise you . . ."

Gardner gestured resignedly.

"What about a horse?"

"You can get out in the car to the turn-off. They'll have horses and a guide to meet you."

"No rest for the wicked . . ." said Lacy Gardner.

The grey dog turned and padded at his heels. Lin Gardner joined him, and they went out to the turnstile gate. It was beginning to rain heavily.

Lacy turned up his coat collar, opened the door of a low powerful mud-splashed car, and sank into the driver's seat. Lin got in on his other hand, and leaned back to open the back door for the dog.

The powerful headlights cast a misty sweep on the wet, sandy roadway.

"I suppose I may as well be thankful that I got the message now, and not as I was settled down for the evening."

"Considered properly it is a consolation . ." Lin said.

The speedometer needle swung recklessly over. Lin steadied himself with a hand on the door as the car swooped at a corner.

"What happened?"

"Man caught by a falling tree. I know where the camp is . . . about fifteen miles up the Mairi valley."

The wet sweet night air roared in on them. The tang of the sea was keen.

"Look out, Lacy!"

Lin was thrown violently out of his seat as Lacy braked and swerved. The tyres screamed on the wet road surface. The big car slewed, leaned over, crashed at right angles across the shallow gutter and into a wire fence.

Lacy backed cautiously out, leaning over the door.

"You fool! What do you think you're doing?"

The dark shape he had addressed so harshly was materialising into the figure of a woman, a mere slip of a girl wrapped in a wet shining shapeless mackintosh. Her eyes flashed with a peculiar blue fire beneath the dripping brim of her hat.

"You haven't any right to speak to me in that fashion," she said with sudden unexpected spirit. "I'm sorry . . . I missed my way . . ."

Lacy's eyes lighted a little, appreciatively.

"Where do you want to go?" he said, more gently.

"River Road . . . near the motor camp."

"I have to go past there," Lacy said. "Get in."

She drew back defensively. The reflection from the headlights showed her face now; it was a peculiarly lovely face, too pale, but beautifully cut, and illumined by glowing blue eyes under perfect brows.

"No, thank you . . ."

"Don't be foolish," Lacy said brusquely. "You're wet, and you look ill."

She drew back more definitely. She was holding the wet coat across at her throat with a fine nervous hand.

"NO, thank you. I told you no! I would be obliged if you would just direct me . . ."

Lin leaned back, and opened the door to the back seat. The light shone an instant on his brown face and straight brows.

"We won't bite . . ." he said, with his brief smile. "Even the dog."

The girl gave in sullenly, without further demur. She got in, sinking into the seat as though on the point of exhaustion. The big dog sat regarding her with a detached interest. Lacy manoeuvred to see, in his rear mirror, her white face with its closed eyes and lines of weariness.

The car swung around a corner, straightened into a long swishing downward-sweeping drive. The wet salt smell of the sea was close. The arc of the lights showed a tumbledown gate and thorny hedge.

"Here?" Lacy said.

He stopped the car, and the girl got out into the rain.

"I am very much obliged to you . . ." she said abruptly, and disappeared in the darkness.

Lacy shifted his gear-lever, and the car swept on up the rising road.

"Have I a particularly wicked face?" he wanted to know.

"Apparently . . ." said Lin with enjoyment.

"The minute . . . " Lacy complained, "that you stuck your mug out, she knew everything was right and proper."

"That's what it means to have an honest countenance . . ." said Lin with modest satisfaction.

Lacy was regarding his petrol gauge.

"Will you put in the chains and a rope if I go in and get a drink of tea?"

Lin nodded, filling his pipe, steadying himself with an elbow against the door.

"Who lives in that house now, Lacy?"

"I don't know," Lacy said. "They can't have been here long. I never see anyone about. I did hear who had taken the house, but I've forgotten."

"She was pretty . . ." Lin said musingly, as the car slid to a standstill.

"Where were your eyes?" said Lacy, half-in and half-out of the car. "She was lovely. I could fall in love with that girl on first sight."

"You're mad!" said Lin placidly, opening the door to make his way homeward.

IT was broad daylight when Lacy reached home, a cloudless morning, with the inlet lying like wrinkled silk beneath the early sun.

Lacy turned the mud-covered car at the gateway, scattering the gravel in a reckless shower. The open gates gave on to a small lawn barred by a lattice fence and the uncompromising front view of Harbor House. A narrow path led to a door marked "Surgery."

Lacy opened the lattice gate and strode on. The formality was gone, there were lavender bushes flowering by the path, poinsettias lifting their reddening bracts against the high porch rail.

The kitchen door was open; Lin, short-sleeved, was at the stove.

"Hullo! Are you dead?"

"Nearly . . ." Lacy said; he shed his coat, and went into the bathroom, and turned on the taps. He came out again, and gathered up towels and a freshly-ironed white shirt.

"That woman can't iron for nuts . . ."

"She can't even cook . . ." Lin agreed without rancor; "was the man badly hurt?"

"Smashed knee and ribs," Lacy said. "We had a grand old picnic. I did a bit of emergency first-aid, and then we rigged up a stretcher from branches and a couple of sacks, and carried him out in relays of fatigue parties. A man can grow darn heavy, too, when you're over your ankles in mud."

"Did you bring him down in the car?" Lin said.

"And had to wake up poor old Beverly to come up to the hospital and give an anaesthetic. He'd a hang-over from last night, and wasn't a bit cheerful about it."

He disappeared into the bathroom. When he came out Lin was at the table, pouring coffee. The porch doors were open; the morning sun streamed cheerfully in. Lacy sank leisurely into a chair. He was wearing grey flannels and a blazer; he looked tired.

"Where's Cub?"

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"Coming . . . I suppose," Lin said. "I wakened him twice . . . lazy little beggar!"

"Wake him with a hair-brush smartly applied," Lacy recommended. "He won't go to sleep again."

Lin tilted his chair dangerously to reach the pan of bacon on the stove. Lacy cut bread. A small boy drifted hastily across the hall from the bathroom.

"Hurry up, Cub! Else you'll go without your breakfast."

"Yes, Lacy . . ."

Lacy reached without hurry for the coffee-pot.

"Car's in a filthy mess; I'll have to get the hose on to it."

Cub came back, pulled out his chair, and seated himself decorously. He was a small, spare boy with a tangle of tawny hair that appeared bleached against his brown tanned skin. His features were engagingly clear-cut, at present disfigured by a swollen and discolored eye and a cut lip.

Lacy regarded him without rancor.

"I must admit that a black eye is hardly becoming to you, Cub. I promised you a thrashing the very next time you fought, but you got such a darn good hiding I haven't the heart."

"I didn't get a hiding!" Cub exploded in a kind of violent protest.

The telephone bell rang, and Lacy went out to the hall to answer it.

"What's the time . . .?" he said, coming back; "I'm going to sleep."

He went out to the porch and pulled down the canvas sun-blind, and threw himself on the couch. Cub was scuffling about in the kitchen, wrapping his lunch in paper, and collecting his school books. Lin came out in overalls.

Just then the surgery bell pealed a long, insistent summons.

Lacy flung himself over on the couch, and cursed fluently.

"My office hours," he said to Lin, "are on the gate for anyone to see. I am now going into the waiting-room to blow somebody sky-high. So wait for the blast!"

"I'd love to," said Lin, "But duty calls."

Lacy strode purposefully through into the surgery, and jerked the waiting-room door open with some violence. Then what he was going to say remained unsaid.

A girl was standing there, white as death, holding her hand wrapped in a small reddened handkerchief from which the blood was steadily dripping.

He recognised her at the same instant as she knew him.

"Oh . . . it's you!" she said with a hint of defiance in her voice, "I came in because a dog bit me. . "

Lacy saw her sway, and he caught her, had her established in an instant in a chair, with her head down between her knees.

"Sit like that a minute..."

He was mixing, swiftly, but without hurry, something colorless in a glass. He gave it her, and she drank, trembling a little, his hand steadying hers.

"I'm sorry..." she said, still with that same hostility in her voice, "I'm not usually so silly...I suppose I got a fright...and then my hand seemed to bleed so..."

Gardner took the glass back.

"You're not being silly. Whose was the dog?"

"It was a big Alsatian...at the corner. The gate was open, and as I walked past, it sprang out...perhaps it thought I was coming in..."

"Smith's," Gardner said, "It's a dangerous brute."

She looked at him with a vertical line between her brows.

"Dogs don't have hydrophobia or anything awful like that in New Zealand, do they?"

"No fear of that," Lacy said.

She sat limply in the big chair, watching him as he stood with his back to her, washing his hands, pulling open drawers. He had taken off his blazer, and was in his shirt sleeves.

"It seems your unlucky day. Run down by a car last night, and bitten by a dog to-day!"

She laughed suddenly, and a little unwillingly. It was a curiously musical laugh. Lacy spared her a half-glance as he unwound her impromptu bandage.

Her hand was badly slashed across the palm and one finger. The blood still welled up, unevenly.

"I'll need to put in a stitch or two..." Lacy murmured, "You'll probably have a small scar, anyway...on your wedding-ring finger..."

HE had made the remark to distract her attention, but she flashed him a sudden strange look, almost of resentment.

"Can I phone your people and get them to send round a car for you?"

She sat upright, the vertical line again between her lovely, almost too definite brows.

"There's nobody to come. There's only my grandmother, and she mustn't be frightened. I shall be all right in a minute or two to walk home."

Lacy moved across and opened his waiting-room door for the space of six inches. His first patient was already established there, an old man reading a newspaper, with the air of being able to wait, if necessary, for several days.

Lacy shrugged, and closed the door.

"Better come out this way."

She followed him obediently as he opened the inner door from the surgery, and led her down the hall into the kitchen.

"How lovely..." she said, enchanted.

The three big windows looked out on a bank of lavender and rosemary, on green shorn slopes, on persimmons like fairy apple trees against the silken sheen of the placid harbor.

Lacy was busy with a jug on the stove.

"I'm going to make some coffee to keep myself awake. You can drink a cup with me."

She sat down gratefully, staring out of the window. He looked at her unobserved. The clear-cut, inherently lovely bones of her face and jaw showed too sharply. Her skin was of a flawless pallor; beneath her shabby felt hat her hair was like black satin. Her eyes were clear shadowed pools of darkest blue beneath unplucked and beautifully-curved brows. She was wearing a short faded cloth coat, and cotton frock. Her ankles, in cheap cotton stockings, were thoroughbred.

"What do you think of Shore Town?" Lacy said.

She started a little.

"I love the sea all round...but I haven't really seen it yet."

"How long have you been here?"

"Not quite three weeks . . ."

He set the mug of steaming coffee at her elbow, on the table.

"By the way, what is your name?"

"I'm sorry . . ." the girl said. "Earle. Janice Earle."

Lacy betrayed no further curiosity. He pushed the sugar closer to her, and a big grey hound dog came in calmly through the open doorway and seated himself on the rug by the stove.

"He's beautiful . . ." Janice Earle said.

"Do you think so?" Lacy said. "Bard, the lady thinks you are beautiful . . . I think he's rather ugly. His mother was a bulldog, and his father was a hound . . . Bard is a breed that never was on land or sea."

The dog looked at him with bright, soft, melancholy eyes.

"I don't think he likes me . . ." Janice said.

"He doesn't like anybody outside this house. Don't touch him; one dog bite a day is enough for anybody."

The girl had taken off her shabby hat. A shaft of sunshine from the open window fell across the table beside her. The strong, hot coffee had brought an almost imperceptible color to her cheeks; her eyes were clear. For the instant that strange faint cloud of mental strain was gone from her face.

Lacy lounged in his chair, looking at her half enigmatically from under drooping lids. The scene was oddly intimate, the two of them sitting there in the sunshine by the window, the piled dishes, the dog crouched upon the hearth.

Something of the same thought seemed to strike the girl. She drew herself up a little, set her cup back on the table.

"You have been very kind, Doctor Gardner. I am sorry to have been so troublesome. I feel quite well enough to walk home now."

Lacy got up and opened the back door, allowed her to precede him across the porch. The big grey, mud-plastered car was standing on the drive; he opened the door and mottoned to the girl.

She drew back.

"Oh, no . . . thank you; I feel perfectly able to walk home!"

"Get in!" Lacy said. "You might faint on the way home, and that would be bad for my professional reputation."

She hesitated, still with that strange, stiff defiance.

"Get in, or I'll put you in!" Lacy said.

She got in, and he closed the door, and slid in beside her, still only in shirt-sleeves and flannels, and bareheaded. He glanced at his wrist-watch.

"I'm very sorry to have given you the trouble..." Janice Earle said stiffly when they arrived at the tumble-down gate which led to her home, "Thank you very much. And . . . and . . ."

She swallowed, and Lacy waited.

"About your account. Please don't post it to me . . . I'll call when I have the money . . . in a day or so . . ."

"That'll be all right," said Lacy, without much anxiety. "Come back in a couple of days and let me see your hand."

He whirled the car around, and drove back up the road.

AT ten o'clock that night Doctor Lacy Gardner . . . after an emergency visit to the hospital to cope with a large Maori who was convinced that the sister was poisoning him . . . was seated on the edge of the kitchen table, clad in pyjamas, and reading the morning's newspaper, and drinking cocoa.

"I am now going to bed," he announced.

"Sweet dreams . . ." said Lin, draining his cocoa-cup.

Lacy threw his newspaper down, and started up to his room.

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At that instant the telephone bell rang again.

Lin heard him come down the stairs.

"Yes . . . ? Yes, Mrs. Paine? No, certainly not! I said no, I am not coming out to-night. It's nothing but your nerves, and the less you pander to them the better. Good-night!"

Lin, in the kitchen, chuckled audibly.

"All very well for you to laugh!" complained Lacy from the stairs. "If that woman thinks I'm going out six miles to-night to hold her hand while she tells me her dreams, she's very much mistaken!"

"Well, surely I am allowed to laugh . . ." Lin said.

He turned off the kitchen light, and followed Lacy up the stairs.

Exactly half-an-hour later the sound of the telephone bell shrilled long and savagely through the silent house.

"Shall I go?" Lin called, sitting up in bed.

"No . . . I'll go . . ." said Lacy's voice. He sounded drugged with sleep; Lin heard him go staggering down the stairs.

"YES!" he said with a sort of repressed savagery into the receiver. There was a brief silence, and when he spoke again his voice was altered to a sort of curt gentleness that was peculiarly familiar to Lin.

"Yes . . . all right. I'll be round in a few minutes . . ."

He came up the stairs, appeared at Lin's doorway struggling into trousers over his pyjamas.

Lin heard the engine of the car start up, heard the spit of the flying gravel under the tyres.

"Mrs. Campbell . . . white picket gate at the bottom of River Road," Lacy murmured, the cold air sharpening his drugged senses. "Why . . . yes, of course!"

He swung the car around, pushed back the white picket gate, and stumbled up the uneven pathway. There were lights burning in the front rooms and in the hallway.

Before he could ring, Janice Earle appeared.

"Well . . .?" Lacy said reassuringly.

She drew him into the room that opened to the left from the hallway.

It was a bedroom filled with heavy old-fashioned furniture; the blinds and the curtains were securely drawn. A severe array of toilet things, brush, comb, pincushion, and a bottle of lavender water stood neatly upon a starched crochet cover upon the dressing-table. Lying half-on and half-off the large white bed was a woman, in an unconscious posture, breathing stertoriously. She was wearing a stiff calico nightrobe; her white hair was plaited in two tight sparse little pigtails. Her face, that must once have resembled some harsh old cameo, was distorted in a one-sided and terrifying grimace. Her open eyes stared unseeingly upward.

"I was in bed . . ." Janice said, hands clasped, her eyes imploring him. "And I heard the sound of a fall . . ."

"I'll want hot water for bottles," Lacy said. "See what you can do, will you?"

He followed her, after a few minutes, out to the kitchen. She had lighted a roaring fire in the stove; she was standing beside the hearth, a small, dry-eyed, tragic figure in a shabby dressing-gown.

"Doctor Gardner . . . will grandmother get better?"

"It's hard to say," Lacy said. "She may make a partial recovery, but I very much doubt anything else, and I may as well tell you so."

She remained still, holding one small cold hand mechanically to the fire.

"Doctor Gardner, will you tell me something, truthfully?"

"Yes . . ." Lacy said.

"Would being worried and upset . . . and very angry . . . be likely to bring this on?"

"Worry or a shock is sometimes a predisposing cause . . ." Lacy said guardedly.

She threw up her head with an odd burdened gesture.

"It's really my fault, Doctor Gardner! I refused this evening to do something my grandmother wants . . ."

"I suppose most of us refuse somebody something a few times a day," Lacy said.

She shook her head.

"I've always done . . . what my grandmother wanted. She has brought me up . . . done everything for me . . ."

It was a bare statement of fact.

"This was different . . ." She looked at him, in the lamplight, with a strange sort of piteous defiance, and added swiftly, "I expect you will think it strange for me to tell you this . . ."

"Not in the least," said Lacy matter-of-factly. "It's only plain sense to tell your medical man everything."

The defiance in her eyes softened a little. She went on, in a whisper:

"This was different. She wanted . . . she demanded that I should marry somebody she had chosen. To-night I told her I would never marry him . . ."

"What's her reason?" Lacy said.

She shook her head a little.

"I . . . I don't know, Doctor Gardner. She gets ideas like that . . . that was really why she came here . . . she knew he was here; he is a distant connection of hers. She has the feeling that she might die soon . . . that I might be left alone. I have a little money . . . and grandmother said . . ." The scarlet color was dyeing her face and throat . . . That . . . that men were . . . that I couldn't be left alone in the world . . ."

"Who is the man?" Lacy said.

"Hunt Lambert . . ." Janice whispered.

"Great Scot!" Lacy said.

She flinched a little, looking at his face. His mouth showed hard lines. His eyes, that were grey when they should have been dark, showed a gleam under drooping lids.

"I'd rather die than marry him . . ." Janice said in a faint whisper.

"Why?" Lacy wanted to know, watching her.

She shook her head, and shivered.

"I . . . I don't know, Doctor Gardner . . ."

She seemed to realise the strangeness of the scene. She gathered together the folds of her dressing-gown where they had fallen apart at her throat, slender and white like a child's, and showing too sharply the little hollows at the base. With her unbandaged hand she tested the heat of the water in the kettle.

"But still I feel myself to blame for this . . ."

"Nonsense!" said Lacy Gardner. "The fact of your grandmother's making such an extraordinary demand shows me that her mind was not normal at the time."

She was looking at him with her clear full gaze.

"I think Mrs. Campbell would be better not moved," Lacy said. "I will arrange to-morrow morning for a nurse. Meantime, to-night, can you send for someone you know to keep your company?"

She shook her head, with a kind of forlorn composure.

"I don't know anybody here, Doctor Gardner."

"In that case I'll have to get you somebody here to-night."

"It's not possible," Janice said. "I'll manage . . ."

Her voice trailed off a little. Lacy took the bottle from her, and screwed the top tightly.

"Most things are possible. I'll run up to the hospital, and see if I can prevail upon sister to lend me one of the girls. If not, you can give me a shake-down on the couch for the night. I'll see you're not left alone."

She looked at him with a swift softening of the hard misery of her young face.

"How good you are, Doctor Gardner."

It was one o'clock in the morning when he reached home, and his next-door neighbor was just descending from a car, wrapped in a fur coat and trailing scarlet draperies.

"Ah . . . Doctor Gardner! Have you been to a dance, too?"

"Good-morning, Mrs. Allen. Not exactly," Lacy said.

He was wearing the collar of his coat turned up over his pyjama jacket, and his dark hair was rumpled. His face was lined with fatigue.

"You've been working!" Mrs. Allen said. "Poor man! Come in with me, and let me give you a drink!"

"Too tired," Lacy said. "I'd probably fall asleep."

"It won't be a bit of trouble," Mrs. Allen urged. "There'll be hot water, and I'll make you coffee if you'd rather. You look just worn out . . . I'd love to do it! Come on, I won't take no for an answer."

She laid her small jewelled hand on his arm, possessively.

"I'm too sleepy for anything but bed," Lacy said ungallantly. "It's very kind of you, but really . . . good-night!"

He closed the garage doors, and crossed the lawn in the darkness. The comforting bulk of Harbor House loomed up; the pines were a fretwork against the silver inlet. The garden smelt pleasantly of lavender and thyme, of late rose-petals and dew-wet clover. From the porch Bard rose up, and laid a wet nose against his master's hand.

Lacy climbed the stairs slowly. From his open windows came in the wet salt smell of the sea. He heard Lin, in his room, stirring, and he went to the door.

"Lin, what's Hunt Lambert doing now?"

Lin's voice sounded sleepy and bemused.

"Hunt Lambert . . . he's got a kind of agency . . . selling cars . . ."

"M'mm . . ." said Lacy.

ON the fifth day after Mrs. Campbell's seizure, she made labored and painstaking signs that she should be given paper and pen.

The nurse brought a writing pad, but the old woman waved her imperiously away. Janice held the paper carefully in front of her, and deliberately, draggingly, Martha McCall Campbell managed to trace barely legible characters.

"Remember . . . promise . . ."

She tried to thrust the pencil into the girl's fingers, but Janice drew back, white-lipped, staring at the written words. The old woman's anger was terrible to see. Her face became congested with color; her mouth twisted in a one-sided grimace of baffled fury.

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The nurse came hurrying.

"It's very bad for her to get so angry... you really must humor her, Miss Earle..."

There was a man's step on the walk, and a subdued peal of the bell. Mrs. Campbell's hearing seemed to have sharpened with the impairing of her other faculties; she forgot her anger, and became only concerned with hurrying her granddaughter from the room.

Janice went slowly, heavily.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lambert."

He took her hand in his.

"Good-morning, Janice, my dear. How's the old lady?"

Janice looked at her hand in the clasp of his thick-set, downy-haired fingers as though it was something that scarcely belonged to her. Slowly she withdrew it.

"Much the same, thank you, Mr. Lambert. A little better, I think."

"Splendid!" said Hunt Lambert heartily. He walked into the hall, and Janice had to follow him. He was a heavily-built man with slightly bloodshot brown eyes. His black hair grew low on his temples, and showed a blue tinge under the freshly-shaven skin on his heavy jaw. His mouth was full-lipped, and a little slack.

"You'll see her around on her feet yet!"

Janice shook her head mechanically.

"The doctor doesn't promise anything like that."

"Doctors don't know everything!" said Mr. Lambert off-handedly, "Anyhow, Janice, my dear'...you know you always have me to turn to...if anything happens to your grandmother..."

He leaned a little closer, and looked into the clearness of her blue eyes.

"Remember, I am ready to look after you..."

Janice was leaning back against the doorway of the hall. She was as white as though she was physically sick. She raised her head, and Lambert turned at the sound of a clattering pound of hoofs.

Lacy Gardner, on a big black horse, was in the gateway, leaning from the saddle to lift the latch with his whip.

"Good-morning, Miss Earle...Lambert."

He swung out of his saddle, and threw the black horse's rein over the gatepost, and came up the steps. He was bareheaded, and wearing laced leather thigh-leggings, splashed and plastered with mud.

"I've been up to the pah, and I thought I'd call in as I came home...if you will excuse a little mud. How is Mrs. Campbell this morning?"

"She seems to be taking more interest in things, Doctor Gardner. She asked for paper and pencil..." Janice said a little dully.

"And did she manage to write anything?" Lacy said.

"I think I shall go now," announced Mr. Lambert, shuffling uncomfortably, "Good-morning, Miss Janice."

"She wrote . . . two or three words . . ." Janice said. Her eyes fell under Lacy Gardner's regard.

"Has Lambert been annoying you?"

He jerked the words out, abruptly. Janice put up her hands wearily to her head.

"Not annoying me...but he was just talking about...saying he would look after me. It makes me feel...I don't know!"

She shivered, and looked up into Lacy's curiously smouldering eyes. She essayed a brief laugh.

"He didn't stay long after you appeared ..."

"I know too much about him!" Lacy said grimly.

He looked down into Janice's dark-blue weary eyes, and threw his gloves savagely on the hall seat.

"Shall I see Mrs. Campbell now?"

Janice took him in. The old woman's momentary gleam of intelligence had passed. She lay glassily staring at the ceiling, with her dreadful distorted smile.

In the hall, as he was going, Lacy spoke to Janice again.

"How do you divide the nights with the nurse?"

"She . . . she stays up till fairly late, and then I sit up, and she goes to bed . . ." Janice said.

"And you look after meals and the house in the daytime?" Lacy said.

He was looking at her hands. She had come in from the post with a letter, a tradesman's account, and the white sheet, in her fingers, was wavering visibly.

"It's not good enough. I shall send for a night nurse."

He took her wrist in his decisive fingers.

"Oh, no, Doctor Gardner!" she cried, distressed, "I can manage...it would be so terribly expensive! And grandmother rests better when I am there..."

She tried to draw her wrist away, but Lacy went on calmly holding it, and looking at his wrist-watch.

"Come in here..." he said, and took her by the shoulders, and propelled her through the door into the front room. He seated her in a chair, and pulled the blinds higher. He stared into her face without pity.

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

Janice was looking defiant and a little frightened.

"A...a cup of tea...and a piece of bread and butter."

"Exactly!" said Lacy, "And what did you give the nurse?"

"Bacon and eggs..."

"And why did you not have bacon and eggs?"

Janice looked at him defiantly.

"It . . . it chokes me, Doctor Gardner . . ."

"Nonsense!" Lacy said rudely. "Good food never choked anybody. You mean you imagine that it chokes you. You get your grandmother's face firmly fixed in your mind, and you decide that you, and you only, caused her illness, and then you think about our mutual friend Mr. Lambert, and by that time you don't know whether you're eating food or sawdust. Isn't that so?"

"Yes . . ." said Janice faintly.

"HOW are you sleeping? When you get a chance to sleep, that is?"

"I seem to keep waking up . . . in a sort of fright . . . and I dream."

"Headache?"

She nodded wearily.

Lacy went out to the hall, and came back with his stethoscope.

"Do you cough?"

"No . . ." she said, alarmed.

"Sit round like that . . . straight . . ." Lacy said calmly.

She obeyed stiffly, her defiant eyes on the intent face bent above hers.

Lacy straightened up after a minute or two.

"Nothing wrong with your lungs, and your heart's quite good. You're just worn out. I'll see that you have a second nurse to-night."

"But grandmother . . ." Janice faltered. "She wants me beside her . . . she gets excited if I'm not there."

"Your grandmother," said Lacy, "may be ill for a long time. It is a physical impossibility for you to be in attendance upon her all the time. You must conserve your strength."

"But, Doctor Gardner . . ."

"When a doctor gives orders . . ." said Lacy, "he expects them to be obeyed."

Janice got up out of her chair, not quite steadily.

"But, Doctor Gardner . . . I don't know about the money . . . there mightn't be enough to pay for all this . . ."

"How does your grandmother draw her money?"

Janice shook her head.

"I don't know. Something to do with shares. She never tells me things like that."

"Who handles her affairs here? Allen, I suppose. Would you have any objection to my seeing him?"

"OH, would you . . .?" Janice said, in a breath of relief, "I wondered if I could go, but it would be much better if you would."

"Then that's settled . . ." Lacy said. "Remember orders!"

He mounted his horse again, and rode back down the sandy road. The office of Trevor Allen, solicitor, adjoined the butcher's shop. Lacy opened the door unceremoniously, and walked in.

Allen, at his entrance, laid his book aside, removed his slippered feet from the only other chair the office contained, and flicked ineffectually at the dust on the seat.

"Sit down, Gardner, sit down! What do you think of this . . . a first edition . . . picked it up at a sale the other day? Have you killed a patient, and do you want my advice as to how to dispose of the body?"

"Something on those lines . . ." Lacy said.

He sat down on the dusty chair, and Allen fumbled among his papers for his tobacco-pouch. He was a man of late middle-age, greying at the temples. His eyes looked wearily from a network of fine wrinkles. His clothes hung on him limply, shabby, and unbrushed.

He pushed the pouch across to Lacy, and Lacy began to roll himself a cigarette.

"It's about old Mrs. Campbell. Her granddaughter sent me."

Allen nodded slowly, scratching a match.

"Yes, I heard she was ill. A stroke?"

Lacy nodded.

"Practically hopeless. Miss Earle's worrying about money. She's afraid to have a second nurse . . ."

Allen poked his match into his pipe reflectively.

"Apparently Miss Earle has no notion of her grandmother's affairs."

"None at all," said Lacy.

"From what I have learned of Mrs. Campbell's affairs I should say she was well able to afford any comforts. She draws a good income."

"She doesn't live like it . . ." Lacy murmured.

Allen leaned forward, gesturing with the dead match impressively.

"Gardner, as one professional man to another, I think the woman is as mad as a hatter!"

"I gather as much . . ." Lacy said.

"It worries me . . ." Allen said. "At least the granddaughter worries me. What a life for a girl! The woman believes she suffers from heart disease . . . the girl must never be away from her for more than a few

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minutes at a time. She must never disagree with her for fear of giving her a heart attack. She must be good to her because the old woman brought her up, and gave her a home."

"In short, a tyranny complex," said Lacy.

The lawyer nodded.

"Then she has an idea that some man will get hold of the girl for her money. Apparently Mrs. Campbell has had an unhappy experience of men, for, in her philosophy, all men are wolves, either in sheep's clothing, or with fangs. And now . . ." he spread his hands helplessly . . . "she's got this marriage idea!"

"M'mm," said Lacy. "A pretty idea."

Allen brought down his fist with a sudden and startling force upon a pile of dusty papers.

"Excuse my language, Gardner . . . but it makes me curse!"

"Well, curse!" said Lacy. "I'll say amen"

"He's some connection of Mrs. Campbell's . . . whether she thinks that recommends him . . . he's got nothing else in his favor! But she trusts him implicitly . . . and naturally the idea pleases him . . ."

"Let it!" said Lacy grimly, "if I can prevent it, it'll never be any more than an idea!"

The lawyer struck another match to his neglected pipe. He looked at Lacy with a short laugh.

"It won't be if you can get your spoke in the wheel. Good luck, Lacy! I don't mind being your friend, but Heaven help the man you get your knife into!"

"Why give me such a bad character?" Lacy said. He got up, replacing the papers on his chair.

"I'll allow you to return to your first edition . . ."

He was scarcely out of the door when Mr. Allen's telephone bell rang. It conveyed to him the information that Mrs. Campbell had rallied slightly and wished him to attend her immediately to make an alteration in her will.

WHEN Lacy made his call on the afternoon of the next day, he brought the second nurse with him.

"Have you been outside the house today?" he demanded of Janice.

She shook her head.

"Grandmother was a little better to-day, and seemed to want me to be with her . . ."

Lacy took her coat from the peg in the hall and threw it over her shoulders.

"Get in the car. A run will do you no harm."

Janice demurred and obeyed. The big hound, from the back seat, regarded her with an unfriendly eye. Lacy slid in beside her and tossed the rug over her knees.

The big car was running smoothly down pass the motor camp, and Lacy turned out into the shore road. Janice looked at him startled, and a little resentful.

"I probably shan't be very late . . ." Lacy said easily. "And it doesn't matter, if I am."

"Grandmother might want me . . ." Janice said.

"She has the choice of two nurses . . ." Lacy pointed out.

The swift rush of air was, against Janice's will, brightening her heavy eyes.

"There's going to be a frost to-night . . ." she said.

The harbor was still as a mirror, and pale. The hills on the southern shore were cold, and clear, and calm.

They had left the metalled road, and turned up a side track. The big car lurched, throwing Janice against Lacy's shoulder.

"Have you no people of your own?" Lacy said suddenly. "Nobody but your grandmother?"

She shook her head.

"I never had a brother or sister. My father was killed the day before I was born . . . at the landing at Anzac Bay. My mother never recovered from the shock. She died a few months later."

Lacy nodded thoughtfully.

They were climbing now. The blue harbor lay away back below and behind them. There were sand shoals showing through the pale water; a home-going fishing launch trailed a lazy wake.

"It's . . . peaceful . . ." Janice said with a sigh.

"You can be too peaceful," Lacy said.

THE car climbed on. Green grazing land had given way to bush and half-burned clearings. There was no sign of life.

"Can you . . .?" Janice said, as though thinking about it.

The road was a mere rutted track. The car lurched and swung and rocked. Janice held firmly to the door, but she was thrown against Lacy's hard shoulder, and thrown back almost out of her seat. The road zig-zagged along the side of a hill with a hundred-foot drop on the one hand. There were heaps of loose shale over which the car climbed at a dizzy angle.

"It's not exactly a pretty road," Lacy said. "I forgot to ask if you were a nervous passenger . . ."

"No thank you . . ." said Janice a little coldly.

Lacy had stopped at a wooden gate. There was a clearing in the bush; rough green paddocks scattered with dead burned timber. The house was a mere shack of weathered grey timber slabs. The windows stared like tiny unblinking eyes.

"These people have been married a year," Lacy said. "Mrs. Stewart is just twenty now, and she's about to have her first child."

Stark panic showed an instant in Janice's face.

"That's . . . terrible!" she said.

He got out of the car, and closed the door.

"I probably shan't be very long. There are magazines on the back seat. If you should be cold, just come inside and sit in the kitchen."

"Oh no, I shall be all right here..." Janice said.

"Bard'll keep an eye on you..." Lacy smiled.

Janice sat in the car, turned the magazines over, tried to read. It seemed like a dream. It was warm in the car. She wrapped the rug around her. The hour hand of the dashboard clock crept slowly round. The drama of what was happening in the small slab house behind the staring windows obsessed her mind to the exclusion of all else.

Almost two hours had passed when Lacy Gardner came down to the car.

"I'm sorry to keep you so long. If you're cold get the other rug from the back."

"Oh, thank you, I'm not cold!" Janice said.

She drew the rug up obediently.

"How is...how is Mrs. Stewart?"

"Going on all right..." Lacy said. He leaned against the door to scratch a match on his boot-heel, and the small flare lighted his impassive face. "She just sent me down to the milking shed to remind her husband that in a few years he'd be having his son help him milk."

Janice looked at him with eyes that were queerly luminous in the fading light.

"There's a dashboard light if you want to read..." Lacy said. He leaned in, and switched it on, "Sure you're not cold? No, you feel warm."

His hand closed on her wrist, curiously vital and compelling. Janice shrank from the touch of it.

"Wrap the rug around you. I won't be long now."

She watched him go up through the dusk to the dimly-lighted little windows. Bard stared after him with dark mournful eyes, and she made a tentative advance towards the big dog, and he suffered it impassively. The sky was swiftly darkening, and the hills seemed to grow closer and colder. Morepork hooted with eerie persistency from the fringe of the bush.

It was pitch dark when Lacy came back to the car, and she leaned out and looked at him anxiously.

"Come up here with me a minute..."

Janice hesitated, but he laid a compelling hand on her arm, and helped her from the car. She stumbled, in the darkness, and he kept his hand on her arm.

A shaft of lamplight, from the narrow doorway, streamed into the night.

"There's a box here, for a step," Lacy said. "Don't trip over it."

She stood inside, blinking. There was a tiny Dover stove, glowing cheerfully, a narrow table, four chairs. A fair-haired young man got up from his place by the fire.

"Miss Earle..." said Lacy. "Mr. Stewart, the proud father of a son."

Mr. Stewart's tired young face was broken up into lines of laughter.

"How d'y'e do, Miss Earle...you must be tired sitting out there; let me give you a cup of tea...he's a bumper son, too, isn't he, Doctor Gardner?"

"A ten-pounder," said Lacy. "With a voice like a brass-bound fog-horn. Will you hear him?"

Janice did indeed hear a small wailing mewing cry through the thin partition. Stewart's brown face was suddenly, darkly flushed. Janice sat clutching her cup, and her slice of bread and butter.

"What...does he look like?" she blurted suddenly.

For some reason her question amused the two men immoderately. Even Mr. Stewart laughed, setting down his cup of tea while he groped for a handkerchief to wipe his brow where the sun-bleached hair clung damply.

"Much like any other baby..." said Lacy, "Rather less hair than some, and rather more speech, if you know what I mean..."

"You're jealous..." said Mr. Stewart, with modest satisfaction.

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A stout woman in a blue apron came out briskly into the kitchen to set a jug on the stove. She looked extremely pleased with herself.

"Such a lovely little boy, Doctor...and as lively as a cricket."

"There now!" said Stewart.

Lacy Gardner refilled his own cup critically.

"Exactly what is the dictionary definition of the word lovely, Mrs. Brownlee?"

"As babies go," maintained Mrs. Brownlee. "I consider him lovely, Doctor Gardner."

"I beg your pardon!" said Lacy. "Miss Earle...Mrs. Brownlee, better than any professional nurse I've ever struck."

"Hark at him!" said Mrs. Brownlee, beaming broadly. "How d'y'e do, Miss Earle. Are you a stranger to these parts?"

"I've been here a few weeks..." Janice said. "At Shore Town, that is..."

"Bring the baby and let Miss Earle judge of his looks..." Lacy said.

Mrs. Brownlee brought the crib carefully into the doorway. Bunk in the whiteness was an infinitely small red wrinkled face.

Lacy had come, and was standing close to Janice, his shoulder touching hers. He laughed down at her, quite gently.

"Is he lovely?"

"I don't know..." Janice said, through a strange thickness in her throat.

"What are you going to call him, Stewart?" Lacy said.

"Had he been a girl," said Mr. Stewart meticulously, "He should have been Mary Virginia. As it is, he is John Russel. My name is Russel..." he mentioned as a modest addition.

Mrs. Brownlee carried the crib back, and Lacy picked up his leather coat from the back of a chair.

"Well, Janice...I suppose we must get home."

"Good-bye, Miss Earle..." said Stewart. "Glad to have met you."

Lacy stood back for her to precede him out, and Stewart, detained him, embarrassedly.

"Look, Doctor...about that account of yours last Christmas when Virginia was ill..."

Janice moved hastily on, but not before she heard Lacy's brief laugh.

"Hardly worth losing sleep over..."

"I'll try and get it paid off this winter . . ." Stewart's urgent young voice said. "Five shillings or so a month, and I'll sure clear it up first decent cream cheque I get in the spring. Things have been sort of heard . . . but I'm ashamed leaving it so long . . ."

"Don't talk nonsense!" Lacy said tersely. "You'll need all you have this winter . . . I won't take anything from you until spring. Remember you've got another mouth to feed. Good-night . . . good-luck!"

He joined Janice as they reached the car. She sank into the cushioned seat, and he closed the door after her, and came around and got in on her other hand. He felt for matches, and lighted a cigarette. The small flare from his cupped hands lighted his lean dark sardonic face and the gleam of his half-shut eyes.

MRS. CAMPBELL died in the early hours of the morning of the ninth day following her seizure. Lacy Gardner was away up the river at a Maori settlement investigating a suspected case of typhoid fever, and it was nearly noon before he got back to Shore Town, bathed and changed, and drove down to the little house by the motor camp.

He found Hunt Lambert's shabby sedan car parked at the gateway, and Lambert sitting patiently upon the verandah.

The house was very quiet. Lacy ignored Lambert, and walked in without knocking. The threadbare carpet runner muffled his footsteps. The kitchen door was wide open, and he stood and looked in.

Janice was standing at the bench, with her back to him, and a small glass in her hand. There was something curious in her attitude. As he stood there she raised the glass.

Lacy's movement was swift as light. His open hand descended on the slender wrist with the force of a blow, and the glass splintered savagely in fragments against the wall.

"What did you have in that glass?"

She had not screamed. She lay back inertly now in his hard grasp, white as death.

"Give that to me!" Lacy said.

He, too, looked a little white; he reached without mercy for something she was trying to conceal in her hand.

She withheld it a minute, then suddenly and helplessly gave it into his hand. It was a small, sticky bottle with a flaring label.

"Laudanum," said Lacy. "Did you get any of it down?"

She shook her head.

"Just as well. I don't think my treatment for laudanum poisoning would appeal to you."

She began to laugh, laughter that ended by her holding her worn cotton apron to her mouth to stifle her convulsive sobs.

"Oh. . . why can't somebody help me? Why did you stop me?"

Lacy was holding her in his arms. He took away the apron and brushed back the damp hair from her convulsed face.

"Janice, my dear . . ." he said, "can't you tell me exactly what it is?"

She lay limply against him, almost a dead weight. A shudder passed through her.

"I promised grandmother I would marry him . . . I wanted her to die in peace . . . and now he is out there waiting for me."

"A promise wrung by that sort of torture is no promise at all," Lacy said briefly. "You have had no sleep for forty-eight hours, and you didn't know what you were doing. In fact, you are not normal now."

She shook her head with a kind of fatal desolation.

"A promise to a dying person . . . is sacred . . . I can't break it . . ."

"You most definitely will break it," Lacy said.

She shook her head again.

"That's one thing you can't stop, Doctor Gardner . . ."

"Can't I?" Lacy said.

He was still holding her in his arms. He bent slowly and laid his mouth on hers. For an instant they stood so, and then Janice staggered back, her eyes wide and dark with something nameless, her hands flung up to her face.

Lacy swung about, and strode back through the hall.

Lambert was still sitting on the bench, his thick hands clasped, his smart felt hat tilted over his eyes. After one look at Lacy's face, he rose uneasily.

"Miss Earle does not wish to see you . . . now, or any other time."

Lambert shifted from one foot to the other.

. . . As my promised wife . . ."

He retreated two hasty steps as Lacy came two steps forward.

"Get out!" said Lacy, contemptuously, holding himself, quivering, in leash, "or I'll throw you out!"

"So . . ." said Lambert, his ugly mouth twitching, "there's something funny here . . . you walk in without knocking . . . you talk about throwing me out as if you were master here . . ."

Lacy lunged, and his fist caught Lambert squarely upon the point of the jaw. It was the straight right that had made him middleweight champion of his University year, and Lambert's heavy body sagged, described a backward arc, and landed drunkenly on the gravel below.

Lacy stood by the rail and watched him get heavily and painfully to his feet and limp out to his car. Safely ensconced at the wheel, he leaned out and raised a shaking fist, and cursed thickly.

"For that, you devil, I'll see your pride in the mud one of these fine days!"

He swung the car jerkily around, and Lacy turned to find Janice at his elbow.

"What's the use?" she said blankly.

Lacy stood and looked at her for an instant, and then he went inside, and brought out a coat and laid it over her shoulders.

"Put it on," he said, "and come with me."

SHE obeyed, and he half-led, half-carried her to the car. She sank uncomprehendingly into the seat beside him.

The swift rush of air revived her a little. When Lacy stopped the car at the post office and went inside, she sat huddled in her coat, staring across the harbor. It was a windy, sunny day. A choppy breeze blew across the south-west, breaking the water into ruffles and spurts of white.

Two men strolled leisurely into the post office; Janice watched them blankly, as figures on a cinematograph screen. A lady in a red coat looked at the car, and tripped across to it.

"Oh, good morning . . . I thought Doctor Gardner was here . . ." she was staring with unconcealed curiosity . . . "Can you tell me where to find him?"

"He went into the post office . . ." Janice said dully.

"Oh, thank you!" said the lady in the red coat politely.

There was a long interval, and then she came out again, this time in company with Lacy Gardner. He raised his hat, and she tripped away reluctantly, with a curious backward glance. He came down the steps to Janice, opened the door of the car.

"Coming . . .?"

She got out, almost, it seemed, not of her own volition. He took her arm and they climbed the steps. Lacy opened a door and stood aside for her to pass.

The door bore an unobtrusive placard . . . "Postmaster. Registrar of Births and Marriages."

The Postmaster got up from a chair at a table strewn with documents. He was a big man with a broad, ruddy face, and thick grey hair. He smiled at Janice and offered her a chair, then went to the door and called somebody unseen.

"Mr. Kirk! Will you and Mr. Smithson step here a moment, please..."

There was a brief interval, and two young men appeared, smiling a little.

The Postmaster was writing.

"Your name . . ?" he said to Janice.

"Janice Mary Earle . . ."

Her lips felt stiff. Lacy Gardner's eyes compelled her.

"Your full name?"

"Lacy Redmond Gardner."

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HARBOR HOUSE

The room swung around Janice in a giddy haze. There were questions, murmured answers. Lacy had taken a ring from his breast pocket; she saw the gold gleam of it, felt the faint gripping chill on her third finger.

"Sign your name here . . ."

Lacy was closing her nerveless fingers over the pen.

"Your maiden name . . . Janice Mary Earle . . ."

Lacy took her the pen; the two young men came forward, smiling, and signed. The Postmaster blotted the register, folded a stiff paper and gave it to Janice, and shook hands with her, smiling broadly.

"May I wish you the very best of luck, Mrs. Gardner . . ."

A brief look passed between the two men; Lacy wring his hand, and then guided Janice out with a light possessive touch on her arm.

The car was still standing in the same place outside; the wind blew the ruffled white-caps across the blue harbor. The two leisurely men were leaning against a telephone post, smoking. Lacy opened the door of the car, and helped her in, and then came around and slid in beside her.

"Now . . ." he said with finality, "go and marry Hunt Lambert. . . if you can!"

Lacy drove straight back to Harbor House, and swung the car through the open gateway.

Janice leaned dizzily on his arm as she got out of the car, and he guided her stiff steps. The door was open; they left the gay buffeting wind behind and entered the dim peace and quiet of the old house.

"Welcome home, my dear!" said Lacy.

He had dragged a chair to the hearth, and he began to lay a little heap of kindling wood, and set a match to it. He was very gentle in his movements. When the small flames leaped and sparkled comfortingly, he went away into the surgery, and came back with something in a small glass which he held to her lips. Then he stood upright, looking down at her.

"Janice . . ."

SHE was huddled in the big chair, her face drained of color, almost of vitality. Lacy took a sealed envelope out of his breast pocket, and laid it at her elbow.

"There's just a very few things I must discuss with you, Janice. Your grandmother wished for a private cremation. Allen will see to everything for you. This is I think, a copy of her will. Allen gave it to me this morning to take to you. And . . . about this marriage of ours, Janice . . . everything's quite legal and genuine. I won't deny that there was a little juggling with dates as to the length of notice given, but I once did Armitage a good turn when his kiddie was ill, and that's just his way of repaying it. You couldn't be better married with a bell and bishop."

Janice still sat huddled in her chair. She was staring at her slender right hand where the gold band gripped the third finger.

Lacy touched the ring gently.

"It was my mother's wedding-ring . . . It was made from a nugget that was one of the first taken in the Gabriel's Gully rush . . . I've always carried it with me as a sort of talisman . . ."

At last she raised her curiously-sunken eyes to his, very slowly. Lacy made an abrupt movement of tenderness.

"Janice . . . my dear . . . just one more thing. I want you to believe me when I say that I have loved you ever since that night I nearly ran you down in the rain . . . and I saw your face by the light of the headlamps. Given my own time, I would have courted you in my own way, but this . . ."

He gestured expressively.

"It forced my hand. Do you see, my dear?"

She nodded, very slowly, and the glistening tears of weariness slipped from under her dark lashes to her colorless cheeks. Lacy stooped, with a curious gentleness, and laid his arm beneath her shoulders, and kissed her unresisting mouth.

WHEN Janice woke from her uneasy drowse, the sun was setting. The last golden shafts struck through the west windows, and lighted the old dark room with its beamed ceiling, and panelling, and great wide hearth.

Lacy came in five minutes later, with Lin, and found her standing by the window, with Allen's letter, torn open, in her hands. Her cheeks were feverishly bright; her eyes burned with a dark fire. Against the sunset light, her slenderness was limned like some old painting.

Lin came forward, and gave her both his hands with a fine frankness.

"My dear, let me give you both all the best wishes in the world. I must confess I'm knocked a bit silly . . . but after thirty-odd years of Lacy, I should be accustomed to his way of doing things . . ."

Janice had yielded her hands. Her gesture was curiously comforted and childish.

She picked up the crumpled document again, and held it toward Lacy. Her eyes were bewildered.

"I don't . . . understand it . . ."

Lacy took it from her hand.

"Do you want me to read it out?"

"Yes, please . . ." Janice said.

"'I, Martha McCall Campbell' . . . I don't suppose you want all the legal phraseology . . . 'all my worldly goods' . . . to my granddaughter, Janice Mary Earle. In the event of the said Janice Mary Earle's marriage the said worldly goods to go to her husband . . ."

Lacy stopped suddenly.

The expression on his face was no stranger than Janice's. She was staring up into the alcove at the right of the fireplace, where a shaft of sunlight had fallen. She remained as still as a woman carved in stone, face ashen, only her luminous eyes alive.

The two men stood and looked at her.

She raised an unsteady hand, and pointed. "Who . . . is that?"

She was pointing to an oil-painting that hung in the alcove. It was a portrait of a young girl with an aureole of fair hair and strange haunting grey eyes.

"Who . . . is she?" she said again.

Lacy's face had altered subtly to a watchful mask.

"She was . . . an old patient of mine."

"She was!" Janice said suddenly and sharply, her voice cracking on the word. "You do right to use the past tense! She was . . . Aran Lee was once your patient . . . what do you know of Aran Lee?"

She sat an instant tense, frozen, her head bowed on her knees. A long shudder shook her. She raised a face distorted out of recognition.

"Oh, Heaven! Aran Lee . . ."

She swung suddenly and savagely on Lin.

"What did you know of her?"

Lin countered her eyes quietly, watchfully, his face a rock.

"What Lacy has told you . . ."

Janice's voice broke in a strange laugh.

"His patient . . . she was his wife!"

"You're mad!" Lacy Gardner said.

His voice was cold, contemptuous, but Lin, looking at him, saw that he had gone white under his dark skin.

Janice turned slowly on him.

"She was your wife. Now I know why your face has always seemed familiar to me. You are the man who killed Aran Lee."

Lacy had backed against the mantelshelf. The last sunlight was gone; he stood there in the dusk, in almost the attitude of a man crucified. For an instant he seemed to strive for words.

"Janice . . ."

Lin moved across the room. When he had his hand on the door knob, Janice stopped him.

"Please stay here. I want you to hear this . . ."

Lacy nodded, and Lin came back, and sat down on a chair at the other side of the hearth.

"Listen to me, then . . ." said Janice. "For I am going to tell you the truth . . ."

Her eyes were brilliant; her cheeks burned with a feverish loveliness.

"I loved Aran Lee . . . she was my only girlhood friend. She was two or three years older than me . . . and very clever . . . she had no mother or father. I was almost broken-hearted when she won a scholarship at an art school, and left the country. I never saw her again. She had been away a few months when I received a startling letter from her. She told me that she was engaged, and about to be secretly married to a medical student. She would not tell me his name, but she did tell me that he was a New Zealander, and they were keeping it secret, as his people were financing him, and would be sure to disapprove of a hasty marriage . . ."

The light was abruptly fading; clouds had come out of the west, and the room was darkening. Lin sat immovable at the other side of the hearth, Lacy leaning against the mantelshelf.

"Just at that time, my grandmother made a trip to the South Island. We were away a year, and she left no address. She was queer in these ways. When we got home, a letter from Aran Lee was awaiting me . ."

She put her hands over her eyes a second.

"Aran had married the young doctor; she was going to have a child, and he left her without a word of warning, and sailed for New Zealand. His people had bought him a practice here . . . and he left her, without a shilling . . . a girl of seventeen, in a strange city, and going to bear his child . . ."

Her voice was vibrant.

"Hanging is too good for that man . ."

A glance, like a sword flash, leaped between her and the half-veiled eyes of Lacy Gardner.

"She had written to me to ask for money . . ." Janice said after a brief pause, "and I never got the letter. It wasn't my fault."

She was holding herself in check with a strong effort. Her trembling hands grinded the back of a chair.

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"I got my grandmother to cable the address of the letter. She had never been fond of Aran Lee. She hated me to have friends . . . but I persisted, for once. After a long time I received a reply . . . from the landlady where Aran had stayed . . . a letter giving me just bald facts. Aran Lee was dead. She had not been able to pay her rent for weeks, and at last this Mrs. Smith had told her that her room was wanted. She went away then, and the next that Mrs. Smith heard was that she was dead. She had died when her baby was born, and the baby died, too. Some of her things were sent back to her old address, and Mrs. Smith sent them on to me . . . a little box with some baby things, a book or two, and some sketches, and a man's photograph . . ."

She stood there agonised, accusing, her luminous eyes fixed upon Lacy's face.

"It was not until I saw that picture there that I realised why your face was familiar to me . . . that photograph was yours!"

In the silence the clock ticked. The room was almost dark.

"Will you not say anything, Lacy Gardner?"

Lacy moved a little.

"I am not the man who married and deserted Aran Lee. I give you my word for that. Do you believe me, or do you not?"

"I do not . . ." said Janice. She swayed where she stood.

The lawyer's copy of the will was still lying on the table.

Janice cried out blindly.

"You saw the changed will! No wonder you sent Lambert away . . . that you forced me to marry you. You were at Allen's the day the will was changed!"

Lacy, driven beyond all endurance, lurched from his strained position.

Lin, springing up, barred his way.

"Lacy . . ."

At that instant the sharp sound of the surgery bell pealed through the still house.

Lacy stood very still. Janice had grasped blindly at the back of the chair. He stood and watched her, deliberately, as she swayed and then stepped forward and caught her in her fall."

There was a rush of footsteps in the hall, and Cub burst in.

"Say, Lacy! There's somebody at the door wanting you . . . there's been an accident down at t'wharf, and a man nearly drowned, and he won't come round . . ."

He stepped short, and stood wide-eyed. Lacy, with a swift move, transferred his light burden to Lin's arms, and plunged out, without hat or coat, into the dusk.

It was nine o'clock when he returned home. The house was in darkness but for a bar of light from the kitchen doorway, and a shaded glow on the landing at the top of the stairs. Lacy stood an instant in the hall, looking upwards, and then turned and flung upon the dining-room door and switched on the light. There was a bottle of whisky somewhere in the cupboard; he searched for it, and dragged it out, poured a glass, and drank it almost neat.

He flung his glass with a sudden unconsidered movement into the hearth, and got up.

He climbed the stairs doggedly, not quite steadily. At the top, against the door, stood Lin, feet apart, his pipe in his mouth. They looked into one another's eyes.

"Well?" said Lacy intolerantly, and a little thickly. He made a movement as though to brush Lin aside.

Lin took his pipe out of his mouth.

"I think you should take a look at Janice . . . in your professional capacity. She appears to me to be running a temperature, and to be very restless."

Lacy stood staring at him a minute longer, and then turned and went very slowly down. Lin heard his dragging footsteps go through to the surgery. The telephone bell rang, and he answered it. When he came back, he had been washing his face in cold water, his hair hung wet and limp. He walked steadily.

Lin opened the door and he went in. Lin had made up the bed in Cub's room. The windows were open to the porch, the cold sweet night air came in. It was raining; wind-blown drops spattered on the boards. Janice's dark hair lay against the pillow; her cheeks were hot and her eyes wild. She shrank, in a kind of confused terror, at sight of him, and Lacy called Lin abruptly.

"Come in here, will you?"

He had turned to the dressing-table, and was mixing something in a glass. He handed it to Lin.

"Give it to her. She won't need anything more to-night. She'll sleep."

"Take this, like a good girl . . ." Lin said quite gently. He bent over Janice, and raised her a little, and she looked at him with a vague kind of relief in her feverishly-beautiful eyes. She drank, and slipped back on her pillows, and Lin tucked the quilt over her.

When he descended the stairs again he found Lacy donning his oilskins.

"Have you got to go out?" he said.

Lacy nodded.

"Old Kenyon's ill again . . . out on the harbor road."

He opened the door, and the wind swirled in with a cold spatter of raindrops.

"Pleasant wedding night for a man!" said Lacy, and closed the door behind him.

WHEN Janice awoke the sun was shining. She lay gazing about her in a kind of drugged dreaminess. She had the strange sensation of having slept through an unmeasured interval. She realised that her bed was beside a window; opposite her were glass doors opening into a sun-porch. Glimpses of blue water swam in the sunshine.

Somewhere in the house a door slammed. A boy scampered out to the gate with the big dog, Bard, following him.

The autumn morning was silent; she could hear the mewing of the seagulls in the shallows.

The gate opened with a click, and a young Maori woman came in, leaning heavily on the arm of a man in a shabby blue suit. Janice half drew the curtains and continued to gaze out. The couple disappeared from sight, and the surgery bell rang an apologetic peal. A mother came in with a child whose face, beneath fair, dancing curls, was a mask of bandages. She stopped to close the gate for a man limping heavily upon crutches.

"A great multitude of impotent folk, blind, halt, withered . . ." Janice's dreaming mind struggled with the dimly-remembered words.

A blue streamlined car brought two fashionably-dressed ladies to the gate. One carried a small silky dog bunched under her arm. The other's high-pitched voice floated to Janice's ears.

". . . What I always say with Lacy Gardner . . . he may be terribly clever, and he's good-looking and all that . . . but you never know what he's going to say next . . ."

They disappeared, and the surgery bell rang again.

There was a sudden careful tap on Janice's door.

"Come in . . ." said Janice faintly.

The door opened, and Cub came in. He was bearing with extreme care a small tray containing tea and toast and butter, an egg in a silver cup.

"I hope it's nice," he said. "Lin got it ready; he didn't trust it to Mrs. Taylor. Sometimes her things are nice, and sometimes they aren't."

"It looks very nice, thank you," Janice said.

"I BROUGHT you some books to read. Lacy told me to. He says it's doctor's orders for you to stay in bed. I'm sorry you're sick."

Janice's eyes were suddenly brimming painfully.

"I'm not so terribly sick . . . just tired."

Cub nodded with professional interest.

"Staying in bed will help that. That's what Lacy said; he said you had been doing too much nursing. Do you like my room?"

"Very much indeed. Am I turning you out of it?"

"No. I always sleep on the porch. I can go out through Lin's room, so I won't disturb you . . ."

He settled the tray with great care upon the chair at her side.

"If you want anything more, just shout for it. I'll be home, 'cause it's Saturday."

Lin came up later to collect the dishes. He tapped at the door, and asked a little brusquely: "May I come in?"

"I'm terribly sorry to be such a trouble . . ." Janice faltered.

Lin looked down at her, the hostility in his eyes melting. He was wearing a grey shirt and working trousers, his sleeves rolled up his brown powerful arms, his dark hair tousled. His face softened.

"It's not such a terrible trouble. Would you like another pillow?"

But Janice's face was dropped in her hands.

"I don't wonder you hate me . . ." she said very low.

Lin laid an entirely gentle hand upon her shoulder.

"Cheer up, my dear . . . nobody's hating you . . . Drink up the rest of your tea. Would you like some more hot water in it?"

His gentleness had a curiously unsteadying effect upon Janice. She shook her head blindly, staring out of the window, her eyes bright with tears.

Lin leaned over to the window a little, and adjusted the curtain to shut out the glare of the sun, picked up the tray, and balanced it on a square, capable hand.

"Don't be surprised if the house sounds quiet . . . we'll probably all be out. You're to stay in bed . . . that's doctor's orders!"

He smiled at her from the door, and she heard his light steady step going down the stairs.

The afternoon drifted slowly by. She lay by her open window, and listened to the gulls on the beach, and the lap of the incoming tide. She heard the grey car go out from the garage, with the roar of an open

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exhaust. She must have dozed, for she awoke, hearing it come in again, and the sun was low in the west.

Just before dusk she heard the step she dreaded on the stairs.

"May I come in?" said Lacy's voice at the door.

"Come in . . ." she said.

She was sitting up, leaning on one elbow, still and tense, as Lacy opened the door. His face was a mask; to all appearances he was making an ordinary professional call.

He felt her pulse with impersonal fingers, his eyes on his wrist-watch.

"Have you slept at all to-day?"

Janice, with the bulb of a clinical thermometer thrust into her mouth, was prevented from making a reply. When he took the thermometer he looked at her with interrogative annoyance.

"A little . . . this afternoon."

"I'll leave you something to take to-night . . ." he turned aside to the window, and looked at the thread of the thermometer. "Another day in bed won't do you any harm."

He slipped the thermometer back into its case, and the case into his pocket. With his hand on the door, he paused.

"Do you feel a draught from the window?"

"No, thank you," said Janice faintly.

He closed the door. Janice could hear him moving about in the room beyond. She closed her eyes bleakly, and lay in silence.

When Lin came in from work Lacy was sitting at the table in the kitchen, making a hasty meal. A leather suitcase stood, strapped, by the door.

"What's up?" Lin said.

"Only that I'm going north to that conference, after all . . ." Lacy said coolly. "I phoned Sir John this afternoon . . . he's sending a locum tenens down to-morrow for the week. I've nobody very ill in hospital, and Beverly's taking my surgery cases to-night."

Lin heaved a sigh.

"Do you think you're being wise?"

Lacy got up, and took his leather coat from the back of his chair.

"I don't know about being wise, but I know I'm going to do it."

He dragged on the coat, and picked up his gauntleted driving gloves. He laid his hand in a brief contact against Lin's shoulder.

"Look after . . . things for me, Lin . . ."

"You don't leave me much choice, do you?" Lin said.

Lacy laughed a little.

"Well, you see, I know you, Lin . . . good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Lacy. Don't break your neck . . ."

He went out and closed the door. Lin heard him start up the car. He remained sitting at the table, his chin in his hands, a crease between his brows.

Cub drifted in, reached for a slice of bread, dug out a spoonful of jam

"Lin . . ."

"Yes?"

"I took up her tea . . ."

"Thank you . . ." Lin said.

"Lin!"

"Yes?" Lin said.

"Do I call her Janice?"

"I should think so . . ."

"It's a nice name," Cub said, with satisfaction.

The surgery bell rang.

Lin got up, and went to the door.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. "Come in . . ."

He stood aside, and Rowena Bridgeman came into the waiting-room. She was bareheaded, and carrying a basket covered with a white cloth.

"No, I won't come in . . . there were some pills Lacy was to send up for old Mrs. Wilkinson . . . he apparently forgot them. I'm going up to her place now."

"We'll look," Lin said, opening the surgery door. "They're probably ready and labelled somewhere. Lacy's out . . . as a matter of fact he's gone north."

"Gone north," Rowena Bridgeman said.

He had stood aside for her to precede him. Now he looked full at her face.

"You haven't heard the news then?"

"News?" Rowena said. "What news? I haven't been out all day . . ."

"Lacy is married," Lin said bluntly. "He was married last night."

She swayed a little where she stood. Lin refrained from putting a hand out to her. He stood silent, and it seemed that some of the greyness of her face was reflected in his.

"Lacy . . . how crazy!" she said, after a long time, in a caught breath. "But to whom?"

"Janice Earle . . . a granddaughter of Mrs. Campbell, who died the other day."

"I don't know her . . ." Rowena said.

"She is . . . very attractive," Lin said laboriously; he was picking up bottles, looking at them, and putting them back. "It was a surprise even to me . . . but you know Lacy's way of doing things."

"Of course!" Rowena Bridgeman said. She laughed a little, a natural sounding laugh. She was holding her head high; the brilliant light struck a bronze halo from it. "He couldn't even get married like an ordinary person . . ."

"Cub is terribly tickled about it all . . ."

"He would be . . . Cub is a person of great enthusiasms."

"Here are the pills!" said Lin, with an air of triumph. "'Mrs. Wilkinson, per fav. Mrs. Bridgeman.' That looks clear enough!"

"Thank you," said Rowena. "How clever of you to find them! Also a good thing I came down to-night to hear such exciting news at first hand. It really is exciting. What does she look like, Lin?"

Lin considered.

"Sort of clean-run . . ." he said vaguely. "A slight bit of a thing. Black hair and a white skin. Her eyes are kind of alive."

Rowena rippled with laughter.

"Why Lin, I should never have expected such a comprehensive description of a woman from you . . . is she pretty?"

Lin shook his head emphatically.

"She might be plain, she might be lovely. Not pretty."

"You don't seem very sure . . ." Rowena said lightly. "I'll come and see for myself . . . but I must fly! Mrs. Wilkinson will be waiting for her tea, poor thing! Good-night, Lin . . ."

"Good-night, Rowena . . ." Lin said.

He let her out of the door, and, as he turned back again, he straightened his shoulders wearily, as a man who bears an unconfessed burden.

LACY was away for a week. He arrived home on a streaming wet evening, with an easterly gale roaring savagely up the inlet. Janice and Lin and Cub were at tea, and Cub was relating a hilarious tale of something that had happened at school. Janice was laughing, her cheeks a little flushed, her eyes alight, and she leaned over with the teapot to refill Lin's cup. The wind had drowned the sound of the car; the first thing they heard was the click of the outer door opening and closing.

"It's Lacy . . ." said Cub joyously, and bounded up, almost knocking over his chair.

Janice had stopped short, the teapot suspended in mid-air. She sat rigid, her face drained of color, looking piteously at Lin.

The next instant Lacy was in the room, with Cub clinging hilariously to his arm. He was wearing a dripping leather coat, and shaking the water from his hat. His lean, dark face was stung to color by the storm; his grey eyes held a mocking light.

"Hullo Lin . . . hullo, Janice, my dear. Let go, Cub; I want to take my coat off."

"Why choose such a filthy night to come home?" Lin wanted to know.

"Oh well . . ." said Lacy pleasantly, half in and half out of his coat, "no place like home, you know . . ."

He sat down at the table, lounging comfortably.

"Yes, thank you, Janice, you may exercise your wifely privilege, and pour me a cup of tea."

"Have a good time?" Lin said.

"Most enjoyable, thank you."

JANICE'S hands were fumbling among the cups. She lifted the old silver teapot in an uncertain grasp. Lacy watched her from under sardonically-lowered brows, leaning back in his seat a little, lounging.

"Were there any floods, Lacy, coming down?" Cub demanded, leaning over his chair.

"Only the floods of tears that everybody wept when I left," Lacy said.

Cub considered the reply exquisitely witty, and laughed for a long while.

"There was a flood at the school to-day . . . a gutter got blocked up, and the water ran all over the place . . ."

"Bryant's out at Kenyon's . . . over on the harbor road," Lin said, carving another helping from the meat pie. "A message came through just before dark for him to go out."

Lacy chuckled a little unkindly.

"This is certainly a good pie," he said. "You don't mean to tell me that Mrs. Taylor cooked it?"

"No, Janice made it . . ." Lin said.

Lacy looked across at Janice with raised brows.

"Well done, Janice! I didn't know you were . . . domesticated."

Janice ate on, in silence, looking at her plate.

"She made some awful good sponge-cake this morning," Cub observed dreamily. "May I leave the table, please?"

"Ask the right person, then," Lacy said.

"Who is the right person?"

"Janice, of course. She is mistress of this establishment."

"Please, may I leave the table, Janice?"

"Yes . . ." Janice said.

"I've got to go back to the garage" Lin said, getting up slowly, avoiding Janice's imploring glance, "so if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Please, may I smoke, Janice?" Lacy said, reaching leisurely into his pocket after matches.

"It's your house," Janice said. She knotted her fingers nervously, and looked at them.

"Ah, yes, but you're mistress of it," said Lacy blandly. He tapped his cigarette gently on the edge of his saucer. "By the way, you haven't yet said that you're glad to see me home."

He was lounging with one arm over the back of his chair, his mouth hard, his eyes smiling.

Janice brought her eyes up to his bravely.

"Because I'm not glad, and you know it!"

"Straight from the shoulder!" said Lacy with a brief laugh, "now we're getting down

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to it. Why are you not dutifully glad to see me back?"

"Please, Lacy," Janice said resolutely, "we've got to have this thing out."

"I agree with you," said Lacy, "you start."

"Well," said Janice, bravely, "this situation . . . it's impossible. I want to go away . . ."

"Where?" said Lacy, inhaling smoke negligently.

"Anywhere," Janice said.

"You forget I hold your purse-strings," Lacy said airily.

"I'm not likely to forget that!" Janice said very low.

The red flicked into Lacy's lean, sardonic face. His hand closed savagely upon the unoffending matchbox he held.

"That slightly complicates matters, doesn't it?" he drawled.

"Please, Lacy, will you let me have enough of my grandmother's money to go away?" Janice said, looking straight at him.

"No, I will not," said Lacy with a gleam in his eyes.

"Then, I'll go out and work!" Janice flared.

"You will not!" said Lacy.

"You can't stop me!" Janice said. She was breathing fast, a bright color in her cheeks.

"You'll find that I can stop you in a variety of ways" Lacy said flicking the ash from his cigarette with a not-quite-steady hand against his saucer "and all quite effective."

"I'll go away without your knowing!" Janice said her voice rising.

"And I'll come and fetch you back" Lacy said deliberately.

Janice looked at him.

"You're a devil!"

"You slander me I assure you" Lacy said politely "I'm merely trying to bring home to you a fact you seem to fail to realise . . ."

"What?" Janice said breathlessly.

Lacy was leaning over the table his dark face grim, his grey eyes cold.

"That you are my lawful wedded wife!"

Janice was on her feet, her face white, her eyes a blue flame of fire. Her hands were flung out in desperate defiance.

"I'll never be your wife . . . never . . . with the thought of Aran Lee between us!"

She swayed a little, looking at him out of her strangely brilliant eyes.

"I would rather kill myself . . ."

Lacy sat looking at her. He was white to the lips, shaking a little. He got up, contemptuously.

"Very well. So we stand. But still remember that you are my lawful wife . . . and must obey me, even if you don't love and honor me."

"Love . . . honor!" said Janice wildly. She stood facing Lacy an instant, her back to the door, her eyes a blue flame. Then she whirled round, and slammed the door behind her.

Lacy sat on at the table, his neglected cigarette between his fingers. He was still sitting there with brooding eyes when Lin came in, wet, wind-blown, glowing.

"Lacy . . ."

"Yes . . ." Lacy said without looking up.

"Listen, Lacy . . . I'll clear out for a bit, and take Cub with me. You might shake down better . . . just the two of you in the house."

Lacy got up, suddenly, thrust back his chair.

"Don't you desert me, Lin . . ." he said briefly.

"Your wife's an unusually lovely girl, Gardner . . . Bryant, the locum tenens, said, next morning, when he was getting into his car. "I'm almost inclined to envy you . . ."

"Not surely repenting your comfortable bachelor existence?" Lacy said, smiling.

"I don't know . . ." Bryant said with a prodigious sigh. "When you settle down and become a staid married man, nobody knows where the disease will end.

He had started his engine; he leaned out, and shook Lacy's hand.

"Good-bye!" Lacy said. "You don't say you've enjoyed yourself!"

"I've enjoyed . . . parts," said Bryant, with honesty. "Not my trip last night. I don't seem to be the kind of shape to ride a horse. However . . . every man to his taste!"

"Exactly!" Lacy said.

"Why don't you give it up, Lacy?" Bryant demanded, greatly daring. "What old Sir John calls 'this slumming business,' and take a decent city practice?"

"You said it just now," Lacy said briefly. "Every man to his taste."

There was no more to be said to that, and Bryant gestured farewell, and drove away. Lacy's horse was standing ready, and he mounted, and galloped sharply down the road toward the sea.

MRS. CARR-RAMSDEN, the bank manager's wife, was leisurely exercising her fat Pekingese dog. Lacy managed to raise his hat to her, but she was suddenly much occupied with disentangling Fifi's lead.

At the corner by the weatherbeaten hotel, the black horse, Marcus, catching the bit in his teeth, sidled, for sheer lightheartedness, up on to the pavement, and almost brushed against a man getting into his car.

"Hullo, Lacy . . ."

"Hullo, Malcolm, Lacy said briefly.

Malcolm Bridgeman was a giant who had once been physically splendid, a fair-haired Viking run to fat. His stride was ponderous, his powerful lines sagged, his great shoulders were thickened and heavy. There were leaden pouches under his bloodshot and hostile blue eyes. He still carried his head well, and his fair hair gleamed burnished in the sunshine.

Lacy flicked the black horse with his switch, and he plunged savagely back into the roadway. Malcolm Bridgeman got into his car, slammed the door, and drove away.

Lacy rode on down past the wharf, jumped Marcus over the low wall that guarded the foreshore, and rode on along the beach. A man mending nets called a greeting to him, and, from the bow of a boat where he was cleaning fish, a Maori in a torn bathing-suit held up a writhing snapper.

"Good haul this morning, Doctor!"

"Keep a couple for me, then!" Lacy called good-naturedly. "It's the only way I'll ever get any money out of you, you scoundrel!"

His mates considered this amusing, and shouted.

"If you're going across to the Point," someone shouted, "you'll have to swim for it. Tide's falling mighty slow this morning."

The tide was falling slowly. Traces of the storm of the night before showed in foam lines and broken branches tossed on the wet streaked sand. For all that the harbor was calm as a mill pond, deep water channels showing deeply, clearly blue. Lacy rode into the water, kicking his feet free of the stirrups.

IT was past noon when Lacy reached home again. Lin was just finishing his lunch, and he called Lacy into the kitchen.

"Lacy, here a minute . . ."

Lacy came in, throwing down his switch, sinking into a chair.

"Where's Janice?"

"She's left a message to say that she's gone to lunch with Rowena."

Lacy nodded.

"Well?" he said, after a minute.

Lin placed the pepper-pot beside the salt-cellar, and flanked them with the butter-dish.

"You may as well make up your mind that you're going to be mad in a minute."

"Well, that's no new thing," Lacy said, with a quick, keen glance. "Fire away."

Lin seemed in no haste to begin. He took out his pipe, and began to fill it.

"What the devil's the matter?" said Lacy.

"It's about Janice. Do you not really realise that it has put her in a most awkward situation?"

"What has?" said Lacy.

"Your . . . running away."

The dangerous red leaped to Lacy's dark face. He got half on to his feet.

"Look here, Lin . . ."

"There's no good firing up," Lin said. "Look at it yourself. What would you think of a couple, just married, and the man clearing out the very day after his wedding. Wouldn't you think there was something fishy about the whole business?"

"It's nobody's business but mine!" Lacy flashed. He was beginning to be white now.

"So you say," Lin said, packing his pipe carefully. "But, unfortunately, other people are making it their business."

"Curse other people!"

"That's all very well," Lin agreed. "But you can't exactly damn Janice into the bargain, and, unless you do something about it in the very near future, she is going to be very definitely not known in Shore Town."

"I think you're talking utter rot," Lacy said repressedly. "What grounds have you for making such an unwarrantable statement?"

Lin raised his brows expressively.

"Do you realise that not one person—bar Rowena—has been near the place? Granted it's a little early for formal calling, but Shore Town folk don't usually stand on ceremony where a new bride's concerned. No, my dear Lacy, the elite have found it altogether too awkward to have anything to do with a bride of a week's standing whose husband is most definitely not in evidence."

"It's disgusting . . ." said Lacy, getting up, and thrusting back his chair; "somebody's at the bottom of this . . ."

"I imagine that Hunt Lambert is not exactly pouring oil on the troubled waters," Lin said drily. "You could hardly expect him to."

Lacy made an abrupt movement.

"I can see that I've behaved like a fool. And Janice has made matters no better by shutting herself inside the house like a nun. I'm not a superstitious man, Lin, or I might really believe in the curse of Harbor House."

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HARBOR HOUSE

Lin laughed a little.

"And now . . ." he said.

"And now . . ." said Lacy, "remains to reinstate Janice and myself in the good graces of Shore Town. May the devil fly away with all gossiping townships!"

"Perhaps if you went about a bit together . . ." Lin suggested, "or perhaps Rowena would give an evening or something . . ."

"And we appear as the centrepiece—the newly-married and devoted couple!" agreed Lacy airily. "Gaze into one another's eyes, and say 'My love' and 'My dear!' A brainwave, Lin. Thank you very much!"

He got up, laughing, and went out, and slammed the door.

He had to make an emergency call, and it was eight o'clock that night when he got back. The house seemed oddly quiet. Lin was standing irresolutely on the back porch.

"What's the matter?" Lacy said involuntarily.

He could not see Lin's face in the darkness, but his voice sounded constrained.

"Do you know anything about Janice?"

"No!" Lacy said sharply. "How should I? Where is she?"

"I don't know . . ." Lin said. "She left Rowena's directly after lunch, and she didn't come back here."

Lacy drew his breath sharply. He remained an instant, staring at Lin in the darkness, and then wheeled round and went inside. Lin heard his light footsteps running up the stairs.

He was away perhaps five minutes. When he came back he had a sheet of notepaper crumpled in his palm. He smoothed it out, and gave it to Lin, and Lin read it by the kitchen light.

It was undirected, and written hastily and decisively in pencil.

"I have found a job, and am going out to it this afternoon. Please do not try to find out or to follow me.—Janice."

Lin folded the paper into its creases, absently. He looked at Lacy.

"What did you say to her last night?"

"Nothing . . ." Lacy said restlessly. "Everything . . ."

He took the paper impatiently out of Lin's fingers, and crumpled it, and threw it into the stove. He looked haggard, years older. His eyes avoided Lin's.

"Well, at least you know she's all right . . ." Lin said.

Lacy swung away from him with an abrupt movement.

"What sort of a job? What sort of people? She's just about as fitted to look after herself as a babe unborn . . ."

Lin sighed. There was a crease between his brows.

"What did Rowena say?" Lacy demanded suddenly.

"Nothing . . ." Lin said. "I just rang and asked if Janice was still there, and she said no . . ."

"I'll go round . . ." Lacy said, mechanically picking up his coat. "She may be able to tell me something . . ."

He drove the grey car recklessly. Rowena came in answer to his imperative knock, and drew him into the comfortable sitting-room with its drawn curtains and glowing driftwood fire.

"Malcolm's out . . . sit down, Lacy."

Lacy remained on his feet. He was bareheaded, but he had not taken off his coat.

"Rowena, do you know anything about Janice?"

Rowena remained where she had seated herself, one beautifully-moulded hand stretched to the warmth of the fire.

"Yes, Lacy . . ." she said slowly, after a minute.

"Where is she?" Lacy demanded. He had made an abrupt step towards her.

Rowena turned her head slowly, and looked up at him.

"I'm sorry, Lacy . . . but you won't learn that from me."

"The devil I won't!" said Lacy, with sudden unconsidered violence. "What do you mean by interfering in my affairs?"

Rowena continued to regard the blue flames of the driftwood. Lacy saw that the pulse in her full, white-skinned throat beat painfully.

"I'm sorry that you put it that way, Lacy . . ." she said after a minute, slowly, as though the words were being wrenched from an immense distance, "Sorry that . . . we have been friends, and our friendship means no more than that to you. I coaxed Janice to tell me what her plans were . . . inquired about the people . . . but of course I had to give her my word not to tell you . . ."

"Indeed, I apologise, Rowena . . ." Lacy said quickly. The way he said it, it sounded perfunctory. "But you must tell me where Janice is. She's not the kind of girl to stand alone . . . I must know where she is."

Rowena shook her head slowly, smiling her old smile.

"That's something you'll never learn from me, Lacy . . ."

Lacy stood and stared down at her, his face dark with anger. His hands opened and closed impotently.

"I'd like to shake it out of you . . ." he said deeply.

"It's a terrible pity that you can't . . ." said Rowena with her apparently tranquil smile. The hand she held out to the warmth was not quite steady.

Lacy swung abruptly on his heel.

"Good-night, Rowena."

"Good-night, Lacy . . ." Rowena said slowly.

On the front doorstep Lacy almost collided with Malcolm Bridgeman. He plunged on out into the darkness, and Bridgeman stood a little unsteadily in the doorway and stared after him sullenly, then lowered his head and lurched in.

"I've told you I won't have that fellow hanging about here . . ."

Rowena went on staring into the fire and smiling her curious smile.

THE brief idyllic calm was succeeded by a gale of hurricane force that roared out of the east. A white shroud of spindrift wrapped the inlet, and the pine trees roared on a straining note of thunder. Within the Harbor House garden the bank of daisies lay beaten to the earth; the white autumn crocuses were bruised and rain-beaten.

At noon, Lacy came wearily in, picking his way over the carpet of leaves and broken branches. He had been riding. His boots and spurs were mud-coated. Within the quiet of the kitchen he threw down his wet hat, and loosened his oilskins, and found a towel to wipe his wet face. He looked curiously haggard.

He shook his head in answer to Lin's unspoken question.

"I've been out of town all morning. Had to go up river to a kid with pneumonia."

He sat down, threw aside the towel with an abrupt movement. His mouth twisted.

"It's a case of walking, like Agag, delicately. One doesn't exactly go round asking people where they last saw one's wife . . . and every hour wasted makes things harder."

"There's a message . . ." Lin began with a certain reluctance.

"I don't care if all Shore Town sends messages. It's my job to find Janice . ."

"On the telephone pad."

Lacy's face had darkened. He got up and went to the telephone, read the message aloud with a concentrated bitterness.

"Wairoa Creek . . . Mrs. Adams . . . come immediately."

He cursed savagely.

"The woman's a mental case . . . I told that swine a fortnight ago to send her away or I wouldn't be responsible for what would happen. Wairoa Creek . . . of all places in this weather . . . and the tide about at the turn. I doubt if any boat'll go out . . ."

HE poured out a cup of tea, and drank it standing. Meantime Lin had come back from the porch, struggling into oilskins and heavy boots over his overalls.

"I might as well come along . . ."

Lacy opened the outer door, and they shouldered their way together out into the wind. Rain, driven hard, stung like hail. Bard rose from his sheltered kennel, and slouched, humped, at their heels.

Down on the open shore, the fury of the storm raged unabated. The wind-driven spray whistled across the wharf; row boats were drawn high up from the dank sand. Two or three launches tossed at anchor, their slender masts describing erratic circles against the grey sky.

"Jim'll be across the harbor . . ." Lin shouted in Lacy's ear. "He went out with the mail this morning before the wind was so high . . ."

"Pity . . ." Lacy said dryly, into the wind. "He would have gone out, but I doubt if anyone else will . . ."

They shouldered their way along the foreshore, where the angry foam was washing. Lacy hammered on a weather-warped door that was opened six inches to him.

"Teri in?" he shouted into the aperture.

A woman had appeared, clinging to the doorway as though she expected the frail shack to be lifted bodily from its foundations.

"He's sick, doctor . . ."

"I want to go across to Wairoa Creek . ."

The woman shook her head doubtfully.

"Not this tide, doctor. Too rough. Teri, he was there yesterday . . . I guess that's how he get sick. Catch a chill . . . too late home."

"I must get across on this tide . . ." Lacy said.

She shrugged doubtfully.

"Maybe Dick Woods . . ."

Lacy allowed her to close the door.

Woods' was a ramshackle store, facing the water, so that when an east wind blew, as now, the door had to be kept closed. Lacy shouldered it open, and they gained the comparative quiet of the store's dim odorous interior.

"I want to go across to Wairoa Creek . . ." Lacy stated.

Dick Woods was a stout red-faced man with a shifty glance. He raised his hands in mute protest.

"Not in this wind, doctor . . ."

Lacy shrugged impatiently.

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"Come on, name your price . . ."

Woods peered indefinitely through the rain-lashed window.

"No good, doctor . . . guess this is the worst gale I've seen on the harbor for years. You mayn't care tuppence for your neck . . . folks say you don't . . . but I've got more sense than that."

"I've got to go across to a woman who is very ill," Lacy said abruptly. "Will you go?"

Woods peered out of the window again, spread his hands.

"Sorry, doctor . . ."

Lacy gave in.

"Oh, very well. Come on, Lin."

They slammed the door behind them. Lacy led the way into the buffeting wind, retracing his steps to the wharf. The township appeared deserted; windows and doors were barred; the rain beat savagely across the wet road.

"What are you going to do?" Lin shouted, bending double as they fought their way along the windswept wharf.

Lacy turned, showing a flash of white teeth.

"Come on . . ."

Wood's boat, a weatherbeaten oil-launch, the Fairy, was tied on the lee side of the wharf, bumping the steps. Lacy crept down the steps cautiously, dropped aboard.

"Plenty of oil!" he shouted, investigating cursorily. "Cast her off!"

Lin dropped the loosened rope, leaped lightly down into the rocking boat. Lacy had started up the engine; the game little boat swung round, bucketing on the short wind-driven waves.

Lacy's teeth shone white in his wet face; the two brothers grinned at one another.

"What do you get for converting a boat?" Lin yelled.

"Ten years, probably!" Lacy decided.

Bard lay down on the floor-boards of the boat, the whites of his eyes showing uneasily. The Fairy had struck the rip of the turning tide, and she tossed at a sickening angle. They were opposite the harbor entrance, and the wind came screaming across the water, lifting wave-crests in a solid wall of spray. Lin had tied his sou'wester under his chin; he was at the helm, his head doggedly bent. Lacy was baling water, with a tin dipper, his oilskins whipping wildly.

They were headed up harbor now, and running before the wind. The Fairy tossed and descended like a shuttlecock. There was no horizon, for the white sky seemed to come down to the white sea. The maelstrom of wind and spray went shrieking by.

It seemed that they had been battling, for countless hours, before the storm, but Lin had turned the boat now, and they were approaching an almost invisible shore. The sorely-tossed Fairy ran between two ledges of rock where yellow muddy waves were breaking. Bush-clad buttresses came out to bar the fury of the wind.

They were in comparative calm, in the reaches of a yellow tidal river, wind-waves slapping the rocky shore, flood refuse drifting with the current. Lacy desisted from baling to wring the water from his hair, and curse roundly. He still looked a little green.

"We'll probably run on a snag or a sandbank, now," Lin said, "It's ages since I've been up here."

"The water's pretty high," Lacy reminded him.

They were winding a tortuous course between reed-banks. Behind them the Fairy's wake eddied monotonously away.

About this business, Lin . . ." Lacy said suddenly. He was leaning close to Lin, looking at the river ahead. "About...what Janice accuses me of. I'd like to know just what you're thinking about it."

Lin negotiated a tricky stretch between a sand-bank and a pile of driftwood. He appeared to consider his answer.

"You've never seen fit to give me your confidence with regard to that part of your life, Lacy. Therefore I don't know anything of your relationship with Aran Lee. I'm only pretty sure that, whatever it was, it wasn't what Janice imagines..."

LACY was shivering with cold and sickness, but there was something peculiarly warm and grateful in his glance.

"What's the time, Lin?"

"Three o'clock."

Lin had cut the speed of the little boat by half. They were nosing cautiously up the narrowing bends. The rain beat and slashed over the yellow surface of the water.

"Every hour..." said Lacy, with a sudden concentrated restlessness, "makes it one hour harder to pick up the trail..."

It was another mile before the river narrowed with finality. Lacy hooked the boat alongside the muddy shelving bank, tossed his bag ashore, and scrambled out.

"How far is it?" Lin said.

"A good mile...nearer mile and a half." Lin grunted.

"I'll see what I can do meantime with this leak..."

The road was a mere sledge-track, deep in yellow clay mud. Lacy sank deeply as he ploughed along. The rain swept past him in a white, drumming, hissing sheet. The yellow pools of water held an upleaping mist of rain-drops.

Adams' farm was on the floor of the valley, a green lush place of straggling raupo swamps, and reed stretches, and dead standing timber. The hills rose to the east and the west. Already, on this stormy afternoon, the light was almost gone.

Lacy plodded doggedly up the track. The house was a small mean shack of corrugated iron, staring straight into the hills. There was no garden, no enclosure; calves, lean and rough, grazed beside the door.

From a box in the bare back porch, two tiny girls stared, subdued and vaguely frightened, at Lacy. There was a man sitting on the inside step, with his head buried in his hands. He raised bleared and uneasy eyes.

"Doctor!..."

Lacy pushed roughly past him into the kitchen. His stiff fingers fumbled with the swollen straps and stiff buckles of his oilskin.

At that instant the inner door opened very quietly. Lacy stood transfixed, staring at the slender, white-faced girl who stood in the doorway.

Janice reached her hands to him.

"Oh, Lacy...thank Heaven you've come!"

It was Janice, in the end, who interposed herself between Lacy and the man who cowered miserably on the step.

"Please, Lacy, don't say any more . . . he's been terribly worried!"

"Worried!" said Lacy with a deadly bitterness of condemnation. "If you'd worried three months ago when I told you to worry, this would never have come to pass. This is entirely your fault and nobody else's. If your wife had been one of the farm mares that bring in money she'd have been better housed than in this crazy shack, set down in a swamp, where you only see the sun at midday! But because she's your wife anything's good enough for her. Three years married, and not a day away from this filthy valley!"

Janice was holding on to the door to steady herself. She was white as death, with dark rings around her eyes. Lacy gave her a look, and took her by the arm, and led her abruptly into the inner room . . . a flaming-eyed and curiously-deadly Lacy with his sardonic indifference vanished.

"Sit down . . ." he said, and proceeded to get wood, and stoke the fire that burned beneath the smoke-blackened kettle.

Janice sat down weakly, leaning her head against the back of the chair. Against her will, two tears gathered, and slipped out on to her colorless cheeks.

"I must make some tea for the children . . ." she said.

The smaller girl had come crawling in over the bare wooden floor. She threw out a hand and caught Lacy's trousers, and dragged herself up to stand by his knee.

Janice had cast a glance of apprehension at the inner doorway.

"Are you quite sure . . ." she whispered, "that the injection will make her sleep?"

Lacy's face softened.

"Yes, she'll be quiet for some hours . . . My poor Janice, what a time you must have had!"

The unexpected gentleness of his voice was curiously unnerving to Janice. The quiet tears of weariness slipped down her face.

"And I didn't make it any better letting fly in front of you," said Lacy. "I'm sorry . . . but it makes me mad . . . it's all so unnecessary . . ."

The small girl was tugging imperiously at his hands, and he lifted her up and set her on his knee. He looked over her head at Janice, his brief mood of softness passed.

"WHAT wonderfully clear eyes you have, Janice! I can read your very thoughts . . . 'Was there ever such an unmitigated hypocrite? He talks nobly about being upset by a woman's suffering, and yet what did he do to Aran Lee?' . . ."

Janice flushed abruptly, painfully.

"I wasn't thinking quite that . . ."

"Near enough . . ." Lacy averred, smiling.

Janice was looking at his wet shoulders and his still-dripping hair.

"You're so very wet . . ." she said, with difficulty. "Can't you dry yourself? You'll catch cold . . ."

Lacy smiled at her over the small girl's mop of tangled curls, the old mocking mask drawn over his face.

"What a pity I wouldn't! It would so simplify matters for you to be left a disconsolate young widow . . ."

The color had leaped again to Janice's face, vividly. Lacy set down his light burden, and got up, and stirred the fire.

"I'll make some tea, and we'll have a hot drink."

The baby had begun to cry, and Janice brought the small, frail, blinking thing from its crib, and held it expertly in one arm while she set a bottle of milk to warm.

Lacy regarded her with critical approval.

"You might have reared a half-dozen . . ."

She looked up and smiled, and shook her head ruefully.

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HARBOR HOUSE

"I almost died of fright the first time I had to feed him yesterday, but so much has happened since then that this seems quite mild . . ."

The small girl had climbed back to her place on Lacy's knees; the older sister leaned against him contentedly, and munched bread and jam, and stared into the fire.

"How did you hear of the place?" Lacy said suddenly.

"I was at Ryder's store . . . Mr. Adams was asking Mrs. Ryder if she knew of a woman who would come and take charge of the house and children, and give his wife a rest for a couple of weeks . . . only Mrs. Bridgeman knew I was going, and, of course, the launchman we went over with . . . I made Mrs. Bridgeman promise not to tell you. I can see now that I was foolish to think I could keep away from you so close to Shore Town . . ."

"You were foolish to think that you could keep away from me, anywhere, Janice . . ." Lacy said.

He rocked the small girl thoughtfully, his eyes on the fire.

"What was Mrs. Adams like when you arrived?"

"Very quiet . . ." Janice said. She shuddered involuntarily. "Sort of listless. Twice she went out for a walk, and wandered away across the farm, and Mr. Adams seemed to get awfully worried and went and fetched her back. I realised that there was something wrong, but I couldn't understand just what. Then . . ." she paused, and swallowed abruptly . . . "I woke up suddenly in the night. The baby was crying, and I hurried out and lighted a match. Mrs. Adams was standing there looking down at her husband lying asleep in bed, and she had a knife in her hand. . . ."

The baby had finished his bottle. Janice held his puny body close to her as though for comfort, and looked at Lacy. He was a little white.

"I didn't know what to do . . ." Janice said. "I was afraid to call out to Mr. Adams because I thought she would attack him before he could wake. I spoke to her, and told her the baby was crying, and, after a minute she came with me, but she wouldn't give up the knife. I ran back for a minute, and woke Mr. Adams, and told him to get away somewhere, and then I ran back to her because I was terrified that she might harm the children . . ."

She looked at Lacy with eyes dark with horror.

"You do hear of people doing such things . . ."

Lacy nodded, cleared his throat a little.

"It's more than probable . . . in the case of a woman at breaking-point . . . that she would turn against the things she holds most dear."

"I tried to get her back to bed," Janice said, "but she wouldn't go. She would only walk up and down, carrying the knife, and sort of talking to herself . . . and all I could do was to walk with her and watch her . . ."

"This was last night," Lacy said abruptly.

Janice nodded. Her eyes were still dilated, as though at memory of some horror she could not shut out.

"About two in the morning . . . she hasn't spoken sensibly since then . . . and Mr. Adams couldn't come near her: it made her worse even to hear his name . . . she wouldn't eat a morsel, and I was afraid to leave her to get anything for the children."

Lacy was stirring the fire, and he answered and threw more wood on. He was white under his dark skin.

"Last night . . ," said Janice, with a little difficult laugh, "when I realised that Mrs. Adams was ill . . . in the evening, I mean . . . I was so afraid that they would send for you. Since then . . . well, I've only been afraid that you wouldn't come . . ."

The hostility had, for the moment, gone from her eyes. Lacy smiled faintly, without unkindness.

"Perhaps that shows me clearer than anything what you've gone through. I shan't ever forgive myself that I didn't get the message before I went out to the pah in the morning . . ."

Janice shook her head decisively, honestly.

"It was no fault of yours . . . least of all my coming here."

The small girl continued to lean on Lacy's knee, and to gaze, with her unnatural quietness, into the flames. Lacy turned her face up to his.

"What's going to become of you, I wonder . . . with your glorious heritage of the free-born . . ."

"It's not fair!" said Janice suddenly, fiercely. "They didn't ask to be born . . . what's going to become of them? It isn't fair . . ."

Lacy looked down musingly at the younger girl who was sleeping, one bare soiled foot dangling, her tangled curly head resting on his arm.

"There's a lot that isn't fair in this world . . ."

The firelight was dying again. They sat there silent, hostility for the moment gone, the strange intimacy of the storm and fire enwrapping them.

It was Janice who moved first.

"I must get the children into bed . . . and make tea for Mr. Adams."

The spell was broken. Lacy stood up, carrying the sleeping child, moved casually to the tiny window to draw aside the limp curtain.

"Lin should be in any minute. We'll go back on the next tide. Good thing the wind's falling . . . we could never have made that trip with a sick woman."

THE reception given by Mrs. Bridgeman in honor of Doctor and Mrs. Lacy Gardner created the equivalent of a mild sensation in Shore Town.

"It has come to my ears..." said Lacy with a certain careful blandness, on the morning of the event, "that, owing to certain peculiar circumstances attendant on our marriage...to my ill-considered trip north just after our wedding day...and to your regrettable habit of shutting yourself up inside these hedges...the best people of Shore Town are beginning to consider us a not exactly respectable couple."

The quick color flamed to Janice's face.

"I don't care..."

"In fact..." continued Lacy unruffled, "If we go on as we have begun, you will soon be in the state which is popularly described as being 'not known.'"

"I don't care!" Janice said low and angrily, "I don't want to know Shore Town people..."

"And so to-night..." Lacy said, smiling a little. "We must present the appearance of a respectable newly-married couple. I shall address you as 'my love' and 'my dear,' and you, in turn, must gaze into my eyes with an affectionate regard which you do not feel..."

Janice had sprang to her feet; she stood with her back to the door regarding him with an odd blaze in her blue eyes.

"Doesn't the idea appeal to you?" said Lacy indolently. He was struggling with his riding-boots. "I'm afraid I can't offer as an additional danger that I shall lose my patients, because I don't know where else they'll go, even if they do regard me as an abandoned character..."

"I don't want to do your practice harm ..." Janice said, after a minute, with difficulty, "I shall do my best..."

"Thank you..." said Lacy politely. He had succeeded in getting his boot on, and he paused to light a cigarette, "Perhaps it won't be as distasteful as you think it will be."

Janice gave him an indescribable look, and banged the door behind her.

"Whether Shore Town will come..." said Lacy expressively, as he turned to go out.

"They'll roll up!" said Lin drily.

It seemed that his prophecy was correct, for the big room and verandah were half-filled when the Gardners came in.

"Late as usual..." Lacy apologised, shaking hands with his hostess with a ceremonious courtesy.

Rowena was wearing black, with a string of amber beads that held the light in points of fire. She looked tired and pale.

"Janice, you're looking lovely . . ." she said, "Don't you agree with me, Lacy?"

Janice was wearing a velvet gown of absolute simplicity in a shade of peculiarly deep vivid blue, tied with a silver girdle. Her slenderness and her youth made Rowena seem curiously older and more weary.

"Of course I do..." said Lacy modestly, "And the credit for the dress goes to me, for I selected it."

"You did, did you?" said Rowena. "Very clever of you, Lacy... I didn't know that you were a connoisseur in women's clothing. You look well, yourself. You're a distinguished pair..."

She drew Janice on a little.

"I suppose you and Mrs. Allen know one another..."

"Indeed we don't!" said Mrs. Allen frankly, with a jingle of the five scarlet slave-bracelets which she wore on her arm, "We're next-door neighbors, but I've never seen Mrs. Gardner outside her front gate."

"How d'y'e do, Mrs. Allen?" said Janice sweetly, "I've seen you several times looking through the hedge."

A brief admiring laugh escaped Lacy, and Mrs. Allen jingled her slave bracelets disconcertedly.

"Such a beautiful old place the Harbor House garden..." she murmured, without a great deal of revelance.

"Isn't it?" Janice agreed serenely, "I'm very keen on gardening myself. I'm afraid I've been giving poor Lacy a terrible time re-planning everything for next spring. If all our plans succeed, we'll have a wonderful place..."

"Mrs. Carr-Ramsden..." murmured Rowena. Lacy moved on at Janice's elbow, just the right shade of deference in his manner, discreetly—subdued mockery in his smile. His lowered eyes hid a gleam of admiration.

"And how is dear Bard?" said Mrs. Carr-Ramsden quite graciously, raising her lorgnette from the bosom of her green art silk gown.

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"Quite well..." said Lacy. "May I return the compliment and inquire after that bunch of feathers you call a dog?"

Mrs. Carr-Ramsden tapped him on the arm, severely playful, with her lorgnette.

"Mind what you say about my Fifi! Dogs are the sweetest things, aren't they, Mrs. Gardner? Now, this morning, my Fifi, he's as clever as a child..."

Lacy became separated from Janice in the general crowd. He devoted himself to a small severe lady in grey, and sat upon the arm of her chair.

"Your wife is very beautiful, Doctor..."

"That shows my good taste, doesn't it?" said Lacy lightly.

The lady in grey was looking into his eyes with a peculiar keenness, and Lacy carefully avoided her gaze.

Mrs. Allen had been asked to play, and she sat at the piano and dashed off something jerky and staccato. Her bracelets rattled an accompaniment. A polite halt had occurred in the conversation.

Janice was seated on a couch next to her host. Malcolm Bridgeman was leaning back inertly, one arm along the back of the couch. His face was close to hers, and flushed, his blue eyes bloodshot.

Janice's eyes roved round the room, seeking escape. She saw Lacy, and telegraphed a glance of appeal.

Lacy moved noiselessly across the room.

"I want you to meet Sister Martin..."

Janice rose and accompanied him. Lacy installed her in the empty chair, and sat down with an air of triumph on the arm.

"She seems to have disappeared..."

"That's a terrible pity..." said Janice tranquilly.

"Never mind..." Lacy said. "Wouldn't you rather sit next to me than to Malcolm?"

Janice's hands were lightly clasped on one knee. Behind the dark shadow of her lashes, her eyes burned as blue as the velvet of her gown. She looked up at Lacy.

"In some ways I would," she temporised.

"Then are you not grateful to me for rescuing you?" Lacy demanded. He was leaning down close to her; his mouth was almost against her ear.

Janice leaned back lazily, looking at the silver cord of the girdle which she was lightly twisting. She spared a glance up into Lacy's face, and he realised that a small devil of coquetry danced in her eyes.

"How would you expect me to be showing my gratitude?"

HE laughed a short, appreciative laugh, looking down into the perilously-attractive face of this Janice he had never seen.

"Not by shamelessly flirting with me . . ."

Rowena called him to come to the piano, and Janice, claimed by one and another, found herself beside Lin on the window-seat. He shifted across to make room for her, and she sat down, half in the shadow of the curtain, her shoulder against the comforting bulk and quietness of his.

"I'm terribly tired, Lin . . ."

"You look very wan on it . . ."

Janice laughed a little.

"That's one comfort, anyway."

"What is the story of Harbor House?" she said softly and suddenly. "Something queer . . ."

Lin crossed his knees. Rowena had been playing, a sonata, slow and stately; Lacy was gathering up her music for her. The spell of silence was broken, and he could tell the old story under cover of the hum of conversation.

"Only superstition, of course . . . It's a very old tale. They say that grandfather Gardner upset the Maoris in some way . . . something to do with cutting the timber for the building of the house . . . I bet he was a stubborn old devil . . . and they laid a curse on the house."

"And has the curse come true?" Janice said, twisting the cord of her girdle.

Lin considered, a faint smile curving his lips.

"I suppose it has . . . up to the present date."

"What is the curse?" Janice said, dropping her girdle.

"That there will never be any happiness in love within the walls of Harbor House," Lin explained slowly, a little reluctantly.

Janice sat still, staring across the room. In the shadow, her face appeared to have whitened.

"Lacy is going to sing," Lin said.

Lacy was bending over Rowena; they were turning over music sheets. She struck two soft preliminary chords, and he began to sing.

His voice was mellow, richly restrained, of a sweetness that caught at the heart-strings. Janice sat blindly in the shadow, her fingers closing on Lin's.

The voice was an agony of sweetness, the song was all the love and sorrow in the world. Janice gripped Lin's shoulder, shaking.

"Take me out please, Lin . . ."

Lin leaned back unobserved, opened the glass doors, and led her out on to the verandah, in the clear, sharp moonlight.

"I'm so sorry . . . I don't feel well . . ," she murmured mechanically. She held on to the rail, and to Lin's arm, her hands trembling. The tears rolled down her white face in a sort of desolation.

Lin proffered his handkerchief, and she wiped her eyes, trying to laugh, her voice shaking.

"What a fool I am . . . and how you must all hate me! I've spoiled Lacy's life, I know . . . and I've spoiled my own if that's any consolation."

"My dear, I don't hate you at all," Lin said, "and these sort of things . . . they generally come right in the end."

Janice shook her head, looking out into the moonlight.

"Not this . . . it was my fault . . . yielding to Lacy in a sort of desperation . . . when I should have been strong enough to stand on my own feet . . ."

"Don's go back over the past," Lin said briefly. "Nothing's ever gained by that."

He laid his hand over hers, and Janice stood still, gazing out into the night.

From the half-open door Mrs. Carr-Ramsden's voice came floating dulcetly.

". . . what I say is, it's really terrible the way people talk . . . I wonder who started it. They are plainly a most devoted couple . . ."

Janice began to laugh, holding Lin's handkerchief to her mouth to stifle the sound, leaning on his shoulder in helpless merriment.

"That's better," Lin encouraged, "hold your head up, Janice. You're not dead yet!"

The evening dragged away at last. Janice's eyes were a shade more brilliant, her color higher, as she stood with Lacy to make their farewells.

They bade a brief good-night to Rowena in the doorway. Lin, at least, cast back a glance at her standing motionless there, at Malcolm Bridgeman's splendid bulk sunk inertly in his chair.

Safely inside the Harbor House kitchen, Lin sought for his pipe.

"One-thirty . . . quite a successful evening . . ." he murmured.

Lacy swept Janice a little ironical bow.

"May I congratulate you upon a magnificent performannace? I am sure that you would have made your fortune on the stage . . ."

"Thank you," said Janice equably; she was standing with her hand on the door, slender and youthful and fiery in her straight blue gown, the light shining on her silver girdle, on the satin-smoothness of her black hair. "I'm so glad you're pleased. I thought, myself, I was rather good. And now, if you'll excuse me, I am going to bed. I am very tired. I think it must be the strain of being charming to you for one entire evening."

Lin laughed outright. Lacy remained where he was standing, a cigarette between his fingers, and stared after her.

"You retire with the honors, madam!" he exclaimed with something like admiration in his voice.

AN afternoon of sunshine after rain tempted Janice to a tramp around the shore. It was an ill-considered impulse, for a shower of rain drove up swiftly across the harbor, and she made a valiant effort to take a short-cut back to the shore, and tore her blouse in a bramble thicket. She had no coat, and the rain was already damping her thin tweed suit.

There was a man ahead of her, in a yellow oilskin coat, wrestling with a refractory motor cycle, and, with a sudden sick shock, Janice recognised him for Hunt Lambert.

She had halted instinctively, but before she could form a decision there was a swish and squeal of brakes at her elbow. Lacy leaned out of his grey car.

"Get in!" he said in a voice that brooked no refusal.

Janice got in, and he leaned across her and slammed the door.

"Have you really no more sense," he said, "than to wander around in the rain without a coat?"

He brushed his elbow against the horn button, and Hunt Lambert made an undignified leap to safety. He turned a malevolent face to look after the car.

"It's only just begun to rain . . ." Janice said defensively.

Lacy did not answer. He was looking tired; his mouth compressed.

"I have to make another call before I go home," he said, after a minute, abruptly. "Just around the corner here . . . I won't keep you long."

The car was sliding to a standstill before a small, shabby gate. Rain was falling heavily.

"Perhaps you'd come in with me," Lacy suggested without preamble. "They're an old couple . . . It gives them tremendous pleasure to see an unexpected visitor."

Janice assented silently. There was nothing else she could do. Lacy had come around to her side of the car, and she stumbled a little as she got out, and he steadied her, his hand gripping her arm in a brief, involuntary contact.

"There's a step here," Lacy said formally. "And mind the mat."

He must have been a familiar visitor, for he knocked lightly, and then lifted the latch without waiting.

"Come away, doctor!" called an old man's tremulously husky voice. "Come away in . . . put a light to the lamp."

The room was in half-darkness, only the glow of the fire lighting the two faces . . . the old man's rugged and lined and patient,

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HARBOR HOUSE

as he sat with knotted helpless hands folded, the woman's brightening from weariness as she laid down her knitting.

"It's a wet night to be out, doctor . . ."

Lacy was fumbling obediently for matches; he held the light above his head, and touched the wick of the old-fashioned kerosene lamp. In the light, the small room was terribly bare; there were just the two shabby armchairs, a thin rag rug on the floor, a small table with a bunch of violets.

"Well . . . how's things?" said Lacy.

"Not too bad, doctor," said the old man patiently. "Not too bad. But where's your manners lad, to leave a lovely young lady standing behind you."

Lacy smiled a little, and drew Janice forward.

"My wife. Janice . . . Mr. Andrew McLaren. . . Mrs. McLaren."

"We're very glad to meet you, Mrs. Gardner . . ." whispered the old man with his inimitable courtesy, "You must please excuse my not getting up . . ."

He retained her hand in his frail, knotted fingers.

"We've been greatly looking forward to meeting you . . . the doctor's been promising to bring you this long time . . ."

"I'm very glad I came . . ." Janice said.

The old man turned his sunken eyes to Lacy's face.

"Eh, but she's a bonnie lass, doctor," he said huskily. "Ye must be gey proud of her . . ."

Lacy was smiling his strange smile. His eyes dwelt on Janice's face, and she felt her color slowly rising.

"Sit ye down, my dear . . ." said Andrew. "Take Anna's chair . . . she'll be making you a dish of tea."

"No tea . . . no tea!" said Lacy. "We're going straight home."

He was timing the old man's pulse, glancing at his wrist-watch. Anna watched him with a lingering hopefulness that tightened Janice's throat.

"I'm sure his voice is a little stronger to-day, doctor . . ."

Janice, in the big shabby chair, took up the knitting. It was a baby frock, half-finished, in a stitch as fine and exquisite as fairy lace.

"It will be a lucky little girl will wear this, Mrs. McLaren . . ."

"I make them for orders from the shops . . ." Anna allowed.

HER tone was unwilling, and Janice flushed painfully. Lacy threw her a reassuring glance.

"Might be a good idea if you took lessons from Mrs. McLaren on that sweater you're trying to knit for Cub . . ."

"I've been two weeks at it, and not really started yet . . ." Janice agreed. "Probably I'll be done before next winter."

Lacy had finished his brief examination. He was sitting on the arm of Andrew's chair. The firelight threw strong shadows on the two faces . . the old man's rugged and worn and content . . . Lacy's curiously enigmatic, with its thin-lipped repressed mouth and smouldering half-shut eyes.

"How's my Cub?" Andrew whispered.

Lacy looked up and laughed a little.

"He was slightly subdued when I last saw him . . . he played truant from school this morning, and . . . unfortunately for Cub . . . his teacher rang me up to see if he was ill."

"Ah, well . . ." said Andrew huskily, "I suppose the fish would be biting . . . and four walls are dry and dull when the sun's shining, and the water good and calm . . . and the memory's worth all the hidings you get afterwards . . ."

"To a lawbreaker like Cub, anyway . . ." said Lacy.

The old man's sunken eyes dwelt affectionately upon Lacy's face.

"Ye're all law-breakers, ye Gardners . . . I remember your father whalin' the life out of ye for the very same thing . . ."

"Your memory's too long, Andrew McLaren . . ." Lacy said.

Anna took a log of wood from the hearth, and laid it on the fire, and the bright flames rose hearteningly.

"It's a beautiful fire . . ." Andrew whispered. "It's a lot to be thankful for . . . good friends and a good fire . . . when you come to the end of the road."

A small tremor shook him. He leaned his head, with closed eyes, against Lacy's arm. His face was terribly grey.

"The Lord has been very good to me . . ." he whispered simply.

LACY raised his brows a fraction, and looked at Anna. She brought him a bottle from the mantelshelf, and a glass with water. Lacy measured the drops with a steady hand, slid an arm under the sagging shoulders, and deftly administered the drug.

Anna was standing tense, strung, colorless. Lacy smiled at her reassuringly. The dose was beginning to take effect, and vitality to return to the old man's eyes.

"All right . . ." Lacy said, "I think we'll go now. Talking tires him."

Anna came with them to the door, closed it behind her, and stood a moment on the narrow verandah, holding up the lamp.

"Doctor . . ."

"Yes . . ." Lacy said.

"I was wanting to ask you . . . he has seemed a little stronger to-day . . . are you quite sure, doctor, that there is no hope? I'm asking you straight, doctor . ."

Lacy had turned his head a little, so that the light was not in his face. He was silent a moment, and when he spoke his voice was gentle.

"He may rally a little . . , but . . .I think the end is very near."

Anna was holding the lamp in steady hands.

"Thank you, doctor . . . I should not have been asking you . . . and you so tired. I can't seem to get used to the thought of it . . . nearly fifty years we've been married, and we've been very happy, doctor. I want to thank you for the load of wood. The man would not tell us where it came from, but we knew you must have sent it . ."

"Nonsense!" said Lacy half-roughly.

He put out his hand to open the door for her, and Anna turned abruptly to Janice, holding the lamp so that it fell full in the younger woman's face.

"You've got a good man, my dear . . ." she said simply. "Thank the Lord for him . . ."

Janice got into the car beside Lacy, very silently. It was dark now; the lights of Harbor House shone a welcome through the falling rain.

"It wasn't fair!" Janice burst out suddenly and stormily, "making me play the hypocrite in front of people like that . . ."

She sounded very close to tears. Lacy leaned an elbow on the wheel, and surveyed her reasonably. The reflection from the headlights cast a gleam into his eyes.

"I didn't make you play the hypocrite . ." he pointed out. "Nobody stopped you from getting up and saying you hated me."

"What's the good of talking like that . . ." Janice said thickly.

She fumbled furiously with the latch of the door, and Lacy leaned over and opened it for her. She disappeared swiftly in the darkness across the lawn, and Lacy, following a few minutes later, found her standing under the kitchen light, probing her hand with a needle.

He had slipped off his wet boots in the porch, and she had not heard him come in. He stood a moment and watched her before he spoke.

"What's the matter?"

Janice started so violently that she almost dropped the needle. Lacy came close and inspected the small drop of blood which appeared on her.

"Perhaps I had better prescribe something for your nerves . . ."

Janice's face had flamed abruptly.

"It's only a blackberry thorn . . ."

Lacy sat down and reached out a hand.

"I'll take it out for you."

Janice drew back.

"No, thank you . . . it's all right. It doesn't matter."

Lacy was selecting a cigarette. He tapped it lightly on the edge of the packet. His eyes were veiled. Janice stood and watched him with a kind of defiant dignity. Oddly fragile she was, with her slenderness, and the faint blue veins at her temples, and her clear, transparent pallor. The plain tweed suit she wore accentuated her youth, the ruffled blouse at her childish throat, the severity of her smooth dark hair.

"Of course, it matters!" Lacy said politely. "What's the good of a doctor if you don't make use of him? Come here, and let me take it out!"

Janice put her hands behind her back.

"I told you it's all right . . ."

"What's wrong?" Lacy said, raising his eyes with a kind of indolent amusement. "Are you afraid that I shall hurt you?"

Janice's eyes blazed into amazing fire.

"I'd rather it hurt all night than that you touched me!"

The color left Lacy's face almost as though he had been struck. He got to his feet abruptly, and, at that instant, the door opened.

"Hullo!" Lin said, "are you people home? I thought you'd get wet, Janice . . ."

"Lacy picked me up in the car . . ." Janice said.

She moved toward the door, and Lacy let her go without another word.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Cub was at home with Janice, when, while she was washing the dinner dishes, there came a knock at the kitchen door.

A young Maori woman stood there, a baby slung in a plaid shawl from her shoulders, another small child clinging tenaciously to her skirts.

"I come dig the garden!" she announced.

Janice merely looked bewildered.

"I come dig the garden . . ."

"I'm very sorry," Janice began, "but I don't quite understand . . ."

Cub came to her rescue.

"That's Puna. Lacy cured her baby, of

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HARBOR HOUSE

something, and she hadn't any money to pay him, so she comes and digs the garden . . ."

Puna smiled broadly.

"That right. Doctor make my baby all right. No money, so bring the potato. You show me where to plant."

"She wants you to show her where to plant potatoes," Cub interpreted.

"Well, I think I can understand that myself," Janice agreed.

Puna made an excursion into the toolshed, and padded after Janice with spade and rake and baby.

"What about here?" Janice suggested diffidently.

"Too much shade!" Puna said with decision, "over there better, where the pumpkin was."

"It's all the same to me," Janice agreed, "just where you think best . . ."

Janice returned to her washing-up, and then came back to the garden to watch.

She picked up the rake, and began to follow valiantly after Puna. The dark soil smelled sweet and fresh.

It was a pale afternoon, with early spring keen in the air. The orchard held the mist of the first white starry plum blossom. There were daffodils, heavy and yellow, in the grass. The sea, seen through the pines, was blue and soft as silk.

It was cool enough, but Janice grew warm. She threw aside her sweater, and laboured in her short-sleeved linen blouse and tweed skirt. She was bareheaded, and her dishevelled hair curled damply at the temples.

"You his missus?" Puna demanded after a long silence.

She sat back upon her heels, and regarded Janice with a keen, long stare.

"I beg your pardon . . .?" Janice stammered, startled.

"The doctor," Puna said succinctly, "you his missus?"

"Oh, yes!" Janice said, "yes, I am Mrs. Gardner."

Puna nodded slowly and thoughtfully.

"He good man," she announced very definitely.

"Oh . . . yes . . ." Janice murmured.

"All the Maoris think plenty much of him," Puna said, digging industriously. "Some doctor never bother about the Maori whether he live or die. Not Doctor Gardner. I dig the hole, and you put in potato from the bag there, and cover him up."

Janice followed obediently down the row. She was so preoccupied that she did not hear Lacy Gardner open the lattice gate, and come leisurely and unobserved down the narrow path.

SHE was standing squarely in the brown, damp earth, the bag of potatoes slung across her shoulders. Her bare arms were earth-stained; her hair curled in little damp tendrils around her flushed face.

"I don't believe, Puna, that there's a single eye in this potato," she said, and then she looked up and saw Lacy standing not six feet from her, his hands in his pockets, his eyes narrowed and curiously intent.

The sparkle in her eyes was suddenly quenched; the old strange frozen look descended on her face. She drew back, and Lacy's eyes, as he surveyed her across the freshly-raked garden, grew very cold and hard.

"Is it so late?" Janice said. "I'm sorry, Lacy. I had no idea that it was nearly teatime. I'll hurry up."

"Your one idea of a contribution to matrimonial happiness, my dear Janice," said Lacy amiably, without moving, so that she had to touch him as she brushed by, "is to feed the brute."

Lin came in, looking a little weary, and they sat down to tea. Cub stormed into the room, in a ragged football jersey and brief shorts, his face mud-plastered.

"Go and wash!" Lacy said, turning on him sharply, "and make yourself decent before you come near the table!"

Janice was pouring out the tea.

"I wish . . ." she burst, out of a brief period of repression, "that when you have nothing else to do, you would kindly repair the hole in the hedge between Mrs. Allen's and here."

A glance passed between the two men, and Lacy smiled his amusement.

"Oh, ho! And what has the fair Mrs. Allen been up to now?"

"She hasn't been up to anything," Janice said with a fair measure of self-control, "she merely talked to me through the hedge . . ."

"What did she say?" Lacy said, pausing in the act of reaching for his cup.

"Oh, nothing very much," Janice replied with deliberately-exaggerated nonchalance.

"I asked you what she said?" Lacy said, his brow darkening.

"There would be no point in my telling you," Janice explained patiently, "It would only make you angry...I mean angrier than you are now."

SHE broke off abruptly, and set the teapot down. She was staring, as if mesmerised, at her left hand.

"What's the matter?" Lin said.

"My...my ring," Janice faltered, "My wedding ring..."

Her hand was bare. She looked at Lin with horror-struck eyes.

"I must have lost it in the garden when I was digging...I'll never find it."

"We'll all go and look for it in the daylight," Lin said, "Don't worry, Janice."

Lacy went on calmly eating.

"May I please have my tea?"

"Do you hear me, Lacy?" Janice said piteously, "I've lost my wedding ring..."

"I hear you," Lacy said, "But I can't see that it matters much one way or another, to you...you don't regard it as a great deal of an obligation, do you?"

Janice went white, then red.

"I may not value it because it is my wedding ring, but I do value it because it was your mother's...and has such a wonderful history."

"Oh well, if you value it in a monetary sense..." said Lacy coolly, "I suppose we had better institute a search."

Lin looked at Lacy from under lowered brows. Janice sat still an instant, and then got up and left the room.

Cub came panting after her with a candle and matches.

"I'll help you look, Janice..."

They paced the freshly-dug patch in the uncertain twilight, carefully, hopelessly. Cub held his guttering candle close to the ground. The sudden fickle warmth of the afternoon had given way to a gathering storm. Black clouds hung low; the water was grey like burnished steel. Thunder muttered in the hills.

There was a sudden gleam of lightning, and Lacy came and called them from the side porch.

"Janice! Cub! You had better come in ...there is going to be a storm."

They came in slowly. There was another brighter flash of lightning, and a heavy peal of thunder.

THERE had been a week of storm. Wild gales and bitter rainstorms lashed the harbor, and white squalls of hail drove furiously up the inlet.

Lacy was kept continually in the saddle by country influenza cases, and full beds at the hospital gave him no time for rest. It seemed that only a man of iron could have stood the strain.

On the night after the seventh day of rain, Janice was alone in the house. Lin had returned to the garage, and Cub, well wrapped up in oilskins, had sallied forth to a Scout evening. It was a wild night. The wind came from the sea, and howled in berserk fury around the old house. Hail and rain and spray lashed the windows, and the eaves were filled with spouting of water and whistling of wind.

Janice sat by the fire, trying to read. Lacy had been away since early morning; she had kept the remains of dinner hot for two hours now, and there was no sign of him.

Janice got up and went to the window, and drew aside the blind. There was nothing but darkness, and the sheets of rain streaming on the panes. Bard, on the porch, had raised himself, and was barking, but Janice could hear nothing above the storm. She went to the door, and opened it, and a flurry of rain swept in. Bard had gone bounding out, but Lacy's step, on the porch, dragged so that Janice scarcely recognised it.

He was wearing laced thigh-leggings soaked and stiff, and a dripping oilskin. He stood swaying a little in the bright light, fumbling with numbed fingers at the wet buckles. Janice realised that his face was grey and drawn, his eyes dazed with fatigue.

"Let me do it," she offered involuntarily.

She unfastened the buckles and dragged the oilskin off, knelt to struggle with swollen legging laces, and he steadied himself by a hand on her shoulder.

"You're soaked," Janice said. "Come by the fire and let me get you something hot."

"The horse came down with me in a creek . . . I think . . .?" Lacy said vaguely.

Even his shirt was clinging limply to his shoulders; his dark hair was running with little rivulets of water. He moved heavily to the chair, then suddenly and surprisingly put down his arms on the table and his head on his arms.

"Get me a drink, will you, Janice?" he said, shivering. "There should be some whisky in a bottle in the living-room cupboard."

Janice ran for it, and brought a glass and hot water. Lacy poured the whisky liberally with stiff, clumsy fingers, and she stood by while he drank. His teeth clicked against the glass, and he had to steady it with both hands. His face was lined and drawn, and grey under its weather tan; his eyes were bloodshot with fatigue.

"I was called out to Stewart's this afternoon," he began, after a minute, slowly, and a little thickly, as though he was wrenching the words from some immense distance. "Baby was taken suddenly ill . . . bronchitis . . . I was starting back from the pah when I got the message, and I couldn't get a fresh horse, so I just turned Marcus round and rode back . . . the mud was so heavy . . . and he was pretty well done . . . I seemed to be dragging him along for hours . . ."

He paused, and Janice waited, her eyes on his face.

"Anyway," he added briefly, "the kid was

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5282678

HARBOR HOUSE

too far gone . . . he died a few minutes after I got there . . ."

"Oh, Lacy!" Janice said in a cry. "Not the little baby . . . not John Russel . . . and they loved him so!"

She had laid an involuntary hand upon his shoulder.

"And every day kids get better to parents who don't give a hang for them," Lacy muttered.

He spread his hands across the table in a gesture of blind revolt and impotence.

"Oh, heavens."

Janice's tears were falling painfully. Her arm tightened about his bowed shoulders.

"Oh, but to people who want them, too, Lacy! You do so much . . ."

He did not move, and after a minute she drew away gently, and went out and up the stairs to his room, came back with an armful of dry clothing.

"Lacy, won't you please have a hot bath, and change your things? You'll be ill . . ."

He had raised his head from his arms, and was looking at her. What she saw in his eyes riveted her still as a frozen woman.

She stood there in the lamplight, breathless. She had been at the door watching for him, and her face was stung to color by the wind, the raindrops clung, diamond-bright, to the ruffled satin of her hair. Her eyes were suddenly wide and blue and still.

"What does it matter, anyway?" said Lacy. "What does anything matter?"

He had lurched inexorably to his feet. Janice flung out both hands to hold him at bay, but he took her wrists and drew them down, jerking her against him.

"Ah . . . you still hate me as much as that, do you?"

"Yes," Janice said wildly. "Yes!"

Her wrists were locked in a grip of steel. His face was bent a little to hers, with a smouldering savagery and bitterness. His eyes were curiously brilliant.

Janice swayed a little.

"Let me go!" she demanded in a whisper.

"Why should I?" Lacy wanted to know. "You and I have some scores to settle, my dear . . ."

HE had drawn her implacably closer, until her down-bent head was against his shoulder.

"Look up!" he ordered. "You said one night that you couldn't bear me to touch you. And all because of a ghost . . . the ghost of Aran Lee."

"The woman you killed!" Janice cried out sharply.

For answer Lacy had cupped a hand under her chin, and he slowly turned her face up.

"Another score to settle for that! Look up, my dear, and kiss me!"

He bent his mouth to hers, abruptly, and kissed her. As though the shock of the contact was some strange, sobering thing, he released her so abruptly that she staggered.

Janice leaned back against the wall, staring at him as though through a mist. She realised that he was standing across the table from her, spilling a little whisky into a half-glass of water.

"Drink it up."

"I . . . I don't want it," Janice heard her own voice say, as though from some immense distance.

"Drink it up . . . unless you want me to pour it down your throat," Lacy suggested without emotion.

Janice took up the glass and drank a little. The dimness cleared from her eyes.

Lacy was leaning hard on the back of a chair, and he was beginning to be shaken by shivering so violent that he could scarcely get the words out.

"Sorry, Janice . . . I'm afraid I'm going to be ill . . ."

"I'll ring up Lin," Janice said swiftly.

LACY tossed all night racked by pain and high fever, and in the morning Lin went down to old Doctor Beverly's comfortable cottage, and turned him out to visit Lacy's hospital cases.

"How is he now?" Janice wanted to know a little hesitatingly.

"Much better," Lin said cheerfully. "He's still running a temperature...but he was talking about getting up until I put my foot on that bright idea."

Lin went out, and he was not back for lunch, so by noon Janice had no longer an excuse for avoiding Lacy's room. She had carefully prepared a tray, and she carried it up the stairs, hesitated a second, and then tapped on Lacy's door.

"Come in!" Lacy said.

Janice entered, avoiding his eyes. He was lying back on his pillows, with a book flung down on the quilt.

"You'll probably get influenza if you come in here..." Lacy said.

Janice stood with one foot on the chair rung, and the tray balanced.

"Well, you can't be left to starve because of that..."

She drew the chair to his bedside, and set down the tray. Lacy lay back with a sort of languid inertness, watching her. He looked tired, but his eyes were clear. He reached a hand with a sudden imperative gesture.

"Janice... I'm not very clear as to my behaviour of last night. I think probably I should apologise for it... I was very tired, and I expect the whisky went to my head."

"It's all right ..." Janice said.

There was a brief silence. She moved away a little, and picked up a photograph on the dressing-table to hide her embarrassment.

"Is it...your mother, Lacy?"

"Yes..." Lacy said.

He motioned to her to give him the frame, and they looked at it together. The portrait was of a young and very lovely woman in the classic simplicity of the costume of Elsa in "Lohengrin." Her hair was caught in a band about her brow, and fell straight in two great fair braids over her shoulders. In her clear-cut generous beauty and the sweetness of her mouth Janice saw some vagrant glimpse of Lin.

"You are not at all like her . . ." she said.

Lacy shook his head.

"I'm supposed to be a Gardner. I think Lin is a little like her."

Janice mused over the portrait.

"Did she die when you were very young, Lacy?"

"When Lin and I were born..." Lacy said.

There was a brief silence. The ripple of the running tide rose up from the foot of the orchard; the gulls mewed and squealed lazily. Lacy moved the tray from the chair, and motioned to Janice to sit down.

"She lost her life through the bungling of an incompetent country doctor . . . the whole thing is a queer tragic story. She and my father had been married for five years. They were not happy. Perhaps she was restless...she had been a great singer ...perhaps it was my father's fault; they say that the Gardners were never easy men to live with. Anyhow she left him, and sailed for England. She had decided to go back to her old life; she secured a contract...and then she discovered that she was going to have a child. She must have been a rather wonderful woman... she threw up the whole thing, cabled my father that she was coming home to start again from the beginning, and took the next boat..."

"It was...very splendid of her..." Janice said, low.

Lacy nodded.

"Were...were they-happy?" Janice ventured.

Lacy spread his hands in an odd gesture.

"Who knows? They came back to Harbor House, and lived here for some months. The irony of the whole thing was that if she had stayed away she would have had a good doctor, and needn't have lost her life . . ."

Janice set the frame back on the dressing table with hands that were not quite steady. The steadfast sweetness of the eyes followed her.

"Do you believe...the curse of Harbor House?" she said abruptly.

Lacy smiled a little.

"I'm not superstitious, Janice. And I was reading the other day that some statistician had computed the chances of a happy marriage at one in eight hundred, so why blame it on the house?"

His brief mood of gentleness had passed. He was regarding her with his old mocking smile.

Janice rose to her feet.

"I haven't had my dinner yet..."

"Don't let me keep you..." Lacy said politely.

"Be sure to call if you want anything else..." Janice urged with equal politeness.

"Thank you..." Lacy said.

SHE cast a surreptitious glance back from the doorway, and he was leaning back, weariness, like a shadow, across his face.

She had barely reached the foot of the stairs when the telephone bell rang. The doors were open behind her, and her voice carried up clearly.

"Yes...oh yes, Mrs. Allan... Oh yes, he's better, thank you. Yes, I'll tell him...it's very kind of you to ring up. Yes, thank you so much...good-bye!"

Her cheeks were flushed as she sat down to her solitary meal. She had barely finished washing-up when there was a peremptory ring at the front door bell.

"If this is a patient..." she murmured, "He shall have short shrift ..."

It was not a patient who stood there, but a little lady in a grey tweed coat and an uncompromising grey felt hat.

"Oh Sister..." Janice said, "Do please come in..."

The big dark living-room had missed its accustomed dusting and fresh flowers. Janice had been busy with cleaning porches and kitchen after a week's rain, and with answering the telephone, and she had neglected to clean the big lovely fireplace from the ashes of last night's fire.

Sister Martin sat down in a big leather

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chair, and proceeded to slowly take off her gloves.

"I hope you'll excuse my calling early . . . I'm expecting a patient in later this afternoon."

"Of course!" Janice said with nervous hospitality. "It doesn't matter in the least . . ."

She was still wearing her blue morning overall; she had the uncomfortable conviction that her hair was tumbled about her face. With abnormal sensitiveness she thought she could read the other woman's thoughts . . .

("Why, the girl's not even pretty! What fools men are!")

"I've been a long time calling."

No apology this time. Janice stammered.

"Well, you're such a busy person . . ."

"Yes, we've been very busy at the hospital lately."

There was a pause. Bard, in the porch outside, yawned, and ended his yawn in a whine. He was bored by an endless day in which his master had taken no part.

Janice rushed into the silence.

"Yes, Lacy's been doing too much, too . . . I think that's why he has taken this flu so badly . . ."

"Yes, I expect so . . ." Sister Martin said politely.

(Doesn't look after him, probably; yesterday's ashes in the fireplace; she very likely can't even cook.)

There was another brief silence.

"Perhaps you'll like to run up and see him . . .?" Janice said desperately.

Sister Martin smiled then, a surprisingly vivid smile.

"No, I don't think so. He probably would bless visitors, and, anyhow, he and I see one another at least once a day."

Janice's troubled mind had run on to thoughts of afternoon tea. Cub had taken the last of her plum cake to school that morning; the only thing in the house was a sponge cake, baked the day before, when the wind was blowing from the east, a quarter that damped down the most cheerful fire that could be coaxed in the big old-fashioned stove.

THERE was no help for it. She brought in afternoon tea in the fragile old English china that had somehow survived years of rough usage, bread-and-butter cut wafer-thin, the despised sponge-cake in heavy, sunken-looking slices.

She poured the tea, and sat on the edge of the chair, still in her morning overall, and tried to think of conversation. After a while, they drifted to gardening, and got on rather better. It was still quite early when Sister rose to go.

"If you'll excuse me . . ."

Janice walked with her politely to the front gate, and she had scarcely regained the house when there was a heavy knocking at the surgery door.

She found a rough-looking man standing outside, his hand bound in a dirty rag. He leaned toward her confidentially, and his breath smelled of liquor.

"Doctor in?"

"I'm sorry, you'll have to go to Doctor Beverly. Doctor Gardner is sick, and can't see anybody."

"What's he sick for?" the man demanded truculently. "Doctors haven't any right to get sick!"

Janice wished illogically that Sister had stayed another five minutes. Through the gap of the garage gate she saw the grey coat disappearing. Not for worlds would she have called her back.

"I'm sorry, but you will have to go to Doctor Beverly," she said firmly.

"I want to see Doctor Gardner!" her visitor announced loudly, with the unreasoning obstinacy of one who has taken too much drink.

For answer Janice resolutely closed the door. She suffered an instant's panic for fear he should batter it in, but she peeped from the window, and saw him retreating sullenly down the path, swearing as he went.

LENGTHENING spells of summer weather were beginning to bring to Shore Town the customary week-end holiday-makers and camping parties. The summer shacks along the beach, deserted for so many months, began to take on the appearance of activity, and abbreviated bathing garments flapped from trees and fences. The three stores on the waterfront blossomed into their brief and profitable period of camera films and ice-cream and picture postcards.

With the summer visitors, as a floating population, Lacy was concerned mainly with sprained ankles, and insect bites, and an occasional incautious case of sunburn, and one night Janice opened the door to a young woman in sandshoes and shorts, her right hand tied up in an improvised bandage.

"Is this the doctor's place? Is he in?" she demanded.

"He is," Janice admitted reluctantly. "But he's only just come in, and he's supposed to be having his tea. If you could wait a few minutes he will see you."

The young woman looked at her companion with an expression of relief.

"I'll wait. I know it's an appalling time to come . . . but we had to wait for the tide to row across the inlet. I ran a fishbone into my thumb yesterday, and it's beginning to hurt like the very devil."

Janice brought the two of them into the waiting-room, and turned on the lights.

"The doctor won't be long."

"That's all right," said the prospective patient airily. "Don't let him hurry. I guess I can live another ten minutes."

"When I grow up," said Cub, from a corner of the kitchen table, where he was wrestling with his homework, as Janice returned, "I'm going to be a doctor, but I'll be the kind that has a brass plate with his hours on—10 to 12, and 2 to 3, or something like that."

"Probably," said Lacy, without bitterness, around a mouthful of hastily gulped tea, "and a consulting-room with carpets three inches deep, and a silk hat . . ."

Lacy was not long in the surgery, and when he returned he brought his patient and her companion with him back into the kitchen.

"Is there a drop left in the teapot, Janice? Miss Wayne doesn't feel too good . . ."

Miss Wayne sank thankfully into the chair near the stove. She was white and shaken-looking, but she still retained enough spirit, Janice observed, to turn her eyes provocatingly to Lacy's.

"Not too good! That's a very polite way of putting it . . . when it's your fault for slicing me up as neatly as a Chinese torturer."

Janice brought her hot, steaming tea and biscuits, and she accepted them greedily, her bare knees crossed, her tousled, honey-colored head leaning back against the shabby cushions of Lin's old basket-chair.

"I'm terribly sorry to be such a confounded nuisance . . . How soon d'ye think the tide will be high enough for us to get back?"

She was pretty, Janice decided, not so young after all, but very definitely attractive with her honey-colored hair, and her brown tan, and her red, demanding mouth. She talked on, and her quieter companion sat sunk contemplatively in the window-seat, drinking tea, her shadowed eyes missing nothing. She was younger, thinner, more remote, her green linen frock slashed down to reveal her brown back to the waist, her nails long and pointed, and painted vividly scarlet.

Miss Wayne was certainly not quiet. She had them all in convulsions of laughter . . . even Janice, unwillingly . . . over her description of crossing the inlet in a borrowed boat.

". . . we didn't even know if there was a doctor in Shore Town, but we shouted over to the next camp . . . a man called Stathom . . . and he called back yes, and pointed out your pine trees. So there we were setting off like Columbus in a leaky dinghy . . ."

Janice had put more wood on the fire, and Miss Wayne drew her chair closer.

"How mad to come for a summer holiday and enjoy a fire!"

"Speaking as your medical man," said Lacy calmly, "I may say you haven't enough clothes on."

"How polite you are!" said Miss Wayne on a peal of laughter.

"There's a jersey here, in your case, Mab," her friend pointed out, contemplatively, from the window-seat.

"So there is!" said Miss Wayne, who was Mab; "throw it over, will you?"

SHE fumbled over the catching of the case, and the lock slipped, and the jersey went out on the floor in a medley of pencils and loose sheets of paper, and sketching paraphernalia.

"Oh, heck!" said Miss Wayne politely.

Lacy sigh-ed, and got off his chair to help her pick them up. He laughed, involuntarily.

"I say . . . they're good."

Cub abandoned his homework, and came and leaned on Lacy's shoulder, and even Lin laid down his book.

"That's old Hone," announced Cub, dancing with excitement. "Look at his funny, ragged scarf!"

"That was the old Maori we met the day we started to walk around the inlet to the ford," said Miss Wayne, laughing, and not ill-pleased with their admiration. "We toiled about three miles, and met a Maori woman, and asked her how much farther, and she said two miles, and then we walked about another two miles and met this old chap and asked him how much further, and he cheerfully said three miles. So then we decided we must be going backwards, so we abandoned the attempt."

"Was that when you drew him, Miss Wayne?" said Cub, hanging entranced on Lacy's shoulder.

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HARBOR HOUSE

"Yes, that was when I drew him," said Miss Wayne.

It seemed to Janice suddenly that there was a peculiar expression on Lacy's face. He was holding in his hand a dog-eared sheet of yellow paper.

"What's that you've got?" said Miss Wayne. "Oh, that's as old as the hills . . . I did it years ago, when I was in Australia, and raked it out the other day to copy into a study of children on the beach. Rather a cute kid, isn't he?"

Janice, drawn by her curiosity, manoeuvred to see the sketch Lacy was holding. It was roughly done, but with the same distinction and fire that characterised the other sketches, a drawing of a very small boy in a brief bathing-suit reaching laboriously up to the handle of a pump. The background was merely suggested, but it was there all the same . . . a cobblestoned yard, the corner of a porch, a branch of willow dangling.

"We used to laugh ourselves into fits over that child . . . 'member, Renee?" she appealed to her friend in the window-seat. "See him come out in his little bathing-suit, and stand under the pump, and pull the handle down . . . it was when we were staying at this place up in the Blue Mountains, they took paying guests. The kid . . . what did they call him? . . . was boarded out there. That was a queer tale, if ever there was one . . ."

LACY had laid the sketch face-downwards, back in the folio, but Miss Wayne was not to be lightly diverted from a story once embarked upon.

"His mother was a raving beauty . . . what was her name, Renee?"

"Aran . . ." said Renee dreamily from the window-seat, "Aran Lee."

"May I smoke?" said Lacy punctiliously. "Will you?"

"Yes, she used her maiden name," said Miss Wayne. She leaned her honey-colored head over to the match Lacy held shielded between his hands, and Janice, watching mechanically, wondered if she imagined that the flame wavered. "She was married to some rotter, and he went off into the blue, and left her to fend for herself. That was when I met her . . . she was working as a model for a while. Then she sort of faded out of our ken, and I never expected to hear anything more of her, and never would if we hadn't gone to this place in the Blue Mountains . . . I remember what they called the boy—it was Gardner, Colin Lee Gardner . . ."

"That wasn't his father's name," said Renee, contemplatively, into her cigarette smoke.

"No, Gardner was the other man . . ."

"You seem to me to be getting a little mixed," said Renee.

"I'm not," retorted Miss Wayne, "I remember it perfectly now . . . the woman at the boarding-house told me the whole thing. This girl, Aran Lee . . . she had a miserable little room somewhere in the slums, that was after she gave up the model work . . . and was ill, practically starving, and the baby coming, and the landlady got frightened and called in a doctor. Anyway, it turned out to be this man Gardner . . . he was a New Zealander, too . . . did I say that Aran Lee came from New Zealand? . . . history doesn't relate whether he fell in love with her on the spot, or whether he was merely sorry for her, but the fact remains that he took her away that night from the miserable place where she was, and took her back to his rooms, and she lived there until the baby was born . . ."

"And then she died," Renee supplied languidly.

Miss Wayne flicked the ash from her cigarette into the hearth.

"Don't interrupt! She didn't . . . she went into a consumption, and he gave up the practice he was just starting, and took her and the baby up to this place in the Blue Mountains . . . and brought specialists to her . . . and moved heaven and earth . . . but nothing was any good, and she died six months after the baby was born . . ."

"And then he went back and left the baby there," Renee said.

"Yes, he boarded him out with the people who kept the place . . . and that was how we got to know him . . . poor little kid! I wonder what happened to him . . ."

The room was oddly quiet, but Miss Wayne was blissfully unconscious of any tension. She tossed her cigarette stub into the hearth, and turned her honey-colored head suggestively.

Lin had moved to the window, and he stood holding the curtain aside in his hand.

"How does the tide look?" Lacy said.

"I think it's full enough . . . I'll go down to the foot of the orchard with Miss Wayne, and see . . . you came up that way, I suppose?"

"Why, that's very kind of you," Miss Wayne said. "Yes, we did . . ."

She had turned the provocative battery of her glance on Lin, and he, apparently supremely unconscious, moved to the door. The languid Renee rose from the window-seat.

"Oh! I haven't even paid you," said Miss Wayne. She dragged a dog-eared cheque-book out of her ill-used case, and flourished it at Lacy . . . "What do I owe you, anyway?"

"Seven-and-sixpence," said Lacy politely. "Thank you."

She rested her case on her knee, and her cheque-book on her case, and scratched hastily, and then paused to look up at Lacy with dawning amusement.

"Do you know, I don't know your name."

"Smith," said Lacy placidly, "J. Smith."

She folded the cheque, and laid it down on the table.

"WELL, thank you folks awfully . . . thank you, Mrs. Smith, for the tea. I guess we'll be on our way now . . . and spare a thought for those that go down to the sea in ships . . ."

When they were gone, Cub with them bearing a lantern, Lacy and Janice were left alone in the room.

Lacy moved across to the table and looked at the cheque, smiling reflectively.

"What a pity! Now I shan't be able to use it . . ."

He stood with his heels on the kerb, and his back to the stove, and Janice rose suddenly from her place at the table and faced him with a desperate resolution.

"Lacy . . ."

"Yes . . .?" said Lacy politely.

"I want to say, Lacy . . ." said Janice, all in a little rush, "in all fairness, I've known for a long time that what I once believed of you couldn't possibly be true!"

"Well, that's very nice of you . . ." said Lacy politely.

His mouth was mocking, and Janice was not looking into his eyes.

"Although . . ." she said, striking back with a blind bitterness, "although I hate you . . . I know you're not the man who could do that sort of thing."

Lacy was very pale, and a muscle twitched in his mouth. They stood there in the quiet house, and Bard, from the open doorway, stared mournfully from one to the other.

Then the telephone bell rang, and Janice moved blindly, wildly to answer it.

Lacy went on standing by the fire, motionless, and Janice was back in an instant, her vivid color gone.

"It was Rowena . . . she wanted you to come 'round straight away . . . she sounded so queer . . . go quickly, Lacy!"

Lacy opened the door, and went out without hat or coat into the night.

THE lights were burning in every room as Lacy leaped out of his car at the Bridgeman's gate, and strode hastily up the gravel drive. He walked in without pausing to knock.

Rowena was standing by the open windows in the sitting-room. She was very pale, and she stayed the question on Lacy's lips with a glance at the door.

There was a prowling step in the hall, and Malcolm Bridgeman stood in the doorway. He moved into the room with a curiously restless and furtive step; his bloodshot eyes stared sullenly suspicious.

"What d'ye want?" he demanded with an odd sidewise stare at Lacy.

"To call on you, of course . . ." said Lacy blandly.

Bridgeman snarled.

"You come here too often altogether! I know you, Lacy Gardner . . ."

Lacy took his hands out of his pockets, unobtrusively.

Bridgeman had moved with a sudden savage lunge to the window, and his shaking hands dragged at the fastenings.

"I'll teach them to come here . . ." he snarled thickly. "Peering through a man's windows into his private house . . ."

"Pull the blinds down . . ." Lacy suggested.

Bridgeman fumbled for the blind cords, and one blind, released, flew to the top. He sprang back like a terrified child, with a childish cry of fear.

"It's your fault!" he shouted at the silent Rowena. "You don't shut the windows properly, and now they've got inside . . . look at them . . ."

His voice rose shrilly; Lacy interposed between him and the woman. Malcolm Bridgeman stood still, swaying, a magnificent bulk of a man, his Viking head lowered, his twitching hands impotently outspread.

"Look at them!" he said in a kind of a shriek. "I told you they'd get inside . . . hundreds of them . . ."

He swung round abruptly, staggered to the sideboard, reaching groping hands among the rattling glasses. Lacy was at his elbow.

"I'll get it for you . . ." he said smoothly.

He took up the soda siphon and filled a

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glass, tilted a few drops from a half-drained whisky bottle. There were two other bottles standing empty on the sideboard.

Bridgeman's trembling hands clutched the glass; he gulped long and deeply, then emitted an animal roar of fury.

"There's no whisky in this . . . what do you come here for . . .?"

The glass had crashed on the floor; the soda spattered the plaster wall and the sideboard.

Malcolm Bridgeman's voice fell to a low purring tone of cunning.

"I know you, Doctor Lacy Gardner . . . I've heard things about you . . . and now you come here after my wife . . ."

Rowena's cry was an agony.

"Lacy, look out . . ."

"And I'll kill you, and I'll kill her!" Malcolm Bridgeman cried as he charged.

Lacy, lightning swift, grappled with him, and they swayed, crashing against the table, sending a shower of glass splinters from the sideboard. At that instant the door, standing ajar, crashed open, and a firescreen went down before the onslaught of the great dog Bard, hurled in like a thunderbolt.

THE one instant's wavering on Bridgeman's part was enough, and Lacy tripped him, and he went down across an overturned chair, sprawling in mightly impotence.

"Down!" Lacy gasped breathlessly. "Down, Bard . . . get down!"

His hands were twisted in the great dog's collar, and he rolled over with him, wrestling, Bard soundless and slavering. Then Lacy had the better of the dog; he was shaking him, and Bard was crouched shivering beneath the table.

Bridgeman lay partially stunned, and breathing heavily. Lacy went over to him, and unfastened his belt, and jerked his collar undone.

Rowena was standing grasping the back of a chair, white as death.

"He . . . he has been drinking terribly heavy just lately . . ." she whispered.

Lacy nodded.

"I've been watching him this week back. I expected something like this. And now?"

"I'll nurse him here!" Rowena said, shaken by a gust of strange and bitter passion. "It can't be worse than . . . this past week's been. And I won't have it talked over all round Shore Town. I thought I hadn't any pride left, but still . . ."

"Sister Martin is home—closer-mouthed than a clam where anybody else's affairs are concerned . . ." Lacy reminded her bluntly.

"I know . . ." Rowena said restlessly, "but there's the nurses . . . and people going there . . . and the other patients . . ."

"You couldn't manage him alone, Rowena . . ." Lacy said. "He's going to be pretty bad . . ."

"There are only women up at the hospital," she said stubbornly. "How would they manage? And it wouldn't be fair . . . with other patients there."

Lacy shrugged.

"You don't know what you're in for, Rowena . . ."

"It couldn't be worse than these last days have been," Rowena said with a stony calm.

Lacy's gesture was abrupt.

"Oh, well . . . I guess we'll see you through somehow, Rowena . . ."

She turned aside with a sudden broken movement, went to the window and dragged the blinds aside, threw the casement open. It had begun to rain. A rising wind sent a spatter of drops in from the darkness. Bridgeman had begun to stir and mutter.

The telephone bell rang, and Rowena turned from the window, and moved to answer it. She came back, calm again, with a kind of despairing quietness.

"You're wanted urgently up at the hospital, Lacy. Sister has been trying to find you. The Maori woman they have there is taken ill . . ."

Lacy spread his hands in an expressive gesture, stood a second looking down at the inert man at his feet.

"Shift along to the kitchen . . ." he said briskly. "Get me hot water bottles and some hot milk . . ."

"Where are they?" Bridgeman whimpered.

Lacy was endeavoring to get him up on to his feet.

"All gone," he reassured. "Let me help you to bed and then I'll bring you a drink."

He guided the swaying, staggering man through the doorway. Rowena, from the kitchen, could hear his voice, monotonously soothing, as to a fractious child. She heard him go back along the hall to the telephone.

It was raining more heavily now. The wind rose and whined desolately through the darkness. Rowena, alone in the kitchen, stared with unseeing eyes at the flames that flickered behind the bars of the stove. She had moved to the window, and she drew back the curtains, and stood listening to the splash of the short sea that broke on the tidal beach at the end of the road.

The sound of a man's footstep on the gravel path beneath the window made her heart leap, and, even as she swung round, startled, the door opened and Lin came in. His big coat was rain-bespattered, his brown face wet with rain drops, and stung to ruddy color.

"Oh, Lin . . ." she whispered.

He took her hands in his wet and strong grasp.

"Cheer up, Rowena, my dear. We'll pull you through this hole somehow . . ."

The tears were on her lashes now, slow, difficult tears.

Lin was taking off his big coat. He gave it to her to hang up.

"What's the good of a friend if you can't make use of him?" said Lin Gardner.

"IT'S so . . . so abominably ungrateful!" Janice protested hotly. She was standing in the doorway, her cheeks flushed, and her small hands clenched in the pockets of her blue overall, while Lacy lounged at the table over his belated breakfast. "After all she has done for me . . . and not even to go over and keep meals going. The only person I really care for . . ."

Lacy's lips tightened imperceptibly.

"I'm sorry," he said with a surface placidity, "but there it is."

"Why won't you let me go and help her?" Janice demanded.

Lacy lighted a cigarette with maddening deliberation.

"My dear Janice, I have given it as my opinion that your life has been too sheltered, but there is such a thing as a happy medium between being shut up in a glass case, and listening to the ravings of a D.T. patient."

"Rowena has to listen to him . . ."

"Unfortunately Rowena is married to him . . ." Lacy said coolly.

"Unfortunately!" Janice cried with an intense bitterness. "I think marriage is the most terrible institution in the world!"

"That's hardly the point, is it?" Lacy wanted to know, without emotion, dabbing his cigarette neatly into the ash-tray.

Janice stood uncertainly, stung into a helpless silence, watching the expressionless lines of his profile against the window, the droop of his eyelids, the repressed curve of his mouth. She forced herself into rebellion that sounded futile in her own ears.

"You have no right to stop me, and you shan't stop me! I'm my own mistress!"

Lacy turned on her a cold regard that tingled curiously up her spine.

"Are you?" he said.

"And I am going . . ."

"LISTEN to me, Janice," Lacy said, his color beginning to rise, "unless you give me your word that you will not go over to Rowena's, I'll pick you up now, and carry you up to your room, and keep the door locked on you for the next week."

Janice shrank almost as though he had already laid hands on her.

"You wouldn't . . ." she said.

Lacy laughed briefly, angrily.

"Janice, you've lived for several months in the house with me. Don't you know by now what things I will do, and what things I won't do?"

"All right, I won't go . . ." said Janice in sudden weary capitulation.

Lacy had finished his breakfast, and his cigarette, and he took his hat and his riding-whip from the back of the door. Cub was leading the big black horse to and fro on the gravel by the garage entrance. Janice moved from the doorway to allow Lacy to pass, and he went as far as the porch, and then retraced his steps.

"If you want to cook things, Janice, Lin or I will always carry them over to Rowena's for you."

"Very well . . . thank you," Janice said listlessly.

Lacy lingered a second.

"Rowena will . . . understand," he said with a brief gentleness in his voice.

He had laid his hand on her arm, and she shrank from the brief contact. Her involuntary movement whipped the color and the gentleness from Lacy's face; he stood an instant looking down at her, his eyes hard, his mouth set in lines of repressed savagery. Then he wheeled, and was gone out to his horse, striding crisply across the gravel in the sunshine.

Shore Town was given to understand that Malcolm Bridgeman was suffering from an attack of acute bronchitis with pneumonic complications, and, on the second day, old Doctor Beverly shuffled up reluctantly from his comfortable cottage by the beach, and waylaid Lacy coming out of Bridgeman's gate.

"You're looking tireder than you've any business to be at your age, Lacy. When you're as old as me, you can look tired. Leave it to me, Lacy, to go in of an afternoon, and give Mrs. Bridgeman a hand. She's a mighty fine woman, Mrs. Bridgeman, I think a lot of her. And bronchitis . . . that particular brand of bronchitis . . . is a nasty job to nurse."

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HARBOR HOUSE

Lacy had to laugh, and he shook hands with the old man across the gate.

"I hope the Recording Angel makes a note of it..."

"I hope so, too," said Beverly solemnly, "My account'll take a lot of balancing..."

For three days Malcolm Bridgeman lay raving in insanity. On the fourth day he was quieter; his delusions were more vague; he slept fitfully. In the afternoon Lacy came in, muddy, tired, and brusque, and pronounced his patient better, and went on his way to a confinement case up the river.

That night Rowena and Lin were alone, and Lin was sunk in an easy chair, reading a magazine, by the light of the bedside lamp. Bridgeman slept.

"Go to bed, Rowena..." Lin said, "I'm comfortable here, and Lacy says he'll sleep."

"I don't want to sleep..." Rowena said restlessly.

The night was warm, but a small wood fire burned in the hearth. She seated herself beside it, and held one hand to the blaze. Her eyes wandered round the room; she watched Lin's face, thrown into relief by the glow of the bedside lamp, his strongly-cut features, the steady, kindly lines of his mouth, and his clear good eyes.

"You're a good man, Lin..." she said suddenly, out of the silence.

Lin laid down his magazine in comical dismay, and smiled across at her.

"You startle me, Rowena. What's the matter? Do you think I'm going to die young?"

Rowena stirred the fire restlessly.

"Perhaps I was thinking of you and Lacy...and Janice. I wish they were happy."

Lin shut up his magazine.

"I thought they were putting up a pretty good pretence of it to the outside world," he admitted.

Rowena shook her head.

"I know Lacy too well for that. He's beginning to look ill."

"He's working hard," Lin said.

"More than that," Rowena said, "I'm not asking you for any confidences, Lin... but I'm not blind."

Lin made a gesture of resignation.

"What a mess life is!" Rowena said comprehensively.

She got up and went to the window, and drew aside the curtain. After a second Lin rose and came to her side. The night was bright with moonlight, and she wrestled with the window catch as though in suffocation, and flung the casement wide.

THE clear night air came in, the scent of the sea that lapped the fringe of the sleeping township.

"A mess . . ." said Lin slowly. He leaned on the sill, looking out on the peaceful sea and moonlight. His voice had thickened strangely. As though by a trick of the moonlight, his face was stark with pain and savagery. "To wish a man dead, that's murder according to the Bible, Rowena . . ."

The silence was strange and powerful. The white moonlight came in and lay in patterns on the floor.

"Maybe we're all hypocrites," Lin pursued slowly, "or maybe it's something else that keeps us from murder with our hands . . . that keeps Lacy fighting like a tiger for a life he'd be glad to see go out . . . that keeps us watching so carefully. It sounds an ugly word, murder. But murder in a man's heart . . . that's another thing, Rowena."

The powerful muscles of his throat quivered a little as he swallowed. He looked down at his hands lying on the sill, and they were shaking.

Rowena forced her eyes to the sleeping man, his racked face peaceful, his Viking-fair hair tossed in the glow of the lamp-light.

"We make our beds . . . and we have to lie in them," she said slowly, as though dragging the words from some immense distance. "I should never have married him . . . loving another man."

"Lacy?" Lin said briefly, painfully.

Rowena nodded, looking into the moonlight.

"TEN years ago . . . I wasn't twenty then. I've been married to Malcolm for ten years. Lacy went to Australia. And then Malcolm wanted me . . . and I married him."

She was silent a brief instant.

"After Lacy left," she pursued slowly, "I took up private nursing. I was with Malcolm for nearly a year. He was a mining engineer then; he had been in the Malay States for years . . . he was sent back with an injured spine after a blasting accident. When he began to walk again he asked me to marry him."

She made an odd, hopeless gesture.

"I was fond of him in a way. He was going back to take up a job with his old company; I was going back with him. Then when we had been married three weeks he received a letter from a lawyer in England to say that his uncle had died and left him twenty thousand pounds."

She laughed briefly, without mirth.

"How many people would sell their souls for twenty thousand pounds? It was a cursed twenty thousand pounds for Malcolm . . . he drank before, but not to excess . . . if he hadn't given up his job, bought this place in Shore Town to live the life of a retired gentleman . . ."

"Shore Town," she added. "Because I had told him some of the stories Lacy used to tell me about his old home . . . and then to meet Lacy again . . ."

Lin looked down at his hands.

"We were never more than friends. I wasn't much more than a child then, and I was in love with him. If he had asked me . . . I might have given him all . . . but he never asked me. We were never more than friends."

Lin drew a short breath.

"And now," he insisted, "do you still love Lacy?"

Rowena shook her head with an infinite weariness.

"It all seems so long ago . . ."

Lin had laid his hand over hers. As though the contact was some vitalising force, her pulse and color were suddenly quickened. She was leaning back against the sill, her hands behind her, her eyes strange and dark.

"No, Lin . . . no!" she said suddenly, though he had not moved.

The room was very still, and the moonlight lay between them. Lin's face was harsh, and etched in strange shadows. A pulse beat strongly in his throat. He reached his hands to Rowena, then laid them on the sill.

"Lin!" she said in a whisper.

At that instant the side gate slammed sharply, savagely. There was the ring of a horse's hoofs on the spurned gravel.

"Lacy . . ." Lin said a little numbly.

He came in, kicking the mud from his boots in the back porch, and closing the door behind him. He looked tired, and he was mud-bespattered. He cast a cursory glance at his patient, and came back irritably to stand with his back to the dying fire, and one spurred heel hooked over the hearth-side kerb.

"You look all in, Lin . . ."

"Do I?" Lin said.

Without moving, he looked at himself in the alcove mirror, almost as though he expected to see a stranger's face there.

"He must be tired," Rowena said, and her voice seemed to her to sound strange in the stillness of the room.

Lacy dragged the chair round a little, and cast himself into it, stretching his mud-caked boots to the dying embers.

"You go home and sleep, Lin. You've had the best part of three nights of it . . . I'll probably fall asleep, but I sleep like a cat, anyway . . ."

"Perhaps I'd better," Lin said, without demur. "I'll take Marcus back."

When he was gone, Lacy stirred the dying embers with his boot-heel, and stretched himself wearily in his chair.

"Look at the moon . . . brighter than the lamp! A night for lovers . . ."

Rowena had remained at the window. She stood there, staring out into the night. After a long time she turned.

"Lacy . . ." she said.

But Lacy was asleep, his head pillowed on his arm, his breath coming as peacefully as a child's.

AT the gate of Harbor House Lacy reined in the black horse Marcus, and swung his foot from the stirrup.

He was tired; he had just returned from a long trip to an accident case up the river. The day had been oppressively hot, a white bank of cloud in the west blowing itself up to an angry canopy of grey. It was beginning to rain, and a gusty wind ripped the harbor in little vicious spurts of white.

Lin, by the garage, was just on the point of flinging himself into his blue car, when he saw Lacy, and came across to him. He was wearing overalls grimed with grease and dust, and where he had put up a hasty hand his face showed a smear, dark against his usually ruddy-brown skin.

"What's the matter?" Lacy said abruptly.

"Janice . . . and Cub," Lin said without preamble, "They took the boat this morning...I've been away all day...and they're not home."

Lacy's face blanched as amazingly as though someone had wiped the color out of it. He sagged in the saddle of his tired horse.

"The boat..." he said.

Lin shook his head.

"I've been down to look...it isn't back."

For an instant stark fear showed in Lacy's eyes, fear abruptly masked. Lin had come closer, and he laid a hand on the saddle-flap.

"They'll have got stranded on a sandbank somewhere . . ." he said with unconvincing reassurance.

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Lacy wheeled his unwilling horse. He jerked up his riding-whip from the saddle-ring where it was looped, and slashed sharply at Marcus' black flank, and Marcus bucked angrily into a gallop, and went bucking and galloping back through the town.

Lacy was at the wharf, questioning the men, when Lin swung round the corner in his blue car. He had been back to the house for rugs and a flask of brandy.

The sun had set, and a thin grey curtain of rain drove in from the sea. The launches near the shore rocked erratically at anchor. It was cold, and the men gathering on the wharf turned up coat collars and thrust uncertain hands into pockets.

"Tide went out past the heads like a mill-race this afternoon..."

"Who did she have with her...? Only the little boy..."

Teri, the half-caste boatman, was casting off his launch. Lacy took the blankets and the flask from Lin, and went down the steps. Then he turned and came back.

"You go with the boat, Lin...I've got Marcus here, and I'll ride along the shore towards the heads..."

He mounted the black horse, and Bard, like a grey shadow, rose from the darker shadows, and followed him. They were down over the low wall, and cantering along the foam-wet foreshore when Bard halted and pricked his ears.

LACY halted Marcus and, staring, saw in the dusk, two small figures toiling wearily along the beach.

Someone, with field glasses, had seen them from the wharf. In the distance, a ragged cheer was raised.

Cub was barefooted and bareheaded, and he still clung to a string of small stiffening fish. Janice carried her shoes in one hand, and a basket in the other. Her hair was wet and dishevelled, her face white with fright and fatigue and embarrassment. She limped, and when she stood still to talk to Lacy her right foot left a small smear of blood in the sand.

"I'm terribly sorry...we lost an oar, and drifted on to a sand-bank, and had to wait until the tide had gone down, and then we walked all the way round, and I cut my foot on a shell..."

Lacy leaned briefly from the saddle.

"Give me your hand...put your foot on mine."

Janice had drawn back a little, and the color came flickering to her white face as it gleamed in the dusk.

"I can walk..."

"Get up!" Lacy said without demur.

He had taken her hand, and she unwillingly reached up a small bare muddy foot to the instep of his riding-boot, and in one swift movement, he had swung her up to the saddle before him. Marcus reared a little, and pounded the sand as Lacy brought him sharply down. Lacy was holding her, his right arm around her firmly, his left hand reached across to hold the reins. Her head was of necessity against his shoulder.

Lacy spoke to Cub briefly.

"Lin's got the car by the wharf."

Cub trotted valiantly along the sand, climbed the low wall in Marcus' wake. The knot of men on the wharf were dispersing, but there were still some to gather in friendly and relieved curiosity. Lacy did not offer to set Janice down. He rode straight on, and Lin, after a minute or two, whirled past them in the car.

It was almost dark, and the rain was falling heavily. Marcus stumbled a little, and Lacy's arm involuntarily tightened. Janice's face was against his shoulder, and a strand of her wet tangled hair blew across his mouth. He put up his bridle hand, and tucked the strand back. In the half-light, his eyes smouldered curiously; his profile was impassive.

Marcus stopped, and Lacy, kicking his feet from the stirrups, swung down on to the ground.

"Let go!" he said briefly, and Janice, in numb obedience, slid down into his arms. He carried her in, and Lin opened the kitchen door to them. There was a fire crackling in the stove, and the curtains were drawn across the wide windows. The sound of the rain and wind was shut down to a murmur.

Janice's foot had begun to bleed again, and she tied her small soiled handkerchief around it. Lin took her wet, inadequate sweater from her, and hung it on the bars by the stove. Lacy came back from the surgery with bandages and antiseptics, and sat down on the edge of the kerb at her feet.

His face was impersonal, and the sharp tears stung Janice's eyes. Her foot looked very small and blue-veined in his brown hands, and she watched him numbly, her head against the cushions of the old basket-chair. She was exhausted by her fright and by the long tramp.

"Where's Cub?" Lacy said.

"I told him to have a bath and put on dry clothes," Lin returned. "He'll be out in a minute."

"That's all right," said Lacy, with a touch of grimness. "Master Cub and I have a little score to settle."

"Why?" said Janice, sitting up sharply.

"Sit still . . ." Lacy said. "Because I've forbidden Cub to take the boat out of the inlet, that's why."

Janice's eyes darkened oddly.

"But, Lacy . . . I didn't realise he wasn't supposed to take the boat beyond the inlet . . . he's had a bad fright, he's been punished enough, Lacy . . . you wouldn't do anything to him . . . it would be cruel . . ."

"He'll have had a bigger fright by the time I've done with him," Lacy stated.

Janice had pulled her foot out of his hands, and he took it back, and continued with great deliberation to adjust the partly wound bandage.

"But, Lacy . . ." she said on an indrawn breath, "it was my fault . . . I wanted to go beyond the inlet."

"Well, that wasn't very sensible of you . . ." Lacy pointed out.

He had finished the bandage, and Janice put her foot to the ground and stood up. There was a flame of color in her cheeks and in her blue eyes. She raised unsteady hands and fastened them on the lapels of Lacy's coat. It was almost the first time she had voluntarily touched him. Her voice shook.

"Please, Lacy, don't punish Cub . . . he's such a small boy, and it really was my fault, I should be punished . . please forgive him . . ."

Her face was raised a little, the damp, dark tangles of her hair fell back from her clear, childish brow. Her eyes burned amazingly blue beneath their shadowy lashes.

Lacy remained an instant, frozen in his posture, looking down at her. He had caught his breath. Then he moved with a sudden harshness, and put her hands aside.

"You may save your wiles . . ." he said savagely. "You may need them for yourself one of these days . . . and oblige me by not interfering . . ."

His change of front was no more sudden than Janice's. She barred his way.

"Very well, Lacy Gardner! But hear me first . . . you are hard, cruel. When I came here first, do you know what I heard a man say? He called you a callous devil, and I know it's true! That's what I have found you . . . a callous devil!"

For an instant no one moved or spoke. There was silence in the room. Lacy was the first to move, and he turned aside with an odd defeated gesture. His face was very white.

Janice turned wildly and groped for the door. She became aware that Lin was following her out. At the top of the stairs she paused in bitter desolation. Lin was behind her, and she turned and clung to him blindly. The window on the landing was open, and a spatter of raindrops blew in drearily across the polished boards.

"Why are you good to me, Lin?" she said, choked. "You must hate me . . . as Lacy hates me . . ."

"As Lacy hates you!" Lin said. "Don't be a little fool, Janice!"

For a minute Janice remained very still. She withdrew her hands slowly, turned away to the window.

"Lacy . . . will never forgive me . . . for what I've said to-night . . ." she said after a long while, her voice oddly distant.

Lin came beside her, and leaned on the sill. The desolate wind blew on them both.

"Never's a long time, Janice Gardner."

He closed the window, and she, standing there in the darkness, shivered a little.

"You're good, Lin . . . and you always understand . . ."

The light from below stairs cast a reflected glow, and, in its dim gleam, a brief small smile curved Lin's lips. Janice was looking into his face, but she said nothing, and after a minute she moved away and opened the door to her room.

"I'll bring you a hot drink . . ." Lin said, with a return to commonplaces. "Get into bed . . ."

Janice obeyed him. She was very tired, but a strange restlessness possessed her. When the house seemed quiet she got up, and stole down the stairs. Her bare feet made no sound, and, at the entrance to the kitchen, she paused.

The main light was out, but there was a reading lamp burning on a stand, and Lacy lay relaxed in the old basket chair by the hearth. Curled in his arms, fast asleep, was Cub, in pyjamas, a rug trailing across his knees. His head was pillowed on Lacy's shoulder; the breast of his striped jacket rose and fell peacefully. Lacy was staring from under lowered eyelids into the fire. His mouth was set repressed lines. His face was very sombre.

The bitter tears were suddenly pricking Janice's eyelids. She turned and went back on noiseless feet, and, as she groped up the dark stairs, she was crying.

"DID . . . did you want to see Doctor Gardner?" Janice said.

She was a little disconcerted . . . in her blue apron, and with a dust of flour upon her face . . . to find a stranger upon the doorstep, a big man in casually-irreproach-

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HARBOR HOUSE

able tweeds and a leather motoring coat, with very much of an air of authority about him.

He nodded, uncovering his head.

"Yes, I did."

"As . . . as a patient?" Janice ventured.

He smiled then, his keen, strongly-cut face softening briefly. He looked at Janice from grey eyes drawn down a little at the corners.

"No . . . as a friend."

"I'm very sorry!" Janice apologised hastily, "please come in . . . Doctor Gardner isn't home yet, but I expect him very soon."

He took off his coat in the hall, and followed her straight through to the kitchen with an air of being very much at home.

"If you'll excuse my going on with my work," Janice said, embarrassed, "I'm getting dinner ready. Please smoke if you want to."

"Yes, I will, thank you . . ." her unknown visitor agreed.

He seated himself comfortably in the chair by the window, and took up a newspaper, and leisurely brought out a silver cigarette case.

"By the way," he said, after a minute, "are you Mrs. Gardner?"

"YES," Janice said, no more at her ease. "Why?"

"Because I wanted to know, of course," said her unknown visitor very sensibly. He looked at Janice quite soberly, but she fancied that a quiver of amusement lurked about his impassive mouth.

He took out a cigarette, and tapped it with definite movements, bending his head to the match. His face was strongly-lined, his dark hair streaked with grey at the temples.

"When I heard Lacy was married, wasn't it natural to wonder what his wife was like?"

"I suppose so," Janice allowed, and then added, greatly daring, "and what do you think now?"

He bent his head with a little inclination of politeness.

"That his excellent taste has not been at fault, of course."

"Oh . . . thank you," Janice said.

She had switched on the light, and she began to carry the dishes through to lay the dining-room table. Her guest obligingly occupied himself with his newspaper, but she was possessed by the uncomfortable conviction that his grey eyes watched her.

"Would you care for a cup of tea?" she said, standing in the doorway, "or will you wait for dinner?"

"You're apparently going to ask me to stay to dinner, then?"

"Oh, well," Janice said, laughing and confused, "you said you were a friend of Lacy's . . . ."

At that instant Lacy opened the door. Bareheaded in the brilliant light, he saw nothing. He was in riding-clothes, mud-splashed, and he bent wearily to unbuckle the spur from his right boot. Then he glanced up.

"Sir John!"

"Lacy," said Janice's unknown visitor.

He got out of his chair with an astounding ease and quickness of movement, and they gripped hands, firmly, tensely.

"Sir John," Lacy said, laughing and breathless. "You old ass! Why couldn't you have told me you were coming?"

"Oh, I just took the notion," said the other man.

Lacy, still holding him by the elbow, turned him round to Janice. "Have you two met properly? My wife . . . Sir John Keiston."

Sir John had the advantage of me," Janice said, confused and smiling.

"Too bad . . . I apologise," Keiston said, "I should have introduced myself. Sit down, Lacy. What's the matter with you? You're looking very tired . . ."

In the hard white light Lacy looked jaded, a little lined about the eyes. He flinched away from Sir John's peculiarly penetrating regard.

"Take your X-ray gaze off me, please. I've been working hard . . . and the weather's been trying lately."

"The weather!" jibed Sir John rudely, "what an excuse for a man of your age! You sound like a nervous dowager with pug dogs. Has it been too hot or too cold for you?"

A little color crept beneath Lacy's dark tan.

"I had forgotten what an extremely unpleasant personality you have."

"Well, when a man of your cast-iron constitution starts complaining about the weather . . ." Sir John said.

His grey gaze flickered over Lacy's face.

"You look as though marriage didn't agree with you."

Lacy whitened, then reddened angrily.

"Really, Keiston...you don't mind what you say, do you?"

Janice's cheeks were burning. She lifted the hot dishes mechanically and carried them through to the other room. She heard the back door open, and Lin come in.

"Well...what on earth...?"

Lacy came through to her in the other room.

"I suppose you can manage to put him up to-night. I'll bunk in with Lin."

He spoke coldly. Since that disastrous night when she and Cub had been lost, he had addressed her as though she was a stranger. His coldness unnerved her, confused her speech.

"Yes, that'll be all right..." she stammered. Lacy was already turning away, and she called after him, "Dinner's ready now...if you'll call them in."

"Where's Cub?" Lacy said as they gathered at the table.

THE shaded light cast a warm glow on the panelled walls. There was a bowl of roses in the window alcove.

"I always think of Harbor House dining-room as one of the most comfortable rooms in the world..." Sir John said.

"Cub's coming," Janice said, "I sent him back to wash his hands."

Cub came in very tidy, and airily apologetic.

"Sorry I'm late. How do you do, Sir John?"

Keiston shook hands gravely.

"You're growing a strapping youngster, Cub. What do you bring him up with, Lacy?"

"The buckle end of a belt . . ." Lacy said.

After that the meal passed quite evenly until the dessert arrived.

"Will you have cream, Sir John?" Janice queried politely.

"Thank you," Keiston said, "I always take all I can get."

"And always did?" Lin suggested.

"Need you give me such a bad character?" Keiston complained. "And it'll make me feel modest when I want to ask for another helping of apple pie."

"Janice makes awfully good pie," Cub contributed dreamily.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," Lacy said.

Keiston gave Janice the glimmer of a good-comradely smile.

"If this apple pie is a fair sample, my dear Lacy, I should give it as my opinion that you have won a matrimonial prize."

"Glad you appreciate the fact," said Lacy.

When the meal was over, Lin and Cub helped Janice to carry out the dishes. Lacy got up, and brought cigarettes and ash-trays. Sir John Keiston had moved to the window, and he came back again and sat down.

"Cub's looking well, Lacy."

"Yes, he's getting a husky kid..." Lacy acknowledged.

"He's a good-looking boy, Lacy...no trace of trouble?"

Lacy shook his head.

"PITY you couldn't look after yourself as well . . ." Keiston said.

Lacy moved back out of the full glare of the light, restlessly.

"Sure you don't want to feel my pulse?"

"I'd like to give you a downright hard overhaul," Sir John said. He tapped his cigarette, very definitely.

"What rot!" Lacy said irritably. He scratched a match, and found Keiston's gaze focused on his hand. The flame was wavering very faintly. Lacy threw the match violently away.

Cub came in, and folded the tablecloth, and trailed it over his arm.

"Lacy..." he begged ingratiatingly.

"What?" Lacy said.

"Do I have to do my homework to-night? Lin's going to a regatta meeting, and I'd like to go with him..."

"You were out last night," Lacy said. "You're not going out two nights running."

"Oh dear!" mourned Cub, and departed without further demur for the kitchen.

Keiston's eyes followed him.

Lin came in, and Janice, with an armful of white draperies.

"Sewing?" Sir John asked.

"Mending," Janice corrected ruefully. "Curtains. The curtains in this house are too lovely to throw away, and so old that they tear if you look at them."

"If Cub looks at them..." Lin suggested lazily.

Lacy, in the shadow, lighted his cigarette with brief nervous movements.

"Now you're all here," Sir John said, after a minute, "I may as well tell you why I really came."

"I thought it was to see us," Lin observed.

"I had an ulterior motive," Keiston allowed. "I've decided to take a partner."

He leaned forward to the table, to the ash-tray. There was a brief silence.

"I'm getting old," he said. "And I'd like things a bit easier . . . what about it, Lacy?"

"Do you mean...?" Lacy began.

The older man nodded.

"I suppose we'd quarrel, but we'd live through it. And it's about time you gave up this slumming business."

Lacy's cigarette had gone out. He lighted it in silence.

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"I greatly appreciate the honor..." he began slowly.

"Do you mean you're going to turn it down?" Kelston said incredulously.

Lin, with his back to the fireplace, stood very still. Janice's needle was poised in the air.

Lacy nodded slowly.

"I'm terribly sorry..."

"You're a fool!" Sir John said angrily.

He threw away his cigarette, and got up, and took a turn about the room, and came back.

"You're wasting your life, do you realise that?"

"No..." Lacy said.

"You're a clever surgeon...you have personality...hands in a thousand...you could make a career for yourself, and you prefer to throw it all away...for what?"

"I don't know exactly," Lacy allowed, after a minute.

"You're a fool!" said Kelston harshly.

Janice sat very still. There was a vivid flame of color in her cheeks.

Sir John came closer to Lacy; he took his right hand in his, and turned it over.

"Look at that!" he ordered. "A perfect hand for a surgeon...look at the wrist and finger-tips...and all you ever do with it is a difficult birth up at this tin-pot hospital, with a drunken old fool to give the anaesthetic...or an emergency on a farmhouse table with a kettle to sterilise your instruments, and someone holding a kerosene lamp! And the devilish part is that I know what you are capable of! Haven't you any more ambition than a sawdust doll?"

Lacy had colored darkly, painfully. He pulled his hand out of the other man's grasp, stubbornly.

"When you take that tone, I can't seem to justify myself. But I know I'm right..."

"You know you're right!" stormed Sir John. "You conceited young pup, what do you know of right and wrong?"

Lacy sprang to his feet, then controlled himself and sat down again. He picked up the spool of Janice's sewing silk, which had fallen on the floor, and turned it over in shaking fingers.

Sir John paced the room again, came back, and loosed his Parthian shot.

"So you say! You don't take your wife into consideration at all, do you? Perhaps you don't realise that you are a married man. You could give her a good home... money...position...you're robbing her of all those things. Is it fair to her?"

LACY'S hands, turning over the silk spool, were steady again. He set the reel on the table.

"I hadn't exactly considered that aspect of the case."

He looked at Janice, and she raised her eyes to his.

"What about it, Janice?" he said calmly. "If you choose, I'll give up this practice and accept the partnership. Say what you think, and I'll let that settle it. I'll abide by your decision."

"Yes, come on, Mrs. Gardner!" Sir John ordered. "Make him see what a fool he is . . . say what you think."

With a sudden impetuous movement Janice had tossed the draperies of the curtain from her, and she stood up.

"Very well, I'll say what I think!" she announced steadily. "I'm proud of him! I know what he's trying to explain, and can't. People's lives are worth just as much here as in the cities. There's plenty of specialists and surgeons for the centres . . . why should country places be given over to some poor old drunken crock, or some young upstart who wants a stepping-stone? Do you think country mothers don't love their children as much, or that men aren't worth saving when they haven't any money?"

She was standing strung and tense, her head flung back, and her eyes deep blue fire. She drew a deep breath.

"You talk of position!" she flung out defiantly. "Then let me tell you that I'd rather have Lacy . . . as he is . . . than any silk-lined, fashionable specialist with a string of nervous women hanging on to him . . ."

She was out of breath, and she wheeled abruptly, cast an aghast glance over her shoulder, and incontinently fled.

Sir John was the first to move.

"Nonsense!" he said without conviction.

LACY had been in bed perhaps an hour when some slight sound disturbed him. He had not been sleeping, and he rose in an instant and crossed to the window. The sound was repeated, the sharp rap of a small pebble striking glass. Lacy leaned from the window, and saw a dim, dark figure on the lawn below.

He waved once, and then groped irritably for his trousers, and began to pull them on over his pyjamas. It was perhaps as well that his nocturnal visitor was so stealthy; it would have been an excellent opportunity, for Sir John, awakened, to be sarcastic about country practices.

Lacy put on rubber-soled shoes and went quietly down the stairs. The surgery was in darkness, and he touched the light switch, and then shot the bolt of the outside door to admit his visitor.

The man that stood there, swaying a little, was his brother, Lin, but a Lin he did not know. Lin's shoulders were hunched, his head lowered a little, dangerously. His thin cotton shirt was ripped across the shoulders and clung to him in rags. A trickle of blood ran down his face from his temple.

"What's happened?" Lacy said, almost in a whisper.

Lin opened his hands, and shut them.

"Malcolm Bridgeman," he said low, and not very steadily.

"Ah!" said Lacy. "What did he say? What did you do?"

Lin looked at his hands. He laughed briefly, grimly.

"Lin, did you kill the man?" Lacy cried. Lin laughed a little more naturally then.

"No, Lacy."

Lacy drew a long breath of relief.

"Can't you tell me what happened?"

"It was down at the meeting," Lin said. "He'd been drinking. He staggered up to me . . . bawled at the top of his voice that he'd discovered that we . . . that Rowena and I . . ."

He broke off short, and swallowed. Lacy watched the powerful quiver of the muscles of his throat.

"He bragged that he'd struck her!" Lin burst out. "In front of all those men . . ."

He raised his hands, and looked at them again. The blood was running into his eyes. He shook his head dizzily.

"You're a fool," Lacy said. "It's a wonder he didn't kill you."

He pushed the chair closer, and Lin sat down limply, obediently.

There was a three-inch scalp wound, just above his right temple, under the thick, dark hair. The edges gaped jaggedly.

"I always suspected that your head was made of wood," Lacy said, "and now I know it."

His voice was not quite as cool as usual.

Lin sat patiently under his hands. Almost as though the physical pain brought him relief, he began to talk more naturally.

"There was a pipe-wrench lying on the table . . . as a paper weight. He snatched it up, and swiped at me with it."

Lacy shrugged expressively.

"Must have been a slightly sensational meeting of the Regatta Club."

Lin laughed grimly.

"I suppose they won't forget it in a hurry . . . I'm afraid they won't."

Lacy was moving about restlessly, opening drawers, taking down jars.

"Talking of curses . . ."

Lin laughed shortly. He was smoking a cigarette, his face white and drawn, but his eyes more natural.

"You're not getting superstitious, are you, Lacy?"

Lacy shrugged.

"Wonder what old Sir John would have to say to this . . ."

"For the Lord's sake, don't wake him," Lin said. "He would think this a bit over the odds."

There was a brief silence. Lacy smiled wryly.

"I'll go and get you a drink of something hot," he said, as he fastened the last bandage.

He was standing behind Lin's chair, and his hand rested an instant, imperceptibly, on Lin's shoulder.

"Lin . . . you're quite sure . . . it's Rowena?"

Lin, after a minute, nodded slowly.

"I'm quite sure that there'll never be any woman for me but Rowena."

"Does she . . ." Lacy hesitated, "Does she care?"

Lin made a small, hopeless gesture.

"How should I know? I've thought so . . . but I've never spoken two words to her alone since I helped her when Malcolm was ill."

"He'll probably drink himself to death," Lacy said, as a statement of fact.

"And what'll she have to go through before then?" Lin said thickly.

LACY had withdrawn his hand. He stood looking down at Lin abstractedly, his eyes dark.

"And this last . . . Lin said smoulderingly. "What he said to-night . . . what I did to him. How do I know what she'll have to suffer for it all . . ."

With an abrupt movement, his bandaged head went down on his arms.

Lacy watched him impotently. He turned away, and began to put back the things he had used. Then he went out to the kitchen, and brewed hot strong tea, and brought it into Lin.

Lin had lighted his cigarette again, and he drank the tea gratefully.

"Thanks, Lacy . . . It's good. You go on up to bed . . . I won't be long."

Lacy climbed the stairs on lagging feet, and noiselessly passed Sir John's door. Janice had made up a bed for him in Lin's room, and the door out to Cub's porch was open.

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Lacy went out restlessly, and then he halted as though turned to stone.

Janice was standing on the other side of Cub's bed, clad in a white dressing-gown, barefooted, her hair falling in a dusky wrist-thick plait across her shoulders.

"I . . . I took a blanket off Cubs' bed this morning . . . ." she said, in a whisper, explaining. "And I woke up, and felt it cold, so I came to put something more on his bed."

Lacy had not moved. Janice was breathing unevenly.

"Lacy . . "

"Yes . . ." Lacy said.

There waa no romance about him at the minute, in his crumpled pyjama jacket, and his trousers belted up crookedly, his dark hair rumpled, and his face lined with weariness.

Janice plunged on recklessly.

"I wanted to tell you that I meant what I said to-night . . . about being proud of you."

The words were out, but Lacy only stood and regarded her in the dim moonlight, his mouth twisted.

"I understand, Janice. To be proud of a man is one thing, to love him quite another. You needn't be afraid that I won't appreciate the subtle difference."

He had turned his eyes from Janice, he was looking at Cub's dark sleeping head on the pillow. Inside his pockets, his hands were tightly clenched.

"Yes . . . that was what I meant . . ." said Janice in a voice that seemed to come from some countless distance. "Good-night, Lacy."

She opened the door, closed it, and she was gone.

Lacy turned back stiffly to the other door.

AT breakfast Janice apologised contritely to Sir John Kelston.

"I'm terribly afraid I was rude to you last night. My tongue ran away with me . . . do please forgive me . . . it was dreadful of me."

"You disarm me . . ." said Sir John ruefully. "After you had described me as . . . what was it? . . . a silk-lined lily-fingered specialist with a lot of nervous women hanging to his coat-tails!"

"Oh, no!" Janice cried, horrified. "How awful that must have sounded! I didn't mean you . . . do please forgive me. I've heard so much of the wonderful things you've done . . . and I've admired you so. Oh, I do wish I hadn't been so rude!"

"You were a little emphatic, perhaps . . ." Sir John admitted.

With a sudden gesture he laid his arm about her shoulders, and drew her closer, and turned to Lacy.

"Your wife is rather a remarkable woman, do you know that, Lacy?"

"I've suspected it for quite a while," said Lacy, imperturbably, from his place at the table.

"You're an independent **and** headstrong young couple, and I wash **my** hands of you!" Sir John announced regretfully.

He drew out his chair, and sat down. Janice had taken refuge behind the coffee pot. There were tears, suspiciously bright, on her lashes.

"Where's Lin?" Cub wanted to know.

"He had his breakfast early, and went out," Lacy said.

When they rose after the meal, Lacy demanded that Sir John should come out to the Mairi valley with him to see a patient.

"Why should I do what you want when you won't do what I want?" Sir John demanded. "I want to go home."

"Oh, very well..." said Lacy with cunning resignation. "But it's an interesting case...I've never come across anything quite like it."

It was mid-afternoon before they got back, and Janice laid a belated dinner before them. Sir John was mud-splashed to the knees, and he groaned when he sat down.

"I haven't been astride a horse for ten years...the man has eleven children to feed and clothe, and Lacy wonders he suffers from brain trouble..."

"I had a perfectly beautiful chicken pie," Janice said regretfully. "But I'm afraid it's rather dried up..."

"Dried up!" said Sir John bitterly. "I don't wonder. I feel positively desiccated!"

The chicken pie restored him to a more cheerful frame of mind, and half-way through Janice's lemon pudding he mellowed.

"I'll do the job, Lacy, if you can get him out. I'll waive my fees as I'm interested in the case, but there'll be a certain amount of expense...hospital fees...travelling expenses."

Lacy considered.

"It'll be managed somehow. He could sell some stock..."

Sir John gave Janice a glance, and a faintly one-sided smile. She smiled back.

"Oh well..." he groaned, heaving himself on to his feet. "Bring me my coat, Lacy. I'll have to drive half the night, but I don't suppose you'll mind so long as you have attained your object."

He retained Janice's hand in his an instant as he bade her good-bye.

"Good-bye my dear. I'm very sorry for you...you have a hopeless husband."

He had got into his car when Lacy caught him by the arm.

"Listen, Kelston..."

"What?" Kelston said.

"Only just...don't think it doesn't matter to me. It's the hardest thing I've ever done in my life."

Sir John's uncompromising face was suddenly softened; there was reluctant affection in his voice.

"You're a fool...an unutterable fool, and I wash my hands of you for ever."

He turned his key, and, when the engine was running, he laid a gauntleted hand, like a vice, on Lacy's arm.

"Listen to me now. I don't know what's wrong between you and that wife of yours, but I do know that you can't go on like this. Between that and your work, you're killing yourself. You want to get away together for three or four weeks...leave your work behind; I'll send you down a locum tenens...and shake down together. Now remember what I've said."

He slid his gear-lever, and the luxurious car began to gather way. He leaned back and waved.

"Say good-bye to Lin for me. Good-bye!"

Lacy went back to his surgery to deal with a very old man with a poisoned foot and an incurable prejudice against soap and water. He had disposed of him, bandaged and chastened, and was washing his hands when Lin came in.

"Did you say anything to Sir John about . . . Janice and me?" Lacy demanded without preamble.

Don't be a fool!" Lin said promptly.

Sorry..." Lacy apologised unwillingly, after a minute, I suppose he's pretty shrewd."

There was a few minutes silence. Lacy dried his hands, and rolled down his sleeves. His patient had been a fairly strenuous case, only constrained by physical restraint, at one point, from dashing out of the open surgery door. Lacy began to put away lint and cotton-wool and bandages. His face reflected weariness and discouragement.

"Why don't you take his advice?" Lin said suddenly.

Lacy turned a surprised face to him.

"What?"

"Take a holiday..."

"How could I get away..." Lacy began irritably, and Lin interrupted him.

"You're not indispensable. He could send down a man to carry on for a few weeks."

"He did suggest..." Lacy said, rather low, examining a bottle. "That he did!"

"Then why not take the offer?" Lin said. "Take Janice with you, and Cub and I'll get along fine baching."

Lacy shrugged angrily.

"What's the good of proposing that I should take Janice? The whole thing's hopeless, Lin."

"Nothing's hopeless," Lin said gravely. "You've never given her a chance, Lacy. This house . . . everything about the place . . . has associations for her. Take her away somewhere . . . court her again from the beginning."

"Court her!" Lacy said bitterly. "Why, she'll hardly stay in the same room unless you're there, too."

"That's the point!" Lin said, so definitely that Lacy listened to him. "She's got into the habit of using me as a buffer at every turn. Both of you have."

Lacy had turned away. He began to laugh, not very steadily.

"Poor old Lin . . . you shouldn't always be so accommodating . . ."

"Why don't you take the car . . . and go camping . . . why not Silver Bay?"

Lacy started a little. He left Lin, and went across to the door, and stood staring out into the sunshine.

After a minute he swung round.

"I can't do it, Lin!" he said blindly. "It's too big a gamble . . . if I fail, it means the end of everything. I just can't trust myself to do it!"

"I never thought you were wanting in courage, Lacy," Lin said.

The red whipped into Lacy's face as though he had been stung. He stood staring at Lin an instant.

"All right, I'll do it," he said, after a minute, very low.

EXACTLY a week later Lacy was bestowing last odds and ends of camping equipment in the big grey car parked inside the Harbor House gates.

The locum tenens Sir John Kelston had so promptly despatched was a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed young man from one of the city hospitals. His name was Riddington; Lacy had known him slightly in his last year at the University. He was seated on the edge of the grass patiently disentangling fishing tackle.

Janice came out from the house. She was wearing an old brown linen skirt and a brown-and-white blouse, and a wide, white hat. She was carrying a basket.

"Lacy, we'll have to stop for bread. And don't forget, I've got to go into the butcher's for chops."

Riddington looked after her with smiling admiration as she went back to the house.

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"Any more of Mrs. Gardner's kind in Shore Town?"

"I haven't noticed many," Lacy said.

Riddington laid the neatly-coiled tackle in the carrier. Janice came out again, with her coat.

"Guess you're about set . . . hullo, what's this?"

He was looking at an ancient and battered vehicle, drawn by two sweating, heaving horses. The man at the reins had been using his whip; the woman beside him was Puna. She carried a bundle wrapped in a plaid rug.

"My baby," she called to Lacy, distraught. "She get scald . . . kettle fall off fire."

"My first job . . ." said Riddington, getting up leisurely from the grass.

"All right, Puna," Lacy said reassuringly. "Go in with Doctor Riddington. He's a very good doctor . . . don't worry."

Puna clung obstinately to the seat and to her bundle.

"No. I want Doctor Gardner . . ."

Riddington tried to help her down, and she refused to be helped.

"No, I want Doctor Gardner . . ."

"Come on, Puna," Lacy said abruptly. "Doctor Riddington'll fix the kiddie. Hand her down."

"No . . . I want you to come . . . I won't go without you come!"

Puna's good-natured brown face was drawn with weeping and terror; she rocked the plaid bundle hopelessly in her arms.

Lacy looked from Janice, standing by the car, to Puna's distraught face.

"Don't be stupid!" he ordered.

From the plaid bundle came a small and piteous moaning. Lacy made a resigned gesture, and came up to the side of the buggy.

"Give her to me."

Puna gave up her bundle trustinely, scrambled down from the buggy after him. Lacy paused, standing there in the sunshine, in his thin old khaki cotton shirt and slacks, bareheaded, the child in his arms.

"Sorry, Janice. I won't be longer than I can help."

He pushed open the surgery door, and Puna padded faithfully after him.

Riddington gave Janice an abrupt and expressive glance.

"What's it like to be married to that kind? If you'll excuse me, I'll go and see if I can give him a hand."

It was an hour before Lacy was ready. He had to take the car, to carry the small writhing body, swathed in cotton and bandages, up to the hospital, had to pacify the frantic Puna.

"You look as though you were going to be ill, Doctor..." Sister Martin said with brusque gentleness.

Lacy laughed it off a little wearily.

"Just tired...good-bye, Sister."

"Good-bye, lad. Try taking a little care of yourself for a change."

When he got back to Harbor House, Cub was home after school, and waiting to see him off. He looked vaguely wistful.

"You will take me camping again some time, Lacy..."

"I will," Lacy promised. He laid a hand an instant on the thin hard shoulders, and Cub rubbed his head against his arm.

"Lin'll keep you well licked in my absence."

Janice came out from the house. She looked a little white, and very young and childish. She was smiling gallantly, as she waited to say good-bye to Lin. He put his arm around her, and she clung to him for an instant, and raised her face and kissed him.

Lacy, at the wheel of the car, sat and watched them, his enigmatic face in the shadow. Janice came determinedly, and got in beside him; Lin closed the door, and Bard climbed soberly into the back seat.

"Good-bye, take care of yourselves."

The car was running smoothly, turning into the road by the shore. It was a cloudless day, the harbor lying like silk, scarcely wrinkled, beneath the mid-day sun. The tide was high, and the ripples washed the reeds by the edge of the road.

"Will...will Puna's baby get better, Lacy?" Janice said. She was sitting looking out on the road, her white hat dragged over her eyes.

Lacy raised his brows without much hope.

"Some of these kids have a marvellous hold on life."

"It was such a cunning little thing . . ." Janice murmured.

"If people will leave boiling kettles balanced anyway, and a baby in front of the fire . . ." Lacy said briefly.

They had turned away from the sea. The road was beginning to climb a bush-clad hill shoulder.

"Doctor Riddington seems nice," Janice said. "Is he clever, Lacy?"

Kelston thinks he'll go far. Of course he's young."

THE road surface was growing rougher. The car rolled and swung, throwing Janice against Lacy's shoulder.

"We've ten miles of this..." Lacy said. "But I think you'll say it's worth it when we get there."

"I don't mind it's being rough," Janice returned.

It took them half an hour to reach the top of the hill, and Janice cried out at the scene before them.

At their feet was the sea, calm as a mirror, blue and silver, with white sand beaches and dark pines mirrored in the tranquil water. The far hills of the harbor were grape-blue in the sunshine.

Lacy had stopped the car. He sat at the wheel, bareheaded, his shirt collar turned back from his brown muscular throat, the wind blowing his dark hair from his weary face and shadowed eyes.

"It's beautiful..." Janice said.

"It's pretty steep going down," Lacy said, "Perhaps you'd better shut your eyes."

"I'm not nervous...driving with you," Janice said gallantly.

The road was very steep. On the one hand there was a two-hundred foot drop to the sea, on the other a crumbling yellow cliff. Lacy shifted his gear, and the car crept steadily down. At the foot there was a patch of bush, and then they were out on the shore. The semblance of a road was gone; the car ploughed gently through the white sand.

"It's the loveliest place I've ever seen..." Janice said.

Lacy got out slowly, shaking his shoulders as though ridding himself of a burden. Bard rolled contentedly in the sand.

"Where would you like the tent up? What about that little place there?"

Janice helped him, and they drove in the pegs, and set up the little tent tidily. Lacy unfolded the camp stretcher, and brought blankets from the car.

"It'll be cool here beside the water. I'll sleep outside...pine-needles make the nicest bed in the world."

He took the axe, and attacked a dry pine branch with ringing strokes.

Presently he brought Janice an armful of sturdy logs and a pile of kindling wood. He was flushed with heat, and his hair clung damply to his brow. With the physical labor some of his weariness seemed to be wiped away. He looked younger; his eyes smiled at Janice.

"Shall I tell you what I feel like . . .?"

HE groped casually in his suit-case, and tossed out his bathing-togs and a towel. Bard raised his muzzle to the sky.

"Will you come in?"

Janice shook her head.

"I'm going to be housewifely, and make a beautiful tea."

"I'll help you afterwards . . ."

"No, I'm going to do it all myself!" Janice challenged.

She saw him come down from the trees, and stride over the white sand, lean and lithe in his brief, faded bathing-togs, with the sun behind him, and the shadows lying out across the tranquil water.

He plunged in, and swam strongly. The water was clear as crystal; ten feet down the white shells were visible on the silver sea floor. Lacy dived, and came up with a handful of seaweed, then floated, staring up into the pale infinity of the sky. The sun was very low; the shadows of the pine-trees had crept out farther and farther. On the shore Janice had lighted a fire; a thin spiral of blue smoke twisted up against the green.

Lacy came in slowly from the water, shaking his hair, and flung himself down in the sand, his head propped on his hands, watching Janice.

She had boiled the kettle, and now she had scraped away the burning wood from one corner of the fire, and was grilling chops that sputtered cheerfully. The heat of the fire threw a glow on her intent face.

"Camp craft . . ." Lacy murmured. "Where did you learn it, Janice?"

She smiled across at him briefly.

"Cub and I often have picnic meals . . ."

Lacy got up, reaching for his towel.

"It smells good enough to hurry for."

He came back, throwing himself down on the stiff sea-grass, as Janice was slipping the sizzling chops on to the skilfully-warmed plates, and buttering slices of bread toasted before the glowing embers.

"I'll certainly hand you the gold medal as a camp cook!" Lacy allowed generously. "Did you learn this from Cub?"

For an instant Janice seemed loath to answer.

"When I was small . . . sometimes I used to run away for an afternoon . . . when grandmother was asleep . . . and stay in the bush and cook myself a meal . . . just to be alone, and feel myself free . . . and then I would always be sorry afterwards, because if grandmother missed me she would get ill."

Lacy nodded, staring into the fire, his mouth gentle.

It was perhaps small wonder that Janice, with her heritage and upbringing, was at bay to his possessiveness.

They finished the meal with slices of fruit cake which Janice produced from a

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tin. Bard lay and crunched the bones of the chops.

"I couldn't eat another morsel if it was put into my mouth . . ." Lacy murmured candidly.

It was almost dark. The embers of the camp fire cast a heartening glow; one faint spiral of smoke still wreathed mistily upward. The pines were black against the first stars. The tide had turned out; all along the beach were little slappings and washings.

The dim red of the ashes lit Lacy's enigmatic face, the straight lines of his mouth, and his smouldering eyes. On the other side of the fire Janice sat, tense, silent. The dim light made her eyes pools of darkness in her white face.

"You're cold," Lacy said. "Put on a coat."

She shook her head.

"I'm not cold . . ."

He got up, stepping over her feet, and went to the car and brought her coat. As he laid it over her shoulders, the small dishevelled tendrils of her hair caught at his fingers. He drew back, abruptly.

"If I were you I'd turn in pretty soon," he said. "The sea air makes one sleepy. I'm going for a walk . . ."

He carried the cups and plates to the water's edge for her, and left her there, rinsing them, standing barefooted in the shallow tide, bending over, the small sea wind blowing the tendrils of her dark hair.

Lacy walked a mile along the shore, and walked back, conscious of a comfortable physical weariness. There was no light by Janice's tent, no sound but the soft lap of the water and the harp-note of the night wind in the pines. Lacy sat at the foot of the pine tree where he had made his bed, and he bowed his head on his arms.

The tang of the pine resin and the salt of the sea air were curiously soothing. Lacy gave up his vigil, and drew the blankets over him. His mind was filled with a strange respite from thronging thoughts, and he was weary, and he slept.

HE was awakened by a scream. He flung his blanket off, and was on his feet before he was properly awake, stabbed through and through by a shaking anxiety. It was broad daylight, and the sun was shining, and he stared around him wildly.

Then he saw Janice.

She was standing out half-way to her waist in water. She wore an old brown linen skirt and blouse. She was dragging on a fishing-line.

"Lacy! Come here, quick!" she shrieked.

He raced down across the sand, and splashed into the water at her side. The line was swaying and jerking violently.

"Help me!" Janice panted. "I can't . . . hold him!"

His hands closed over hers.

"Give him his head a little . . . let out a bit more line . . . ah, that's it!"

"He's tremendous!" Janice gasped. "A whale . . . oh, he'll get away . . . I know he'll get away! Don't let him get away, Lacy!"

They pulled, and the fish heaved and jerked, flicking his silvery tail clear of the water.

"Will you look at him!" Lacy panted. "A whale! Let him out a bit, quick, stupid! Now pull . . . pull him!"

They floundered backwards through the water; the big silvery fish flapping and gasping on the sand. Lacy raised a cheer of triumph, and Janice, in her dripping skirt, danced with delight.

"My very own fish!" she exulted. "Now we'll have fried fillets for breakfast! Listen, Lacy, I woke up and was just lying looking at the water, and then I could see the rings out here, and I knew there was a big fellow about. I couldn't stand it any longer, and I grabbed some clothes, and then a fishing-line from the car, and a bit of meat for bait. For about five minutes nothing happened, and then he must have grabbed the bait. Talk about a bite! I nearly went head over heels into the water!"

Her eyes were shining; her dishevelled hair blew in rings about her face.

"HE sure is a fish!" Lacy said respectfully. He walked round and round the capture. "And to think you stole a march on me and caught the first fish! I'll never hear the last of this from Cub."

"Oh, how wet I am!" Janice cried. "And you're wet, too. Go and change."

"Let's have a dip," Lacy suggested; "then we'll put on dry things, and have fish for breakfast."

They went up to the camp and came back to wade slowly into the pale blue water. Janice, in her brief, faded bathing-suit, looked no more than a child.

"Can you swim?" Lacy said.

"A little," Janice said; "very violently . . . you know, gasping and dog-paddling to keep afloat."

She suited action to word, and promptly sank, and Lacy rescued her, dripping and spluttering and laughing.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," Lacy said. "We'll go out a bit."

"I might sink you," Janice demurred.

Lacy scoffed.

"A featherweight like you!"

Out from the shore he rested, treading water, Janice's small, slender hand gripping the twisted shoulder-strap of his bathing-suit. The sky was cloudless, the sea a mirror of silver. The white sand and shells gleamed through the translucent water.

"It's the loveliest place I've ever seen," Janice said, with a long sigh.

Lacy headed for the shore, and they walked out on to the sand together. Lacy wrung the water out of his hair, and put on his shoes.

"I'll clean the fish."

When he came back from the water's edge Janice, in a brief white skirt, had lighted the fire and the pan of fat was already smoking.

"Goodness, Lacy . . . do you think we'll eat all that? It won't be long cooking . . . you get out the cups and cut some bread . . ."

Lacy obeyed, smiling, as though he found something rather pleasant in being ordered about. He brought plates, and held them meekly before the fire until Janice was ready to pile on the smoking fish.

"I never knew I was such a greedy pig," Janice sighed, at some length, as she finished her third piece of fish.

"You never ate fish of your own catching at Silver Bay before," Lacy said. He rolled down in the sand with a sigh of content, and lighted a cigarette.

"It's funny," Janice said, after a long pause; "everything going on as usual everywhere . . . and as quiet here as though we were the only people left in the world."

Lacy looked at her from strange, smouldering eyes, and she met his gaze bravely.

"It's an enchanted land," he said, "and you are the Sleeping Beauty."

"In an old white blouse and skirt and bare feet," Janice enlarged. "And I suppose you will be the knight scrambling through the thicket of thorns in a bathing-suit."

Lacy smiled faintly and twistedly, and watched the rings of pale smoke curl upward. His hand, holding the cigarette, was not quite steady. The thicket of thorns . . . he would have walked barefooted through the thorns if it would have awakened his princess.

"Shall we go and fish some more?" Janice suggested.

"Presently," Lacy said lastly. "This afternoon we'll go and look for peaches . . . there used to be an old orchard back of the point there."

They fished after a while, standing patiently knee-deep in water casting temptingly-baited lines. Lacy pulled in two tiny fish, and Janice caught nothing.

After lunch they wandered through the pines, and, through a thicket of native bush, found their way out to the point where there was yet the remains of an old farm and orchard, buried deep in fern and grass and tea-tree thickets. There were ancient apple trees, gnarled and bowed and mossy; rotting peach trees dragged down by small, velvety, ripe fruit.

They lay in the shade and ate what they could, and Lacy carried Janice's hat as full as it would hold.

They returned to camp by a different way, and crossed a stream, at its mouth, by insecure stepping-stones. Janice put her foot on the dragging lace of her canvas shoe, staggered, and went over into the water. Lacy seized her by the back of her blouse, and she scrambled back, helpless with laughter. Bard capered in excitement.

"EVERYTHING I possess is wet now . . . I'm sure I forgot to hang out my skirt to dry this morning."

"You can wear my other trousers," Lacy offered.

They reached camp, and Lacy boiled the kettle for a cup of tea. Janice came out, surveying herself uncertainly. She was wearing Lacy's khaki drill trousers, pulled up and belted around her waist, the cuffs rolled at her slender ankles.

"Do I look very like a tramp?" she asked doubtfully.

"Very like a tramp . . ." Lacy said, smiling.

She sat down beside him, cross-legged, accepted the cup of tea which he offered her. The sun was down behind the pines; the shadows lay out upon the tranquil water.

Lacy had rolled over on the sand; he lay with his head on his hands, watching Janice in the absurd trousers, her face flushed, her hair clinging in small damp ringlets around her brow.

"You're beginning to get brown already," she said, looking down on the smooth, lean lines of his shoulders.

The tide was almost full. The cicadas chirped drowsily from under the pine trees. The warmth of the white sand rose up in a kind of lazy content.

"Lacy!" Janice said.

"Yes . . .?"

"I want to ask you something."

Lacy's heart gave a sudden hard leap.

"Yes . . .?"

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"Lacy..." Janice said, with a sudden desperate striving after courage, "Did Aran Lee's child die?"

Lacy relaxed, turning his face to the sea.

"No."

"Then what happened to it, Lacy?"

"Dear Janice," said Lacy, "Do you really not know? What about Cub?"

"Cub..." said Janice; she sat transfixed with amaze, "I wouldn't make a very good detective, would I, Lacy?"

"You wouldn't," Lacy said.

He looked at her, after a minute, and she was furtively brushing tears off her hands.

"And while we're having this kind of a heart-to-heart talk," he said, "I'd like to ask you if you were quite sincere in what you said to Kelston about not wanting me to take that partnership."

"Yes, Lacy," Janice said steadily. "I meant that. I'm proud of your work here."

Lacy's fingers were twisted in the stems of the tough sea grass. For an instant his eyes did not meet Janice's.

"Kelston thinks I'm crazy. Perhaps I am. It's just an idea I got fixed in my head when I came out of college...'slumming,' Kelston calls it, but if I were to give it up now for a soft job with him, I'd feel...like the man who put his hand to the plough, and then looked back..."

"And was not fit for the Kingdom of Heaven," Janice finished softly.

A shoal of tiny fish leaped in the shallows, scattering a shower of diamond drops. A bigger fish left a circle of slowly widening rings.

"There's a big fellow after the little 'uns," Lacy said, "Better go and get out your tackle."

But they sat on, in a strange silence, without moving. Janice's slender hands scooped up the sand, and poured it down again in a little silver stream. The shadows of the pines had crept farther out across the quiet water.

"Will it ever blow again?" Janice said dreamily, "Or ever rain...or ever be stormy?"

"Never," Lacy said.

He was lying close to Janice, his shoulder almost touching hers, and she had not drawn back. Greatly daring, he rolled over, and laid his head against her knee. After a long minute she dropped an uncertain hand on his hair.

Lacy lay silent, his heart beating in hard sickening throbs. The slender, not-quite-steady fingers moved down across his brow, and smoothed back the dark heavy waves of his hair.

AT that instant Bard, lying on the sand, sat up straight, and pricked his ears, and growled.

Lacy whirled abruptly on to his elbow, and Janice drew back. The hum of the engine of a car broke the stillness.

Ploughing gently down the hill into the white sand at the water's edge was Lin's blue car. Bard rose, and went bounding along the shore to meet it. Lin drew the car up, and got out, and slammed the door behind him. He was wearing his working overalls, grimed and grease-stained; his face was weary and harassed.

Revulsion of feeling had made Lacy look white, and a little ugly. He swore.

"Can't I be left alone for two days?"

"I'm sorry..." Lin said, "I'm wretchedly sorry, but I had to come..."

"It's not Cub?" Lacy said in sudden abrupt fear, "Or Rowena?"

Lin shook his head.

"Stewart Russel Stewart...his horse rolled on him...smashed ribs and bleeding ...and they can't get him out because there's a slip on the road. And Riddington's lost his nerve about the whole business; he won't attempt an emergency job up there without proper conveniences. Mrs. Stewart rang me up, and pleaded with me to send for you. I told her that you had been ordered a rest, and she would only say, 'If Doctor Gardner knew, he would come to me'..."

Lacy was mechanically putting on his shoes. He stood up, and looked down at Janice. She seemed to have withdrawn into herself; her eyes were a little dazed.

"Would you pack up for me, Lin?" he said, almost gently, "And bring back Janice, if I go straight ahead?"

Lin nodded, looking out to sea, his hands in his pockets.

"But we'll come back again...?" Janice said gallantly.

Lacy picked up his blazer, and put it on over his bathing-suit and trousers.

"You can't repeat an experience..." he said.

LACY opened the surgery door, and switched on the light. He was very tired. The job had been a success; he had seen the gleam of returning consciousness in Stewart's eyes as he began to struggle out from under the anaesthetic. Mrs. Stewart had wept strange, silent tears of gratitude. Riddington had followed him out to his horse, and shaken hands with him embarrassedly, murmuring, "If you don't mind, Gardner, I'd like to congratulate you . . . It was the prettiest job I've ever seen in a tight corner." Riddington had stayed up at Stewart's; he was going to stay until a trained nurse could arrive there. He was a good fellow, Riddington, in a lot of ways. It wasn't his fault that he had been faced with an emergency for which he had no preparation.

Lacy slumped into a chair. He was weary. Brief pictures flickered in his brain like shadows on a cinematograph film . . . the mask of despair of Virginia Stewart's face; her eyes dark like the night when she had held her dead baby in her arms . . . Riddington's clever, nervous hands holding the benzine lantern that was the best light they could command . . . the mirror opposite that had imperfectly reflected his own rigid face and the sweat that glistened on his naked shoulders still in the brief, incongruous straps of his bathing-suit . . . the road in darkness, and his unshod horse as it stumbled insecurely on the stones.

He could feel the motion of it now, swaying, faltering, and he laid his hands on the table as though to steady himself.

The emotions, the scenes of Silver Bay seemed long ago and far away. It seemed a year since he had lain on the sand in the sun. He could think of it without any sensation but the overpowering weariness that possessed him.

In a minute he would get up and go to bed. Lin would not be in; he had sent a boy up to the slip with a car and a message that he had to make a late trip out, Cub was spending the night across the harbor with a school friend. Janice would be in bed, probably asleep.

There was a blank prescription pad on the table before him, and he picked up a pencil. The words slanted insecurely before his eyes as he wrote.

"My dear Janice."

He paused then a while, and then began the letter abruptly.

"This is a confession of failure. I have come round to your viewpoint of believing that there is nothing to be made out of the farce of our marriage. Any time you want your freedom you can have it, and I will furnish you with sufficient evidence.

"In the first place it was my fault, as I forced you into it. You're only twenty-one, and there's the whole of everything before you. I have no wish to force you to stay in this dead-and-alive country township tied to a man in a rut. You have your grandmother's money, which should return you a comfortable income. Please believe me sincere when I say that I hope you will be happy."

There was a slight sound outside the surgery door, and Lacy raised his head. It seemed like a dragging step on the gravel, and Lacy waited for the peal of the bell, but the bell did not ring. Instead the door swung wide and Malcolm Bridgeman stood in the opening.

He was carrying a gun. His Viking-fair hair was tousled on end, his shirt was open at the throat, his blue eyes gleamed with a light that was not quite sanity.

"Where is he?" he said.

"Whom?" Lacy said.

"Lin."

"He's not home," Lacy said.

Malcolm reached behind him, and closed the door with a grim finality. He still carried the gun levelled.

"When's he coming in?"

"I don't know," Lacy said.

Malcolm sat down in the other chair, laid the gun on the table between them, the muzzle just about level with Lacy's breast. His finger was still on the trigger. He leaned forward over the table.

Lacy, with a strange shock of sickness, realised that he was looking into the eyes of a madman.

"I'm going to shoot him," he said confidentially.

"Yes?" Lacy said.

Malcolm ignored him.

"Funny," he said, "I always used to think that it was you and Rowena. Now I know it's Lin. They've given themselves away nicely to-night. Rowena goes round the harbor to Waima to stay the night with a sick friend, and the next thing Lin gets an urgent call to go there to mend a launch engine. Simple, isn't it? Oh, very simple."

HIS voice had risen hysterically. With an abrupt motion of distaste he took his pipe from his mouth and flung it down. It fell into the wastepaper basket.

Lacy put his hand in his pocket, and brought out cigarettes, selected one, and lighted it. His hand was tolerably steady. He pushed the packet across to Malcolm, and Malcolm ignored it.

"When's Lin coming back?" he demanded, calmer again.

"Very late," Lacy said. He watched a ring of smoke ascend.

Malcolm Bridgeman's face twisted in an evil semblance of a smile.

"You needn't tell me that. I know that much. What I want to know is when he'll be back."

"How should I possibly know?" Lacy said reasonably, "he just told me he'd be late."

Malcolm swore a sudden savage oath. His face was suffused with blood.

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"Don't tell me any of your lies! You won't get away to warn him! I'll shoot you first, and him after . . . ."

His finger appeared to twitch on the trigger, and Lacy blinked, but nothing happened.

"You'll sit there in that chair all night," Malcolm said with a purring ominousness.

Lacy carefully blew another three smoke rings. It was quite possible that Janice might hear the sound of voices, and come down the stairs, and open the door behind him. His tortured brain dallied with the idea, until it seemed that he almost saw her, standing there in the doorway, in her white dressing-gown, her hair in a dusky plait across her shoulders.

"Oh Heaven," said Lacy voicelessly, "don't let her come!"

"It was when I was sick . . ." Malcolm said. His unfocused eyes showed a strange gleam; his laugh was thick. "That's when it started . . . oh, I know that all right! Oh, I know a few things, Lacy Gardner! I'm not quite so blind as you and your hypocrite of a respectable brother seem to imagine!"

His voice had dropped again to a murmur.

"Rowena knows I'm not blind. She knows that pretty well . . ."

Lacy lighted his cigarette again. He could feel the sweat, damp, under his hair.

"She knows . . ." Malcolm muttered. The thickness of his speech was growing on him.

Lacy sat smoking. His ears were strained for a footfall, for any sound that might betoken the hum of Lin's car.

"My head," Malcolm said, aggrievedly, "it's always kind of dizzy . . ."

He put up his left hand to his head, but his right hand was on the gun.

"I'll give you something for it," Lacy offered.

Malcolm looked at him stupidly.

"Dizzy . . ." Lacy said professionally, "and sort of thick. And you see things. I can fix you in five minutes."

"Hurry up, then!" Malcolm demanded with an aggressive and pathetic eagerness, "hurry up, and get me something."

Lacy rose leisurely, and reached for a glass and a measure, moved along to a cabinet to lift down a glass-stoppered bottle. His hands were steady as he measured it. He had to turn his back to reach a bottle on another shelf. The night was not particularly warm, but he could feel a small rivulet of sweat trickling down his face.

He came back, and Malcolm motioned to him to set the glass on the table. With a peculiar intensive cunning, he still kept the gun muzzle covering him.

"Sit down!" he ordered.

Lacy seated himself again, his elbows on the table.

Malcolm took up the glass in his shaking left hand, and tasted the contents doubtfully.

"Drink it down," Lacy said, "it's to fix your head."

Malcolm gulped the liquid and set the glass back on the table. His eyes shifted the fraction of an inch towards the door.

"When's Lin coming back?" he demanded, after a minute or two, loudly and a little oddly.

"I told you he would be late," Lacy said, "he had a ring from Woods to go round and see what's wrong with his new Diesel engine. He's got his mail run to-morrow, and he can't get a kick out of the boat . . ."

"Woods is a fool," Malcolm said, momentarily interested. "A fool . . ."

His voice was thickening; his head swayed forward.

"I agree with you," Lacy said. "I don't think he has enough sense to keep a mail run going."

Malcolm was slumping forward at the table. His hands, loosened on the gun, fumbled helplessly across the smooth enamelled surface, Lacy watched him, a faint reflective smile on his lips. Malcolm's head went down on his outstretched arms, and he was still, an inert bulk, propped against the table and the wall.

Lacy wiped his bare arm across his face, and took the gun away, and unloaded it. He dropped the cartridges in a drawer, and closed the drawer.

He sat down in his chair again, and the pad caught his eye, with his own handwriting. He drew it closer, and took up the pen again, and signed his name. There was an envelope close to his hand, and he sealed it, and addressed it.

Then he rose, and switched out the light, and left the surgery without a backward glance.

The flight of stairs seemed incredibly long; he was so weary he almost doubted if he would reach the top. He went out to the porch, to the coolness of the night air, and Janice called him from her room.

"Lacy . . . is that you?"

"Yes," he said.

"I've been so worried . . . I couldn't sleep . . . I don't know why I've imagined all kind of things happening . . ."

Lacy had come to the door. Janice's coat was hanging there, and he put the letter in the pocket.

"He's going on well . . . he should recover."

"Who?" said Janice vaguely, out of the darkness. "Oh, yes . . . Mr. Stewart. I'm glad. Would you like me to get up and make you some supper, Lacy?"

"No, thank you, Janice."

He had told her once that her sole contribution towards matrimonial happiness lay in the making of meals. For some reason he was sorry now that he had ever said it; it sounded unnecessarily brutal. He was sorry for a lot of things.

He got into bed mechanically. He could still feel the motion of his tired horse stumbling on the stones.

JANICE woke, coughing. Her throat was thick, her eyes painful. She rolled over, stupidly, groping for the electric switch by the bedside. Then she saw that the room was full of smoke.

In the shocks she sprang from her bed. She could hear a low roaring and crackling. Outside the window there was a mounting red glow. Barefooted and shaking, she ran out into the porch, and into Lacy's room. The smoke was thicker and more pungent. She heard the sound that had wakened her. It was Bard, in the garden below, baying.

"Lacy . . . Lacy . . . get up, quickly!"

The electricity had failed, and she groped blindly in the darkness. Lacy was breathing heavily, already drugged by the smoke into unconsciousness. She grasped him, shaking him.

"Lacy . . ."

She left him for a moment and ran across the room. When she opened the door a great gust of flame seemed to sweep up, and she saw the stairs blazing in a roaring inferno of smoke and fire beneath her.

She closed the door again, suddenly calm.

Exerting all her force, she managed to drag Lacy from the bed, then, impelled by some superhuman strength, she half-carried him to the porch. The air was clearer; she wiped the tears from her face, and peered with blinded eyes over the rail.

In the flickering glare a small knot of people stood on the lawn and the flower-beds. They must have seen her, for a ragged cheer went up.

Someone shouted through the roar:

"Hold on, Mrs. Gardner! The men are coming . . . they'll have ladders."

It was a matter of keeping calm then, and waiting. Lacy was still unconscious. She tried to get him where the clearer air from the outside world would blow on his face. Her own filmsy nightrobe was fluttering in the smoky breeze, and she got her coat and put it on and fastened it.

She stood by the rail, trying to be calm, looking down into the smoky dimness of the garden below. She could see the upturned faces clearly, in the red glare, like a scene in a spotlight. There were women there, crying, and men shielding their faces from the heat. They were dragging a ladder across the lawn.

The heat rose up and around Janice like a tangible shroud. She knelt, her mind beginning to be a blank, holding Lacy's head on her knee and his face against hers.

The men below were beginning to be driven back by the heat. A voice shouted to Janice above the thunder of the fire:

"Mrs. Gardner! Can you hear me?"

"I hear you," Janice cried, faintly, clearly. She even recognised the voice; it was the voice of Allen, the lawyer, gentle, kindly, now with a curious ring of strength and authority.

"The ladder's too short. Do you understand? We're going to hold a blanket. We're ready now. Can you manage to lift Lacy over? Then wait till we call before you jump yourself. Don't be afraid. It'll be all right."

Janice strained, her arms locked beneath Lacy's shoulders. He was not a heavy man, but he was hard, built of bone and muscle. It was a task beyond her strength to lift him to the rail. The heat rose up, and she reeled against the rail, sense ebbing.

Then it seemed that a picture rose in her mind, just a fragment of memory, curiously clear. She was looking at Cub, balanced precariously on the porch rail. Then she heard Lacy call from the room within, sharply.

"Get down off the railings, you young fool! Don't you know they're rotten?"

Janice's brain cleared momentarily. She groped across the floor for something she had seen there, the hammer from Cub's tool-chest, left carelessly lying. The top rail cracked, and she felt it swing outwards, then tore away the lower bars in her hands.

The sensation of seeing Lacy's body hurtle into space was a sickening one. She grasped desperately at her ebbing senses, and through the darkness she heard the insistent call:

"Jump! For heaven's sake, Mrs. Gardner . . ."

She flung herself forward into the smoke and darkness.

She came back to normality slowly. Her head rested against a man's shoulder; the flickering red glow still rose and fell. She looked up slowly and painfully into Lin's strongly-carven face and steady eyes.

"Lin!" she said with a great relief, and the tears rose slowly between her lashes.

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"Where's Lacy?" she said, after a minute, suddenly and sharply.

"He's all right," Lin said. His strong hands chafed her cold ones. "He was just senseless with smoke. He's coming round."

"Please help me up . . ." Janice said.

He lifted her to her feet, and she stood steadying herself with a hand against his shoulder. There was a ring of people, smiling and sympathetic, around them. Their faces showed sharply in the red glow.

The great torch of Harbor House rose flaming into the night sky, and the billows of smoke and sparks rolled away to the eastward. The outline of the house still stood strongly, the gable windows, the bulk of the surgery wing.

"When did you get back?" Janice whispered.

"Just a minute ago. I saw the smoke and the glow, and came up by the old beach road at about fifty."

"How could it possibly have started?" Janice said painfully. Her throat was weak and rasped with smoke. "All the lights were out . . . we went to bed. Lacy spoke to me after he came in . . . it was very late."

Lacy was recovering now, but he still looked stupid. They had been pouring water over him, and his hair hung limp and dark and wet. Bard came, trembling, and pushed against his shoulder. He grinned at Janice and Lin, feebly.

"Talk about a first-rate sensation for Shore Town . . ."

Then, suddenly, intelligence seemed to sweep into his face, and with it blank horror, blotting out expression. He swung himself up on to his feet.

"Malcolm Bridgeman . . ," he said thickly.

"What?" Janice cried.

"Malcolm . . . in the surgery."

It all happened so quickly that the men stood stricken and let him go, and Lin, attempting to grapple with him, was flung violently aside.

"You fool . . . come back!"

Janice reached piteously after him, and Lin caught her in rough arms.

A half-cry of despair rose from the crowd standing helpless there. Lacy had reached the edge of the lawn when the roof of the surgery wing lifted, swayed, and then crashed down in a shower of sparks and flame, burying him from sight.

THE waiting-room of the big city hospital was severely white and painfully tidy. Janice sat . . . though the day was warm . . . huddled in her coat, and Lin occupied the corner seat, his knees crossed, his face immobile, an unread newspaper folded under his hand.

Janice stared blindly at the square of sunshine on the polished linoleum. Sunshine . . . Lacy would never see it again. How strangely bright the sun had been those two lingering days at Silver Bay!

She closed her eyes for an instant to shut it out, and the ruddy flare of the fire leaped up, the cruel columns of smoke, and the roar and crackling. She lived again the minutes of waiting on the porch, the agony of the flash in which Lacy had plunged bare-headed and blindly back into the smoke. A physical sensation of sickness grew again upon Janice. They had been kind to her, all those people there . . . even Mrs. Allen, catching her in her arms, and trying to shut out from her sight that broken figure that men bore back from the ruins of the porch. She had broken away and gone straight to him, and Lin had sternly barred her way. But Lacy had been conscious, unseemingly conscious, and she had heard the husky whisper that broke from his lips.

"My eyes . . . I can't see!"

Janice opened her eyes. She felt cold. Lin was looking at her, and he smiled reassuringly. He took out his watch and put it back again.

"It's different for you . . ." Janice said out of the silence, "you haven't anything to reproach yourself with."

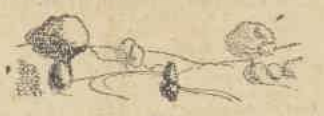
She groped for her handkerchief, and wiped the palms of her hands.

The square of sunshine had moved perceptibly since they came in; it now lay beyond the table.

"What is the time, please?" Janice said.

"Ten past eleven."

There were footsteps outside, but they passed on. It was a wonderful place, this hospital, so large, so orderly and awe-inspiring, all moving as smoothly as a piece of oiled mechanism obedient to the master mind of Sir John Kelston. To be friends of Sir John Kelston made entry easy; Janice and Lin could sit day or night in one of the small austere waiting rooms, could demand the telephone, could besiege busy nurses and ward sisters. It was Kelston who, receiving Lin's brief telephone message, had created a nine-days' wonder in Shore Town by flying a plane out and taking Lacy back to his own hospital for his fight for life.



LIN looked at his watch again. There were blue shadows beneath Janice's eyes, and her face was colorless. She sat tightly clasping her hands.

There was a sudden firm step outside. Without warning the door opened, and Kelston entered. He was immaculately clad, and smoking a cigarette.

Janice had risen tensely to her feet, and his hard face softened a little as he met her eyes.

"Don't look so tragic, my dear. I've told you Lacy isn't going to die young. He's not good enough."

Lin had got up from his seat. He folded his paper meticulously, and laid it down.

"That's all you can say?" he asked steadily, "that he's holding his own."

"He's holding his own," Kelston said. "Of course he's terribly weak, and he doesn't seem to have the will to fight, which doesn't seem like Lacy."

"Is he . . . suffering?" Lin hesitated.

Kelston had turned aside to brush the ash from his cigarette. He nodded briefly.

Janice was staring blindly from the window. A man in a blue car had gone by, and something in the poise of his head reminded her of Lacy. Strange disconnected pictures passed before her unseeing eyes . . . Lacy on Marcus, lithe and upright, his head flung back and his dark hair blowing . . . Lacy coming in out of the rain-lashed night, wet and mud-bespattered, his lazy eyes smiling and his dark face stung to color . . . Lacy as she had seen him, unwittingly, that night, with Cub curled asleep in his arms, and his sombre eyes watching the glow of the dying fire.

Kelston had taken her, quite gently, by the elbow.

"Wake up, my dear! Would you like to see him for five minutes?"

An irrational flash transformed Janice's face. She was suddenly strung and tense.

"Oh, may I? Do you mean that I may see him?"

"I'm not in the habit of saying things I don't mean," Kelston said rudely, but his grey eyes were curiously soft. "Not more than five minutes, mind, and if you don't behave I'll run you out. Perhaps you can stir up the old Lacy."

Janice was white as death, and her eyes burned very blue. She stretched an imploring hand to Lin.

"You come with me . . ," she said.

Lin tucked her hand under his arm, and they followed Kelston down a long white corridor, across a porch, and up another hall. Here were windows, and brightness, and Janice's brain went wandering irrationally to the sunshine at Silver Bay, and how Lacy had lain at her feet, young and strong and beautiful.

Kelston opened a door, and hesitated.

His hand fell on Janice's shoulder.

"Go in, my dear."

The two men came no farther than the doorway, and she advanced a little blindly. The room was white; a square of sunshine streamed through the white window; in the bed in the centre of the floor Lacy lay.

He was stiffly, terribly swathed in bandages; his eyes were bound as though he wore a mask of white. His hands, uninjured, rested with a curious gentleness upon the outside of the white bed-cover, and Janice's frozen calm was choked by the great wave of tears that welled up. Those hands she knew so well . . . lean, beautiful hands . . . sensitive as a mother's . . . ruthless in their strength . . . kindly as God to some anguish-racked woman . . . they were the hands of the Lacy she knew and loved.

She fell on her knees by the bedside, and she took his hands and held them in hers. Her tears were falling.

The terrible inertness of his posture was suddenly gone.

"Janice . . ."

"Lacy, my darling . . ." Janice whispered, "you didn't mean it, did you? Not that letter you wrote to me . . . that cruel letter? I tore it up. Tell me you didn't mean what you said . . ."

Lacy's mouth quivered a little, its lines of stoicism breaking.

"I didn't mean it . . ."

"Lacy, I love you . . ." Janice said huskily. "Wake up and fight for my sake. There's plenty left to live for, Lacy . . ."

She raised her eyes, and she was looking into Kelston's. She beckoned him closer.

"You tell him . . . I can't," she said brokenly. "Tell him I'll be eyes for him, and light for him, and I'll live for him only, so that he'll never know it's darkness . . ."

Lacy was smiling then, a smile of peculiar pride and sweetness, the smile of the old fighting Lacy. He raised a hand to the bandages that covered his eyes, and Kelston caught his wrist.

Janice looked from Kelston's softened grey eyes to Lin's face, broken up suddenly into tenderness, and realisation slowly dawned on her.

"Didn't you understand, my dear?" Sir John Kelston said very gently. "Lacy's sight is quite uninjured. He was temporarily blind . . . with inflammation from the smoke . . . but now he can see . . . perhaps in more ways than one he was blind . . . but now he sees."

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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